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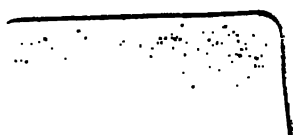
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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:  
CONDUCTED  
BY THE  
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS  
Cantabunt SOBLES, unanimique PATRES."

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VOLUME ELEVENTH.  
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BY

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE



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UNNOTICED ERAS.

THE page of History is but the record of Providence, the unfolding of the plans of God. He who reads history bearing this truth in mind, possesses a talismanic key which unlocks many a secret door, around which merely philosophic fingers have vainly wandered. The rise and fall of empires, those grand events which have rent the world and made the nations quake, are but the development to human view of God's eternal purpose. The Earth is a mighty theatre : its scenes are painted by the hand of God, in the light of his own knowledge, and concealed from the eye of man behind the curtain of futurity. As the dim drape-ry is drawn aside, the breathless audience start, amazed at the magnificence of each recurring view, and wonder what will next present itself in the great drama. Yet there was nothing new or strange in all these scenes to the great Artist who had painted them. God looks with infinite composure on the events which his own hand brings to pass, " while now an atom falls and now a world."

Our conceptions of such wisdom and power must ever be inadequate, yet there is wonderful sublimity even in the human idea of a Being whose plans embrace alike the fall of a kingdom on the earth, and the motion of an atom in the farthest star. In the mind of such a Being the idea of great must often be associated with an event termed small by us, and what we call great is often trivial with Him. To man, an event is sometimes great, because it is near and startling ; with the Most High the greatness of an event is measured by its bearing on his eternal plan. A blazing meteor at midnight awakens admiration, because we see it amid surrounding darkness, but to a being lifted far above the earth it would seem like a dying taper, for he would measure it with the sun. This truth might receive a thousand illustrations, the most striking one which ever occurred we are familiar with. When a Redeemer was to be ushered into the world, God pacified the warring nations to receive him, and to the Babel roar of conflict which had scarce-

ly paused since Adam fell, he said, "Be still!" When he was born, Heaven came to Earth to welcome Him with "a seven-fold chorus of symphonies and harping hallelujahs." When he died, God robed the sun in mourning and wrapped the rent earth in darkness. And yet to man, these were unnoticed eras. So unnoticed, that in the whole Roman world there seems to have been only one solitary soldier to smite upon his breast and say "verily, this was the Son of God!"

This is not strange; the horizon of our vision is narrow, and we can only judge of events in their most palpable relations, and so we often miscall things trivial or momentous. Two events occur which in appearance are exactly similar, whose issues may be so diverse, that one shall become the whirlpool which engulfs a nation, and the other but a bubble in the vortex. A common infant differs not from a cradled Bonaparte. Both are objects of equal care; across the partial eye of the fond mothers flit visions of equal glory, and both are alike unregarded by the great world. Yet one lives to become a mere follower of the other, while that other introduces a new era in the world's history. *There* sleeps an infant Emperor; in that cradle there is an embryo Austerlitz and Waterloo, and the fate of a hundred millions such as sleep in the cradle by his side, hang on that infant's destiny. To the world that infant's birth was an unnoticed era, but to the Most High it was as momentous as the memorable conflict when Napoleon rose and fell.

Of all the lessons which History inculcates, not one is more impressive than this. That it is the prerogative of Deity to connect results of vast moment with causes of the most ordinary kind. It might be said of almost any nation, that could a second Tishbite be placed upon the Carmel of its history, he would often foretell the storm destined to overwhelm it from the sight of a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. How often did Rome illustrate this lesson of Providence! *There* is a camp at Ardea, and in a certain tent four youthful soldiers sit at play—a jest occurs, and that jest issues in the loss of a monarch's throne, and frees Rome from the tyranny of kings during five hundred years. Again, a fair maiden walks the streets of Rome, and the glance of a Decemvir's eye lights on her face. That glance changes the government of Rome a second time. And to pass by other instances, who needs to be reminded that but for the cackling of a goose, the wonder and admiration of the world might never have been awakened by the history of the eternal city? Who looks at Ireland now, beautiful Ireland, blasted in her hopes, and bending under the weight of seven centuries of woe, and remembers how slight a circumstance led to it all? A rude chieftain casts an eye of love on a beautiful woman, the wife of another chieftain rude as himself. Whether with her consent or not, history does not inform us, but he bears her off from her husband's halls to grace his own, and receives the praises of a gallant deed in an age as barbarous as that of Helen, and in a nation where such exploits were not unfrequent. A fierce feud arises; the ravisher is expelled and the might of England is invoked to aid his unholy cause. The historian tells us that "by a few trivial exploits, scarcely

worth relating, except for the importance of the consequences, was Ireland subdued and annexed to the English crown." He might have added, and thus a form of frail beauty became the sad cause which led to the subjugation of a gallant people, and has involved in untold wretchedness the households of a nation for twenty generations. How little did that uncouth barbarian think that a glance of his eye on the fair queen of Ororick would be more disastrous to his nation, than if a pestilence had depopulated half the island! How little did the beautiful Dovergilda know that her flight commenced such a fatal era in her country's history! An infidel historian could not be expected to mark this unnoticed era as an inscrutable dispensation of Providence, the design of which, wise though it doubtless was, cannot even yet be fully comprehended; yet such it was. It is the misfortune of the world that two of its greatest historical works have been written by sceptics. The design of history is not merely to state facts, nor is it in connection with the narrative of events only to suggest lessons of practical wisdom. It has, when viewed aright, a still higher design. It ought to acknowledge a Sovereign Ruler over men; it ought to recognize His governmental plan; and as that plan is steadily carried on amid the changing events of earth, the historian ought to mark its development and trace results below up to their source in Heaven. A sceptic, a disbeliever in revelation, lacks a primal requisite to a complete historian. He is about as competent to write history as a man would be to explain the phenomena of the solar system who was ignorant of the law of gravitation; or to instruct us in the motions of a watch, when he was not aware that it had a main-spring.

It is well to mark the course of Providence, for though we may not always understand it, we may yet learn wisdom from it. When we behold such slight causes followed by issues so permanent and sometimes so disastrous, how obvious is the reflection that means are neither great nor feeble in themselves, but great or feeble according to the power of the being who makes use of them. The armor of the giant Saul cannot help the stripling David, but Sampson with the jaw of an ass will slay a thousand men. How different are instrumentalities in the hands of God and man! Some potent monarch undertakes an enterprise of vast magnitude, and in its projection displays a perfect congruity of means and end. He gathers from all sides resources for the issue, brings the wealth and strength of nations under contribution, and makes the earth shake beneath the tread of his armed hosts. To human view he seems about to accomplish his purpose with the certainty of destiny. But what is the end of it all? See Xerxes fleeing across the Hellespont in a little boat, and Napoleon, baffled at Moscow, returning to Paris in a private carriage. How differently God uses instrumentality! He brings no armies to battle; no legions of angels gather to war for him; but as if in mockery of human strength, at the blast of a ram's horn, the walls of a proud city fall, and the countless hosts of Midian and Amelek fly at the breaking of an empty pitcher. When such a thought as this impresses us, we feel with John Foster, that "it is a humble thing to be a man." Struck with the impotence of human

energy, we retreat into our own insignificance, that we may contemplate in silence the wonder-working of a God.

To be thus impressed with striking marks of divine interposition, is not difficult. We naturally regard them with such feelings. A prominent epoch, a great crisis, always arouses attention; but how often do we forget a circumstance, apparently trivial, on which the existence of that crisis hung. Who can contemplate without a shudder, the battle between Western Europe and the Saracens, when Charles Martel met the Moslem host, three hundred thousand strong? It was perhaps the most momentous battle ever fought. Europe looks on with giddy interest while for seven long days such tremendous results are pending; and when the trumpet of Charles Martel bids the world to hope, Christendom from her deep bosom heaves a long breath of infinite relief.\* That is an era which we mark. Yet there was an unmarked era which occurred a century before, upon whose humble issue depended the very existence of this mighty conflict. Mohammed had just begun his career. Opposed with deadly animosity, he fled, and with his remorseless foes upon his track, took refuge with Abu Beker in a solitary cave. Terrified at the impending danger, his adherent in trembling accents said, "We are but two." "No," answered the dauntless prophet, with heroic courage worthy of a holier cause, "there is another—it is God himself." And Mohammed answered well, for God was there to work out by him prophetic issues. But mark the mode. Over the mouth of that cave a spider is weaving his web. Unmarked, unconscious, humble instrument of Heaven, he is silently weaving the web of destiny. His work is done; and as the wind shakes its tremulous fibres, a band of horsemen come to that cave's mouth. They mark the unbroken strands of that attenuated fabric—pass on—and that rescued Arab comes forth to complete a system which has changed the course of empire, made monarchs topple from their thrones, and now after the lapse of twelve hundred years, controls the temporal and eternal weal of more than one hundred and forty millions of human beings. Thus in the hand of the Sovereign Ruler, shall "a spider's most attenuated thread" become a strong link in the adamant chain of destiny.

This was an unnoticed era, yet one more worthy of commemoration than the Hegira. History would furnish many another, and doubtless many an one unwritten by the pen of man is in the record book on high. Who can estimate the influence of a single thought on the destiny of

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\* A curious chapter might be written upon the consequences which would have resulted had the issue of this battle been different. But sometimes a single phrase will serve the same purpose as a labored description, as when Scott in *Ivanhoe* so admirably gives us a complete picture of the condition of the lower orders of the Saxon population in the days of John, by the brief description of Gurth, around whose neck a collar was fastened, on which was inscribed, "Gurth the son of Beowulph is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherhood." We may be allowed in humble imitation to remark, that had the Moslems conquered, the Koran would have been our Bible, Oxford might now be propagating Islamism instead of Puseyism, and "we should have been wearing turbans instead of hats, and combed our beards instead of shaving them."

a human being! and who shall tell what strange developments may be made hereafter, when many a man may find that one thought marked an era in his life unnoticed by himself! that so far as any subsequent act tended to change his final state, it may with truth be said, that then the last line was written in his book of fate, and the volume closed for ever. Yes! a thought may be a soul's Rubicon, and sometimes it may be a nation's. One only illustration of this last remark, and we have done. Ere Rome was yet a century old, and when her power was only felt by a few border tribes, there was war between the infant state and Alba. We need not relate the story of the three fraternal champions, so familiar to all, but may be pardoned for speaking of the vast stake at issue, and on what that issue turned. While the two armies look on with breathless interest, two of the Romans fall, and there is a momentary pause, while the third one meditates whether to stand or fly. Upon that thought what interests are pending! A world is held in equilibrium there! Now could there by an act of anticipated creation, be brought as spectators into one vast amphitheatre, all who were to be affected by that day's results, what intense emotion would be shown by that stupendous gathering! Hannibal and Scipio would be gazing down, for Cannæ and Zama are in embryo there—Cæsar and Pompey, for there Pharsalia is to be decided—Anthony and Augustus, for Actium is at issue there—Theodoric and Attila, for on that arena the carnage of Chalons is foreshadowed. The thought is over, and the Roman flies; and as he turns again and strikes down his pursuers one by one, methinks could the future find a voice, we might hear from that world of anticipated being the muttered groan of the future vanquished, and from the multitude of victors the plaudit shout like the sound of mighty thunderings, "Roman, well done! thou art a mightier conqueror than we."

R. A.

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NOVEL READING.

Of all the questions which have ever come under human observation, undoubtedly the most obscure in their nature and the most difficult of decision, are those which relate to the faculties and phenomena of the mind. In most other departments of learning the results are known with far greater precision and often beyond a doubt. In the abstract relations of numbers, for instance, the deductions and conclusions are certain and incontrovertible. In the physical sciences too, observation and experiment have reduced many of the laws and properties of matter to mathematical certainty and decision. Even that part of mental philosophy termed ethics, which treats of morals and political economy, is capable of much more decisive proof than the intellectual part, which considers the powers, faculties, and affections of the mind; and to which last our subject in a great measure belongs. Could we as

easily trace the growth of the intellect as we can often the formation of material substances, observing from what germ every particular feature originates, and what conduces to nourish and mature it, the task we have proposed to ourselves would not be so very difficult.

We conceive of four principal objects, one or the other of which men usually seek in their reading—namely, pleasure, knowledge, culture—whether of intellect or taste—and moral improvement. With regard to some of these objects, we believe novel reading to be entirely useless or actually injurious; and though with respect to others the end proposed may be attained, we shall endeavor to show that there are other means of accomplishing it, which answer equally well and even better, without any of the objections that attend this.

By far the greater number of that class who are accustomed to spend their time in perusing works of fiction, profess to have no other object in view than the mere pleasure of the moment. Perhaps some seek recreation, and would unbend the mind from severe studies and pursuits over some amusing though trivial tale; regardless whether injury or profit result therefrom. Leisure hangs so heavily upon the hands of others, that they gladly rid themselves of Time's burthen by any means in their power; and resort to light literature for much the same purpose that others do to the grog shop, for artificial stimulant and excitement. Others again, endeavor thus to beguile the weary hours of bodily sickness, even though thereby they are sowing the seeds of disease and death in the immortal mind.

Had life no other object than the mere passing the present moment agreeably,—was there no dissipation to the mind, unfitting it for more important duties; no injury to the morals; there would not be the objections to such means of relaxation that now exist; though even then it would be a matter of doubt whether it does not require a polluted taste to relish such productions; and whether to the unvitiated palate there is not greater delight in the study of those sciences which contemplate important truths; delight too unalloyed with pain and which is removed far above satiety and disgust. At least where recreation for the mind is desired, it is far more natural and far better to seek it in some employment that shall give necessary exercise and health also to the body. This purpose might be fulfilled by walking abroad amid Nature's scenes, which inspire feelings of no ordinary pleasure, but pleasure that excites no morbid passion, no disquietude or unhealthy sensibility.

We believe the most strenuous advocate of novel reading, never claims for them the propagation of any thing more than a sort of negative knowledge. Their very design is to make Fancy wear the garb of Truth. The amount of direct information they contain, though christened with the name historical, and affecting to portray the light and transient shades that flit upon the surface of society; those evanescent hues which otherwise they say would soon pass off and be forgotten, is at best small and without authenticity. Generally written long after the times they profess to describe, and relying mostly upon the fancy of the author for those facts and scenes that they set forth, they seldom give a very correct idea of men and things. The false impres-

sions they thus usually produce, little entitle them to be called the hand-maids of History. Biography can much more justly claim this distinction. It is the province of this to descend to all the minute details that History overlooks. In painting the lives of individuals it is its business to give also the less important scenes and influences among which they moved, and which must have tended to color their minds and give bent to their character. Not only do these furnish a substitute for novels in delineating the manners of society, but the autobiographies of eminent men which are becoming so common at the present day, serve an additional purpose which novels can seldom reach. They show what may have been the peculiar habits and manner of thinking, belonging to those who from their genius or station exerted an extended influence upon their country and age; and what relates to them is of far greater moment than the more general and more obvious features of the mass.

The knowledge of human nature too, that their clamorous supporters often assert, is derived from works of fiction, is by far too slight and imperfect to warrant the benefit claimed in that respect. We apprehend an impartial examination would rather prove that they tend to teach false views of life; that they fill the already too romantic mind with expectations so high, that this rough world of ours is altogether unable to realize them; and as a necessary result, that they produce bitter disappointment and despair. It is better, far better, that he who would know the bright and the dark side of man's character, should gain his knowledge from actual observation by buffeting the rude waves of the world and mingling among his fellow beings in the busy scenes where they congregate. The experience thus obtained is based on no false assumption, and shall be a clear guidance in the dark day of trouble—a support that shall not prove treacherous in the hour of need. Or shrinks he from such trials, let him study the drama, and he shall find in those master productions of human genius, even which our own language contains, all the intricate passions and minutest traits of man's character unfolded far truer and better than in any external description which has ever dropped from the most brilliant pen of the most talented novelist that has ever existed.

Again, of what use are novels in intellectual culture? Do they expand the mind, improve the style or give a command of language? We cannot but believe that their efficacy in all these respects has been much overrated. An easy and flowing diction is not obtained by the hasty perusal that works of this kind usually receive. It is rather acquired by the habitual and patient study of the choicest productions, ancient and modern, that can be found in the literature of the world; productions in which the strength of thought—the purity of style—the delicate touches of fancy, and the bold figures of the imagination sending every sentiment with force to the heart, shall repay a frequent and careful reading. It is such works, and such only, that give spirit to the mind, and a ready, fluent and graceful expression to ideas. Nay, more, novel reading is not merely negative in regard to this, but it is actually detrimental. Its votaries acquire such facility at despatch that they run through



with equal haste all other productions, whatever their subjects and whatever their merits. The effect of such a habit is to deprive them selves of all the advantage which long dwelling upon and familiar acquaintance with works of worth is calculated to give ; nor think this an inconsiderable loss. For with compositions of merit at least, Wisdom's fruits hang in plenty only upon the boughs of sheltering contemplation, and are never found upon those of barren, unproductive superficiality.

The efforts of a few devoted to the study of the severer sciences, may have prevented the worst results among us ; but would we know how little intellectual culture novel reading imparts, or even how powerful it may be to retard all advancement in science, it can be learned, we think, from the stationary condition that China has held for so many ages. Though this nation more than twenty-five centuries ago reached a degree of refinement, which in some respects has not been surpassed even by the most enlightened of the present day ; though learning is held in the highest respect and made the passport to the honors and offices of state ; though the elementary studies are in the reach of all, and pursued by all, yet they have scarcely passed the threshold of knowledge, and since the time of Confucius, the cotemporary of Herodotus, have made no perceptible improvement. Though acquainted with the art of paper-making more than seventeen hundred years ago, and of printing nine hundred years before it was discovered in Europe, they have never produced a printed book that an American would deign to read. And though the Mariner's Compass was invented by them twelve centuries ago, they have never applied it to its most appropriate use, that of navigation, but creep along their shores from headland to headland, like the most ignorant of barbarous tribes. At first view it seems truly surprising that they should have thus stopped midway in the progress of civilization, and fallen into a lethargic sleep which no stimulant can make them throw off. But when we learn that nearly all their literature, of which they have an untold quantity, is nothing but novels ; that the lives of their scholars are of course spent in reading these, and the wisdom of their philosophers derived from this source alone, our wonder is much lessened, or rather we wonder that they have accomplished so much. It is true other causes may have contributed to retard civilization among them. The easy dispositions of the people and the peculiar influences of their government have no doubt had some effect ; yet, had their minds been made vigorous by the discipline of mathematical studies and philosophical pursuits, instead of the erratic flights of imaginative geniuses, is it too much to say it would in a great measure have counteracted these and advanced them long ere this to a much higher standard of intellectual excellence ? We might contrast with the Chinese, had we time, the high perfection which Grecian and Roman literature reached while such a thing as fictitious narrative was hardly known among them ; and it would be an inquiry well worth making if the very absence of such productions did not contribute somewhat to that high perfection ; but we hasten on to another division of our subject, and would inquire whether novels have any efficacy in cultivating the plastic powers of the mind ?

We are willing to admit that good taste is susceptible of the highest improvement, by the habitual contemplation of whatever is beautiful in the works of nature or the creations of art ; but we deny to the major part of novels, at least any power that tends to that result. They are apt rather to be of a low and debasing character. Their effect is to pollute from contact with impurity and vice. But their supporters contend that even though they have an immoral tendency, yet for all this, they may extend the excursive powers of the mind ; that they may benefit and strengthen the imagination.

We know that man's mind is contracted within narrow bounds ; that he cannot often frame conceptions to equal the soul's high desires ; that even his hopes, when they endeavor to sustain themselves aloft, want consistency, and like billows of smoke in the thinner air

" Melt and dissolve and are no longer seen."

But is it true that this can be remedied and the imagination formed by culture ? Has man the ability to throw around himself this chain,

" Woven of flowers and in sweetness dipped ?"

Can he by his own exertions raise his thoughts till he holds high communion with all existence in earth and heaven ? If so, why does this power prevail more in youth than in manhood ? Why does the child of nature surpass the inhabitant of cities ? or ruder periods of society the more cultivated ? Or even granting it can be strengthened, is the studied phrase, the rounded period, the poor and vapid thoughts of novels to do it ? Those repetitions wearisome of sense—

" Where soul is dead and feeling has no place ?"

We answer, no ; but that this spirit, if caught at all, must be caught from nature's scenes in their rude majesty and sublimity ; from the bright visions and lofty dreams of poetry ; or from the inspired language of the prophets, spoken from lips of coal in words leaping like bolts from the brooding tempest.

But there yet remains the more momentous consideration with regard to our subject, the immoral influence of novels ; though it is so obvious as to require but a passing glance. It is well known that the most hasty perusal of any written production leaves a lasting impression upon the heart for good or for evil, which Time itself cannot obliterate. Especially is this true when what we read coincides with the vicious propensities of our own corrupted natures. Man cannot abstract himself so as to be wholly insensible to extraneous influences. His mind is not like a mirror ; it cannot reflect what is impure and contaminating, and be itself unpolluted. It cannot, like the moonbeams, dance upon a dung-hill and retain its original purity and brightness. Such being its condition, it becomes a matter of vital importance, that nothing but what is virtuous be brought in contact with it. And how seldom can we assert this of novels. It is one of the means by which they excite interest, to contrast virtue and vice. The character stained with every crime and every sin that the author's fruitful brain could conceive of, is compared with a being so perfectly good and angel-like, that all must

despair of ever imitating such excellence in their daily life and conversation. Nor is this all. However difficult it may be to handle immoralities in such a manner that they shall not infect; yet the manifestation of an honest indignation by the author will do much towards it. Did he treat vice with such rebuke and severity, that while the reader was walking in the burning furnace of temptation, we could feel it might serve as a guardian angel to shield and protect him, the case would not be as bad. But how different from this is the fact! The crimes of the hero or heroine are usually so softened down by the glowing sophistry of the writer; their enormities are set off with so many palliating circumstances, that we are ready to forgive them all, and even pronounce them virtues. Surely our own good resolutions are shaken, we more feel our inability to toil up the steep and rugged path of virtue, when we are taught to believe that iniquity is rewarded; that every praiseworthy quality is overcome with defeat, and its possessor tortured with misfortune, till finally relieved by death.

However great the injury of novels as a class, that sentimental kind introduced by modern refinement, is even the most pernicious of them all. Conceived by the perverted imaginations of French libertines and English debauchees, it is the high embellishment with which they cover and adorn sin, that seduces and deceives the heart. Pretending to lead vice forth to sacrifice upon the altar of virtue, they decorate the victim in such rich and gaudy garbs as completely to hide her repulsiveness. By such abuse of their powers, they make their minds flaming volcanoes, ravaging and devastating the world with the lava of destruction far more fatal in its effects than any of the burning eruptions of *Ætna*. The pernicious influence of these productions, hanging like a mildew on the healthful springtide of the soul, is even now felt by thousands upon thousands in the world. Many an inhabitant of prisons, if not occupant of the gallows, can trace their first onset in the career of crime to the impressions left upon their minds by reading Paul Clifford; the whole aim and tendency of which is to subvert the foundation of all law and government. And what may be the effects upon the glowing imagination of childhood, of reading even our own Cooper—comparatively harmless as he may be—one of the most gifted of our young countrymen dangling from the masthead of the *Somers*, executed for a crime at which humanity shudders, bears witness.

If such then are the effects of romance in one form and another, let it teach us caution. With such light to guide, let us not risk our health in that region of the world of literature, which even though it produces fair flowers, has them in close proximity to noxious weeds and poisonous plants.

## THE TWO SPIRITS.

A STREAMLET glided through a sunny vale,  
 Its muttered music trembling on the air  
 Like distant echo of despairing wail,  
 Or voice of winds within their rocky lair.  
 Around it blossomed flowers, oh, how fair !  
 Which drooped to touch the thin and sliding spray,  
 As travelers, tired and faint 'mid desert air,  
 Bend frantic to the flow of waters gay,  
 Which wind through some oasis green their careless way.

And there, upon the moss-o'er-knitted ground,  
 Wrapped in the shadow of an oaken tree,  
 Lay Ernest, lost in dreamy maze profound,  
 A victim chained of Fancy's witchery.  
 Bright scenes rose up, all beautiful to see,  
 And fairy voices sported to his ear ;  
 How full his heart with light, elastic glee !—  
 Anon came gloom, like spell-controlling Fear,  
 Athwart the rays of gladness, dancing sunny-clear.

A form angelic, from the watchful sky,  
 Came floating downward through the furrowed air ;  
 A stifled lustre dwelt within her eye,  
 In wanton tresses fell her raven hair  
 Around a face impressed with calm despair.  
 So, like the dark-winged, spectre-haunted Night,  
 In beauty sad, but beauty passing fair,  
 She came adown the azure-arched height,  
 Sweet notes of song enchanting all her pensive flight.

## SONG.

The drowsy breath of evening  
 Is gliding through the trees,  
 And dallying with the ringlets  
 Which float o'er silent seas.  
 A filmy veil of darkness  
 Surrounds the throne of Day,  
 And Night, in dusky chariot,  
 Is hasting on her way.

It is the hour when Nature  
 Puts off her sportive mien,  
 And in a mood of sadness  
 And thoughtfulness is seen.  
 The hour when spirits wander

From their chosen spirit-home,  
Though the world, in distance glimmering,  
All viewlessly to roam.

For the sun is charmed with visions  
In the arms of wily sleep ;  
Nor yet has Luna risen,  
Her tireless watch to keep ;  
The stars have hid their faces  
Behind the screening sky,  
And so, upon our pathway,  
There looks no envious eye.

Thus, o'er earth's varied regions,  
Our footsteps oft have strayed,  
Through valley and o'er mountain,  
Through desert-plain and glade ;  
From where the billowy ocean  
Raves ever at the main,  
To where his brother ocean  
Repeats the boisterous strain.

Alas ! a dreary world, a weary world is this ;  
It beareth not a flower of pure and perfect bliss,  
It is an island lonely, swept round on every side  
By tedious waves of sorrow, a never-resting tide.

Man toileth on to Wealth, to Wisdom, or to Power,  
He builds his altar proud, and worships for an hour.  
E'er stretching after phantom joy his dizzy eyes,  
Till poor, weak, ignorant, and all unblest he dies.

Trust not his love ! trust not, though words be ne'er so warm,  
Like sleeping wave he'll change, when comes the angry storm.  
Give not thy love to him ! one selfish mite to gain,  
He'll treat thy heart-drawn treasure as a bauble vain.

Oh, if thy soul be yearning after happy peace,  
Think not to sate it where contentions never cease.  
Look not 'mid scenes the haunt of sin and woe,  
For Virtue's winning grace or Pleasure's joyous glow.

But in some pleasant valley,  
Some lone, sequestered spot,  
Where Sin waves not his sceptre,  
And Care is all forgot,  
Where Nature smiles the sweetest,  
In her robe of glory drest,  
And man, with noisy conflict,  
Comes not to break her rest,

There fix thy chosen dwelling,  
 And bid the world away ;  
 Its scenes of weeping sorrow,  
 And mirth untimely gay.  
 So shall thy life-tide ever  
 With joys' full current flow,  
 Within the hidden valley,  
 Thy little heaven below.

A thousand echoes in the horizon blue,  
 With watchful silence heard the dying lay.  
 Then, in glad dances, swift to meet it flew,  
 As angels come to bear the soul away,  
 Which on the earth has spent its little day.  
 And Ernest, nestled in a strange delight,  
 Scarce dared to breathe, lest all the charm should stray,  
 But movelessly he watched the spirit bright,  
 Till through a golden cloud she vanished from his sight.  
 [To be concluded.]

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF BURNS.

"A man's a man for a' that."

IN a paper which we contributed to 'Maga' a few years since, we furnished a few 'Recollections' of Scotland's sweetest bard. Thomas Kennedy, the playmate and intimate friend of Robert Burns, still lives, though a 'change has come o'er the spirit of his dream,' since the time to which we allude.

His head is silvered with the frosts of four-score years and ten, and his noble form at length begins to bend beneath the infirmities of age. No longer does he tread with 'lightsome step and free,' as was his daily wont, the wild glens and grassy vales of his romantic estate, so like his Highland home ; no longer lure the silver spotted trout from beneath the grassy bank of the quiet stream, nor does his trembling arm speed the light canoe over the tranquil Owasco—whose sparkling waves, "so darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," might rival his native far famed Windermere. But his eye yet kindles with lustre of his 'youthful prime,' his tongue is still eloquent of the scenes and deeds of other days in which he participated, and his heart is still warm with that philanthropic love and broad Scottish humor, which is proof against the encroachments of time. His long and eventful life has been an experience of no ordinary interest. With Jeffrey, Scott, and Wilson, he has often

enjoyed the feast of reason and the flow of soul, while the subject of our notice was to him as a younger brother.

During a week spent with Mr. Kennedy the past summer, we gathered many interesting items of his idolized poet, only a few of which we at present submit to the public.

We love to contemplate the Scottish character. There is about it a greatness of soul, a noble frankness and straight forwardness of purpose which challenges our warmest admiration. Some one, no matter who, has said, that

"An honest man's the noblest work of God,"

and we would add as a corollary, *therefore* "a Scotchman is the noblest work of God." The Scotch are a race of Heroes and Philosophers. Nursed among the wild and romantic scenery of their mountain Highlands, from their infancy they breathe an air sacred to freedom; while the unflinching firmness with which they have adhered to the principles of the Protestant faith, attests the sincerity of their belief, and a strength of moral courage unparalleled in the history of nations. The first martial history that captivated our youthful genius, was that of William Wallace, and we have ever since regarded the Scottish character with a sort of reverential awe and admiration; while the works which we most affect in our 'elder boyhood' are the miscellaneous and other writings of the immortal Kit North. We always carry a volume of his works in our pocket as an infallible preventive of *ennui*. As a philosopher, metaphysician, statesman, poet, and divine, we will stake Kit against the universe. By the way, reader, have you ever perused his *Noctes*, or *Miscellanies*? No? Then let us advise you to throw aside your musty text books of ancient lore, where you imbibe such "shallow draughts as intoxicate the brain," and revelling in a more magnificent creation of genius than any Aladdin's palace, as you peruse some such article as a "Winter's Rhapsody," if you do not rise a wiser, happier, and better man, then you are a most —

But to the Recollections of Burns. A thrilling incident related by Mr. K. strikingly illustrates the kindness of his heart, his daring spirit, and presence of mind. When scarce sixteen years old, Burns with several companions on a holiday excursion, had wandered far away from home to a wild, unfrequented spot. They were on the brow of a ledge of rocks many hundred feet high, overhanging a dark ravine below. Many feet beneath, on a slightly projecting cliff of the almost perpendicular rock, an eagle's nest was discovered. The eggs of the royal bird were in full view, and the temptation was too great to leave without an effort to obtain them. One of the boldest of the company venturing as far down the rock as he dared, with a slight net affixed to the end of a long pole, was endeavoring to reach the prize. Suddenly, the slaty, crumbling rock on which he stood gave way, and with a loud shriek he slid down downwards on the side of the rugged wall, till after a descent of some feet, his foot rested on a slight projection of rock, and catching with one hand a shrub, he remained hair-hung between heaven and earth, where the least movement of limb or muscle would be a certain awful death.

Moment of what thrilling emotions! Far, far beneath, the occasional sullen dashing of the dark waters over the pointed, jagged rocks was heard, mingling with the mournful sigh of the winds wailing through the narrow defile, while the wild, angry scream of the eagle approaching her eyerie, was now heard above the agonizing cries of the poor victim, who every moment thought the slight bush to which he clung giving way in his grasp. Horror was depicted in the countenances of his young companions, who knew not how to act. It was too far to call for assistance, and the help must be instant. Burns alone possessed daring and presence of mind equal to the emergency. Seizing a cord which was luckily with the company, though apparently not equal to his companion's weight, and descending to the very spot where he had stood, he succeeded in fastening the cord to his body, while the boys were to pull from above. Gradually, and with fearful intense interest they pulled, the cord so far sustaining his weight that he was able to turn himself, and assist their endeavors by his own efforts. Fear added superhuman strength to his exertions—he clung with an iron grasp to the almost naked rock; step by step he rose, until at length he stood on the top, free from danger! No shout of triumph was raised by the little troop—no boisterous manifestations of joy,—but the silent tear, the subdued voice, the warm pressure of the trembling hand, all told their grateful emotions at so wonderful an escape.

Honor to the brave! Here, in his very boyhood, were developed these traits of noble daring and contempt for danger, which enabled him cheerfully to bear up against the buffetings of an adverse fortune, with which it was the sad lot of the gifted poet to contend through life. Such a trait of character, is of itself sufficient to cover a 'multitude of sins.'

Or, take another: It was in Edinburgh, after he had begun to receive the meed of his well-earned fame, and was courted and caressed by the nobility and first literary circles in the city. On a cold, stormy evening, he might have been seen wending his lonely way to an obscure part of the city, for the purpose of visiting the widow of one of his early friends. He knocked at the door of the humble tenement in a dark alley, and was admitted by the widow into a poorly-furnished room, dimly lighted by a single taper.

"Safe us! Mr. Burns is it? I hadna thocht to hae' seen yer face under my ruf sich a fearsome nicht."

"Tut my gude woman, did ye think Bobby Burns has lost sight of his auld frinds? Hoo are ye the nood' and the bairns, syne the cauld autumn weets 'gan fall?'"

"O, but it's unco kind in ye, Mr. Burns, to be lookin' after the likes o' me, and my weans. Fient! it is sairly fash<sup>t</sup> we hae' been syne the dear auld heart gan' to Abraham's bosom. Mony and mony an e'enin' hae' the wee things been sent shiverin' to their scrimpet cot, without even a sowp of barley broo'."

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\* Troubled.



"Hech! but it's a wickit warl we lir in! My ain husban's brither, as he sed the law allooed him, took the leetle he left us, to keepit' for our use, and sorry a bit hae' ne seen syne. Mony's the cauld winter day I've sat alone in my sark weepin' by the scrimpet ingle side—not for mysel', Mr. Burns—but ye ken the poor bairns cryin' for bread"——

Burns put in her hand a fifty pound note. "Gude hae' mercy on us! but ye dinna mane Mr. Burns to gie'——" but ere she could finish her sentence the generous poet had vanished, leaving her overpowered with astonishment and gratitude at this munificent gift from so unexpected a source. Like an angel of mercy he had descended to perform a noble act of charity, and felt fully compensated by the consciousness of having caused the heart of the widow and fatherless to weep for joy.

Some, it may be, will feel little interest in these simple incidents in the private life of this brilliant genius, and truly national poet. Such can pass by on the other side. In making public these hitherto private memoirs of this remarkable man, we trespass upon no one's rights—seek to influence no man's opinion. If in those who admire his soaring original genius, whose hearts have been touched by the sweetly simple, yet elevating strains of his Muse—who reverence the quiet benevolence and frankness of his magnanimous heart, we can but increase that love, reverence, and admiration, our object will be accomplished.

Here we have an instance of that true benevolence and retiring charity that we so seldom meet with—a fulfilment of the command, 'let thine alms be in secret.' Much that passes in the world for benevolence, is but falsely so called. The rich man rolling in wealth, who has never had a wish ungratified, who feels secure from future want, gives a thousand, or perchance ten thousand, for some praiseworthy object. Immediately his name with the deed is noised abroad, by the trump of fame, and the unthinking multitude are all agape at such unbounded benevolence. Sad misnomer! He has made but a holocaust to his despicable pride, and offered a golden sacrifice to feed his vanity with the increase of vulgar adulation. We may be thankful for the gift, but despise the giver.

But when a man, who, though possessing a delicate sensibility and a spirit of noble-hearted independence, has felt the mortifying degradation of dependence, who has experienced the bitterness of a poverty so deep as even to see his family in want of the necessaries of life, who has nothing except his own unaided efforts to secure him from the like want in future, voluntarily gives his all to one who has no claims upon him save the ordinary ties of humanity, we feel the sublimity of the act, and forgetting the gift, the heart pays its willing tribute to Nature's nobleman. Such a giver was Robert Burns. It is from his private, unstudied acts and words, that we learn a man's real character and the true out-goings of his heart. Life is a drama, wherein the public acts and words of men, are but assumed dresses to hide their real characters and deceive the superficial eye. While a few would gain by laying aside the mask, the most would appear in such deformed characters, as to frighten the spectators from the scene, and leave the actors a prey to each other's passions.

We give a short extract of a letter to Mr. K. in reply to an advantageous business offer made by him to Burns, but which the poet was not in a condition to accept :

“ MAUCHLINE, May, 1793.

“ I feel under the highest obligations, my kind friend, for your truly advantageous offer received by last night's mail. I am fully sensible of the pecuniary advantages I should reap from such an arrangement ; but alas ! the circumstances of my family at present prevent my accepting your offer. \* \* \* It has been the darling wish of my heart, to see my family in such circumstances that they shall not be dependent on the cold charity of the world after my death. While my own life and health is spared, I do not fear—I defy Fortune to do her worst—but then, the *hereafter*. At some future day, it may be, I shall be censured by those utterly ignorant of my true motives and feelings, for having expressed myself with the freedom and boldness which I have often used on this subject. But since the opinion of all the critics in the Empire matters not a d—n to me, I shall continue to speak as I think in this matter. I have *felt* all I have said, and would say it again, in like circumstances. Whatever I have written that my friends think creditable, I have accomplished during the leisure moments of a laborious vocation ; and whenever I have referred to this, it has been, as my friends well know, not in a boasting manner, but as not being ashamed of the avails of honest labor. I do not wish to conceal that I feel the most supreme contempt for those whom rank or fortune may have given a temporary importance, without a particle of real merit. But *N'importe*.” \* \* \*

Ha! ha! ha! Would that that old *scarifier*, Jeffrey, could have read this passage ere he proceeded to don his invincible armor for the praiseworthy purpose of annihilating his brother Scotsman. Methinks we see him seated in his portentous chair of *fate*, with his folio spread before him, carefully adjusting his spectacles and nibbing his pen preparatory to the following solemn denunciation :

“ Akin to this most lamentable trait of vulgarity, (proh pudor!) and indeed in some measure arising out of it, is that perpetual boast of his own independence, which is obtruded upon the readers of Burns in almost every page of his writings. The sentiment itself is noble, and it is often finely expressed ;—but a gentleman would only have expressed it when he was insulted or provoked ; and would never have made it a spontaneous theme to those friends in whose estimation he felt that his honor stood clear. It is mixed up, too, in Burns with too fierce a tone of defiance, and indicates rather the pride of a sturdy peasant, than the calm and natural elevation of a generous mind.”

*Jeffrey's Essays, Vol. 2, p. 396.*

Very well ! Mr. Jeffrey has kindly condescended to inform us how *he* would have made the poet Burns, but the God of Nature saw fit to shape him in a very different mould. Whether the great Reviewer would have improved upon the original, we have no means of ascertaining, as unfortunately he had not the power to realize his ideal charac-

ter. We remark with what admirable coolness the critic, with a single stroke of his pen, destroys the character of the poet as a "gentleman," simply, because he does not choose to walk in the very footsteps of my lord Chesterfield. And then too the profound, sagacious, and truthful remark which follows:—"indicates rather the pride of a sturdy peasant, than the calm and natural elevation of a generous mind."

Indeed! the world ought certainly to feel itself vastly obliged to this "great literary authropophagus," for thus unmasking the real motives of the poet, and exposing his real character in all its naked deformity to our view. We might otherwise have misjudged of such noble acts as those we have mentioned, and ascribed them to false motives. But now we cannot mistake. When he risked the dangers of a frightful death to save a companion from a like fate, when in the tempestuous night he seeks the humble abode of poverty and gives his all to relieve the wants of the unfortunate, with no eye save that of the All-seeing, to witness the noble deed,—when he sacrifices the long and earnestly desired treasure which was dearest to his heart, to minister to the wants of the suffering stranger—these acts do not indicate the "calm and natural elevation of a generous mind," but only the "sturdy pride of a peasant."

But seriously, to what 'stale, flat, unprofitable uses' is criticism subjected, when thus perverted from its high ends and made the instrument of personal resentment and jealousy, against a posthumous fame! And with what suspicion, nay, contempt, do we regard the opinions of a critic, who, from what he deems a fault in an author's style, while utterly ignorant of his personal character, thus imperiously pronounces his dictum, and seeks to destroy the noblest qualities of the heart, in one whose private beneficence and retiring generosity, though adding infinitely to the merit of the gift, render it far more difficult for the donor to shield himself from the attacks of an envious criticism! True, indeed, the Reviewer afterwards uses somewhat different language in speaking of the poems of the bard, but perhaps no man better than Jeffrey knows how to

"Damn with faint praise, with civil leer commend."

But, thank Heaven, the poet has come down to us a true man, unchanged from the rude, strong mould in which Nature cast him. He is not a 'Phantasm' or 'Appearance,' nor owns fellowship with such. He scorned to waste his energies, or sacrifice his independence, by a foolish conformity to the conventional customs of society; and though he sometimes unwittingly transgressed the rules of decorum, he never voluntarily was the cause of an unkind feeling. We do not scruple to say, that we are an admirer, if you please, an ardent admirer of the genius and *character* of Burns. That he had faults, it is not denied, but we believe fewer and of a less heinous nature, than many of his detractors, who claim a spotless reputation. They were faults of the head, rather than the heart, and such was his frank, unsuspecting disposition, that his vices were *all* open to the world. But such is the strange perverseness of the human heart, that it is a thankless task to preserve

the memory of a man's good deeds, while the multitude listens with savage delight, and revels in the descriptions of one, who portrays and rehearses the foibles and weaknesses of human nature.

"There is a lust in man no power can tame,  
Of loudly publishing his neighbor's shame,  
On eagle's wings invidious scandals fly,  
While virtuous deeds are only born to die."

We love the sentiment of the noble Roman, "*Nil de mortuis, nisi bonum.*" Steep was the ascent, dark and rugged the pathway of the noble bard during his pilgrimage life, and who shall wonder if his steps sometimes halted or slipped in the toilsome way? "Poor human nature! Is not a MAN's walking in truth, always that: 'a succession of falls?' Man can do no other. In this wild element of a Life, he has to struggle onwards; now fallen, deep-abased; and ever with tears, repentance, with bleeding heart, he has to rise again, struggle again still onward. That his struggle be a faithful, unconquerable one; that is the question of questions. We will put up with many sad details, if the soul of it were true." That his *soul* was true, we know; and therefore judge his struggle was not unavailing.

Fearfully exciting and dreadful was the contest of the mighty Genius with his Fate,—becoming near its close even terribly sublime. Age had not bowed his form, nor disease wasted his energies; but in the full strength of vigorous manhood and unimpaired reason, he grappled with his last enemy. Ever wilder waxes the elemental strife, nearer mutters the thunder, and darker gloom the storm-clouds o'er him, until the last faint ray of the star of hope is lost, and the darkness of despair gathers fast around him. Far, far aloof stand the false friends who could smile upon him during the brief sunshine of his prosperity, and hung with delighted ear upon the harmonious strains of his now silent harp; and who will again be proud of the transcendent genius of their *native* bard, when his dust is mouldering in its humble, unhonored grave. And yet, he is not alone. Even this poor privilege which, at such an hour, the meanest of God's creatures might claim, is denied him. As thirsty blood-hounds with savage joy lap the last red drop of oozing life from the quivering heart of the noble game that has fallen beneath their attacks, so closely do the despicable minions of the law press the weary steps of their victim: and even while his frame is racked with torturing pain, and the 'ineluctabile tempus' heaves in view, in a voice of agony he begs a paltry sum to save his body from the loathsome jail! \* \* \* No friend at last? Yes, one All-powerful. When all others have forsaken, the King of Terrors comes as a welcome messenger to perform the last kind act for the sufferer. It is the moment of victory for one whose whole life has been spent in a stern conflict against a malignant Destiny. For a few brief hours, while the grim monster lingers, as poisoning his unerring dart, his persecutors, like craven cowards, shrink abashed as they gaze with awe upon the calm features, stamped with the image of death; and as the monarch lays his icy hand upon his heart, 'a proud smile of triumph

lights the minstrel's eye, as his soul passes to the 'far off spirit land,' to mingle its music with the immortal strains of those

"Olympian bards who sung  
Divine ideas below,  
Which always find us young,  
And always keep us so."

We have yet other 'Recollections' of the Poet, which perchance we may submit hereafter. Till then, kind reader, adieu. A.

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"THE MOTHER'S GRAVE."

READER, were you ever in a grave-yard? I do not mean the proud and monumented cemetery of some neighboring city, where the bones of the dead may scarce rest in peace, while the tread of the living, thoughtless sight-seer is ever echoing overhead; but were you ever in a quiet country church-yard? beside its little ivy-covered church, containing the plain and unpretending, but no less impressive tomb-stones of a former generation. If you have, you must have enjoyed a few tranquil moments, such as seldom visit the breast that is racked with restless realities of the world. Do not such places and such scenes seem providentially adapted to call forth all the purer emotions of the soul, and hold them in sweet communion aloof from the baser ones that elsewhere absorb them? Here stands the church, plain and unadorned, save by such beauties as nature may have bestowed, where the simple villagers once worshiped with all the fervent gratitude of untutored nature, and here around lies all that earth can claim—their bones on earth—their souls with their Giver. Could you have entered such a place without thinking of your own insignificance, and the utter worthlessness of worldly goods as blessings? Did not there come to you through the silence around, a "small, still voice" more impressive and more convincing than the proudest burst of human eloquence, the voice of nature thrilling on the mind, "and thou too must soon be cold!" Ah, yes! if you are human and possess the faculties of a rational being, such must have been your meditations and such your conviction. Then how many tales of woe or happiness may not those grave-mounds commemorate—of hopes once bright, but soon blighted—of friendships that were changed into loathings—of piety turned from her paths—of wealth cloaking foul deeds of iniquity—of poverty clad in the garb of misery—all crowding there so closely together that their very identity becomes lost in their proximity. Such thoughts as these *must* have crowded upon your mind, especially if you have ever stood alone within the precincts of a quiet country church-yard.

I chanced once to be on a visit at a neat country town, whose inhabitants principally consisted of those substantial old farmers and mechanics who compose, if not the wealthiest, still the most useful and valua-

ble portion of our population. Few events ever occurred to disturb the quiet of these worthy villagers, save when they met to select those who should see to the well-doing of the little community, or when some day of national jubilee called them forth to enjoy the green-sward dance. Here you might find true happiness, and its elements, industry, integrity, and consequent comfort. Why need philosophers invent their theories to find a receipt for happiness in vague terms of the imagination, or attempt by their metaphysics to mystify a principle at once so plain and simple? But so it is in the world; we willfully blind our eyes and senses to those things that are revealed, and yet with impious hands try to tear off the veil from those secrets which Nature has chosen should remain undivulged. Dou you ask what is happiness? go forth in the world and see for yourself, a Nature trained up in the paths of virtue and simplicity—where you find that you have found happiness.

It was a Sabbath afternoon, when having listened to the inspired words of their venerable pastor, the little congregation had left the village church and retired to the comforts of their respective homes. I was left alone upon the low stone steps that rose to the door, and mechanically leaving them, I turned towards the grave-yard that lay in the rear. It was surrounded by a neat white fence, the little gate of which was unlocked and unfastened, save by a bolt. A summer's sun was setting behind the distant hills, and flooding all things with the redness of its flashing rays. The scene was indeed magnificent. Though I had seen many a grander and wilder prospect, I had never beheld one at the same time so simple and lovely. I opened the little gate and passed within. Around me lay the remains of those whose earthly strife had ceased forever. Here lay a grave with its time-eaten tomb-stone nearly covered over with the long dank weeds that surrounded it, and close by its side another, bearing traces of recent construction. Judging by the manner in which the green sod above was trimmed and bright flowers planted around, I conjectured that it must engage the attention of some sorrowing friend of its cold occupant. Ah! thought I aloud, the old man dieth and soon his name passeth away in his grave; the young man dieth and they plant flowers over his head—but the flowers, too, have *their* day to blossom and to die!—so it is with *all earthly* things, but *all* things are not of the earth! Who knows what these graves around me might not say, could they send forth a voice?

“Ah! who knows indeed?” said a deep toned voice behind.

I started and turned, for I thought not to meet the living at the home of the dead! There stood a gray-headed man, holding in his hand a bunch of keys; he was dressed in a neat Sabbath suit, and his eye still sparkled with the brightness of former years. I immediately divined that he was the sexton of the little church hard by.

“Young man,” said he, “if you had my years and my experience, you might well say ‘who knows?’ These graves are mostly my work; for fifty years have I hollowed out their narrow beds for the departed of yonder village, and helped to carry them to their last long sleep. Many a tear have I shed for parents, children, and friends—many a one to witness the grief of the living left behind—soon I too must take my place by their side; ah! how soon like them be forgotten!”

"Doubtless, good sir, yours can have been no very pleasant duty ; it is always a sad thing to witness the grief of others bereaved."

"You are right again, young man," said he, "mine has been a sorrowful task, for many a scene have I witnessed that would draw tears from a heart of stone—grief such as is not to be found in the hearts of your city worldlings. See you those two graves yonder in the corner ? There lies a broken-hearted mother, and by her side the cause, her only son ! Poor George ! many a time have I held him in my arms when a bright-eyed boy, and never thought that one so fair and so noble would one day need *my* aid to bear him to his grave. Wo ! to those who led him astray—the day of reckoning *must* come at length, and a mother's death will be a heavy burden for them to bear !"

"Will you not relate the tale to me ? for I see by your countenance that it is an interesting one," said I.

"Interesting indeed, and a sad one too, for it is a tale of happiness and prosperity turned into one of misery and death ! If you will listen, I will tell you in a few words the leading facts of the story, and you will then understand why this spot is called by our simple-hearted villagers, "the mother's grave."

We seated ourselves on a broad stone slab, and the old man began :

"Do you see that house hard by, just rising above those noble poplars that surround it ? it is somewhat dilapidated now, for six long years have rolled away since they (pointing to the graves,) were borne together from its doors. That was once the dwelling of a worthy mother and a devoted son ;—now it is an object of superstition, and few would venture to cross its threshold after set of sun. I knew them both well once, and no one could have thought that so much misery was in store for that mother's heart, or that the seeds of vice would spring up in that of her son. She was the widow of a man who had in the latter part of his life become a dissipated and abandoned character, and had died at last with a curse upon his lips, in a fit of insane drunkenness. This had well-nigh broken the heart of the poor wife, but she lived on for her only son, then a boy of bright talents and prospects indeed. For many years after the death of her husband she had devoted herself with untiring energy to the education of her boy, for although they had lost the greater part of their former wealth, they still possessed enough to render them comfortable. George was a noble boy, and from his earliest years had given signs of the most distinguished talents. None could compete with him either in the school-room or in their boyish sports ; and although in his nature there was a mixture of fiery energy and self-will, still no one was a greater favorite among all classes of our little community. A handsomer boy there never was—with dark chestnut hair, a large flashing eye, and a form of the purest symmetry. Although at other times kind and gentle to all, when once aroused none dared dispute his will—all cowered beneath the flash of his dark bright eye. No one had any influence over him at such times except his mother, and the simple exclamation from her, "George, I am ashamed of you," brought him to himself in a moment.

"Mother, forgive me, but I could not help it."

"But, my son, such conduct, unless you learn to restrain yourself, may one day cause you much repentance."

Indeed, this trait in his character often gave his mother the liveliest concern, and many were the prayers she uttered by day and night that it might be changed. As he grew older, his filial affection seemed to grow stronger, and it was an affecting sight to see them enter this little church together—the aged mother leaning on the arm of her strong and manly son. Many a bright eye sent forth its softest look for him, as he took his seat by her side in their little pew. But to mark the fond, yet anxious look of the mother, as it rested upon his unobserving face, you might see how strong can be a mother's love, how watchful a mother's care.

About this time there came to spend a week or so with them a cousin, whom George had not seen since they were playmates together, for he had been living for several years in a neighboring city. Frank was a forbidding young man, as far as appearance went, and it was whispered about that his character for sobriety and morality was none of the best. Be that as it might, he and George soon became most intimate companions, as was natural enough, for the one possessed an insinuating address and engaging manners, while the latter was of a nature wholly confiding and fond of excitement. Soon George's mother began to perceive symptoms which to her were of the most alarming character. He no longer came to her to read some favorite passage; his hours at night were unseasonable, and whenever he and Frank came in at a late hour, they would excuse themselves by saying that they had been taking a long walk together. Alas! she knew not that in the short time they had been thus acquainted, a great change had been wrought in the character of her son; she knew not that those walks never extended beyond the tavern, where, after a social glass together, they would sit and converse with the idlers whom they met there. To a nature such as George possessed, this was a most dangerous experiment. The first glass delights, the second excites, and then comes a hardening of the heart, the wild delirium of unnatural feelings and utter recklessness; then a love for low conversation; then an *absolute necessity* for some kind of excitement; and finally the confirmed habits of the sot. On this precipice stood George; an ungovernable nature, aided by the tempter's hand, was hurrying him nearer and nearer to the brink. He had never drank enough yet really to excite him, but the passion was growing strong and stronger upon him; yet at times the pale face of his mother at her lonely home would rise up in his mind, and mechanically his hand would drop the cup as it was raised to his lips.

"Drink, man," Frank would exclaim, "surely you are not afraid of another glass, are you?"

"No, Frank, but I was thinking of my mother!"

"Poh! how will she know anything about it? besides you are a man now, and not a child to mind the silly talk of a woman."

"Silence, sir! speak not so of my mother; one unkind word of her I will not listen to."



"Nonsense! who thought of saying any thing disrespectful of the old lady? she loves you, I dare say; but come, once more, and we will go;" and George would drink it to the dregs.

But all this could not be kept long from a watchful mother. She heard one night that he had been seen entering the tavern, and her fears took the alarm immediately. Her anguish was heightened when she perceived on his return, from his excited eye and unsteady walk, that he had been drinking.

"George, my son! can it be?" she exclaimed, as she caught his arm frantically, "are you too to become a drunkard?"

"Come, mother, I have only been drinking a glass of wine with Frank, and it has got into my head a little—come, do not be frightened;" for he was sobered in an instant by her frenzied look.

"And you, too, George!" she exclaimed, without heeding his words, "have I lived so long for this? did I endure all that misery and live through it to see *you* a drunkard? have my prayers by night and by day availed me nothing? father and son! both to be ——. Oh! my God, let it not be so." Then turning wildly around, she cried, "George, as you love me—as you wish not to see me a broken-hearted wretch in my grave—as you hope for salvation, swear! swear that you will never put the cursed cup to your lips again, never so much as *think* of it with a guilty wish, swear! I say, or strike me down here at your feet."

As she uttered the last word, her son sank on his knee, and raising his hands, exclaimed, "I swear! as I love you and hope for mercy, I swear!" then rising, the mother and son were locked in each other's arms.

"God be praised," she cried, "for my poor heart would break if *you* too were lost to me. Let not the tempter prevail *again*, or you are lost, my son. I know it, George, for 'twas so with him—him your father—he tasted, and the demon snatched him away to a drunkard's grave!"

"Pardon, mother, and this shall be my first and only time of offence *while I live*."

"Dear George, you have it, but oh! beware! avoid the tempter."

And where was *he*? At the first sound of that mother's voice his guilty conscience smote him, and he slipped without the door, for he dared not meet her eye. His was a dark and dangerous nature, deluged in doing evil, without thought for the misery of others—such a spirit as the Evil One might well send upon earth to aid his own iniquities. At first, remorse may have touched him; but when he heard her counsel to beware of the tempter, rage and wounded pride banished all other feelings. "Ha! ha! say you so, you swear? let us see, oaths are easily taken and easily broken; ha! ha! She called me tempter, did she. I will be a tempter to some purpose;" and he laid his head upon his pillow that night with the avowed intention of ruining one for whom he professed the holy tie of *friendship*, and of bringing misery to the door of a helpless widow—his own aunt."

The sun rose bright on the morrow, and both George and Frank felt a mutual hesitation when they met at breakfast. The one felt ashamed

for sin committed—the other for sin in contemplation. For a few days no mention was made between them of the matter, but it was easy to perceive that George was acting under some restraint, which was hard for him to bear. Alas! there is but one step, and that once taken, it is a thousand steps back. He felt a craving, burning appetite for excitement; the deep-rooted desire could not so easily be eradicated. One evening, however, shortly afterwards, as they were sitting alone after tea, Frank proposed that they should take a walk together and light a cigar on their way past the tavern.

"You forget, Frank, surely!"

"Why, there's no great harm in stopping a moment to light a cigar!"

"Well, perhaps there is none," replied George, quickly, "but do not ask me to stay a minute longer," and the two started off together on that fatal walk, arm in arm. A short walk brought them to the tavern, and they entered the little bar. Here they found several whom they had met when they were last there, and a conversation immediately commenced. George had not felt in such good spirits for some time; in fact, it was the want of such excitement that he had felt so much. Presently some one invited the rest to step up and take a drink with him; all did so except George.

"Come, man," said his companion, "we are all waiting for you."

"Excuse me," replied George, gently, "but I do not wish to drink to-night."

"What harm can *one* glass do?" said Frank, with hesitation, for he felt uncertain how George might take his interference.

"You forget my promise, sir!" was the reply.

"Come, come, don't speak so; that was a *forced* promise, and forced promises are *never* binding, you know, a mere '*ruse de guerre*;' you surely are not afraid that one glass will upset you, are you?"

"As for that matter, I *can* drink as much as any of you, but I do not choose," replied George, angrily.

"Oh! that is very easy to *say*, but the doing it is a different thing, you know, ha! ha!" and a tittering rung through the little crowd around. Here was a most dangerous temptation, for such a nature as George's always feels *afraid* to acknowledge itself afraid of any thing, and is especially irritated and thrown off its guard by any approach to ridicule, and alas the temptation was too strong to be withstood."

"You think so, do you?" said George.

"Do you *dare* to try?"

"Do *I* dare? that's not the question—do *you* dare?"

"Come here if you wish to know, and let these men judge who is the most daring;" and forgetting mother, promise and all, in the wild energy of his nature, he seized the glass and drained it! Lo! how the tempter triumphed, but he was not yet satisfied; he determined to lead him still farther on. "*One glass and you are lost!*" had his mother said, and her words were prophetic.

They drank long and deeply—a crowd soon gathered around them, for one at least was becoming excited; and the flashing eye of George and his dilating form showed that there was a fire within him now that

was blazing and consuming all other emotions save the tickling pleasure that its flames inspired. Frank began to be seriously alarmed, for he perceived that unless they stopped soon, George would become unmanageable; he therefore said, coaxingly—

"Come, we've had enough, let us stop now."

"Stop! ha! ha! no, you dared me to it; let us see then who is the most daring; do you *dare* to drink this?" and he poured out two glasses full and seized one of them.

"Oh! I did not propose it on my own account," cried Frank, irritated at his words, and imitating him in swallowing the draught—"but, my dear fellow," continued he, ironically, "I was only about to ask you, if you drink any more, how you expect to get HOME?"

As that last word caught the ear of poor George, inebriated as he was, there flashed across his mind a gleam of misery awful in the extreme—the idea of his mother, his perjury, the dread of witnessing her agony—all condensed into one dark instantaneous thought rushed upon him with such force that he staggered back and had well-nigh fallen.

"What is the matter?" cried Frank, now too late repenting his expression, "are you *sick*?"

When he heard that voice, George raised his pale and trembling face, his eye flashed with such a gleam of determined fury, that the other recoiled in terror. "*Sick!* villain, *sick!*" he cried, double-dyed scoundrel, who brought me here? who tempted me here? devil! answer me! who tempted me?—ah! *she* said, '*beware the tempter*,'" and his voice sank to a supernatural whisper, and then rose to a wild scream of rage. "Ha! ha! *sick!* let me clutch thee, tempter, and learn how strong I am." With one sudden and tremendous bound he leaped upon Frank, and gripping him by the throat shook him with the strength and fury of a demon. They rushed upon them and by main force tore them apart.

"Villains! unhand me," he shouted, hoarsely, "death! do you dare!—see! he will escape me! he, the tempter! off! let me go, I say—let me—a-h-h-h." They started from him, for from his ears, his nose, and mouth there spirted forth a dark red stream of blood, sprinkling those around with its crimson dye; with a loud crash he fell upon the floor.

"Great God!" cried some one, raising him up—"run for a doctor, he has broken a blood vessel!"

So indeed it was—the tide of anguish, remorse, and rage that boiled within his breast had broken forth in an overwhelming torrent, defying all restraint. The doctor came—but one glance at his flushed countenance, and one touch to his pulse was enough—he was dead! They laid him on a bench, and in mournful silence bore him towards his mother's lonely home.

Young man, I have seen many a sight of misery, but anguish *such as her's* I never witnessed. She had been watching anxiously for the return of her son, and the first sight she caught of him was his dead body borne along by four strong men. She rushed toward them; there was a gurgling in her throat, and without another sound sank in violent hysterics on his corpse. They bore her to her home, and for the live-long

night they watched by her side. Not for one moment did she cease from the dreadful fits that shook her poor weak frame. At length the morning broke, and the sun's rays shone brightly through the window on her bed. Suddenly she was still, and they thought, nay, almost *hoped*, that all was over, but she raised herself on her arm, and gazing calmly around seemed to have forgotten the cause of her grief. In another instant the dreadful scene of the last night rushed upon her mind. "My son! my son! George! good God! was it true?—dead!—oh! mercy! mercy! my heart is b-r-o-k-e-n!" and with a convulsive sob she fell back on the pillow—they raised her up, but life had fled!

But where was the tempter? he was gone, and no one hereabouts has since beheld him, and if that mother's shriek does not haunt him through this world, it will give him no peace in the next. They bore them to the grave, and placed them side by side, the mother and her son, and no one has lived in that house since. Such is my tale."

The old man ceased, and the tear of memory stood in his eye. We left the spot together, but never do I enter a grave-yard that I do not think of "The Mother's Grave."

C. J. P.

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### THE LOST STUDENT.

By a smouldering fire of half burnt brands,  
A disconsolate student sat;  
And he gazed at the holes in his heel-less boots,  
And he thought of his napless hat.

And he felt of his elbows worn and patched,  
And patched and worn again;  
And he sought relief for his aching heart,  
In the following dolorous strain:

"Why should I toil through the livelong night,  
And weary my aching head,  
And worry my brains and waste my sight  
For that which is not bread?

"Why should I columns of figures add,  
When their sum is nought to me?  
And what can I do who shall own no ship,  
With rules that measure the sea?"

And the student he sighed at the sound of the word,  
And suddenly sprang from his chair,  
For in his left pocket a rattling he heard,  
And he thought, "Could a coin be there?"

And he thrust in his hand with a desperate push,  
 But his courage began to fail,  
 For he drew forth a key—'twas a rusty key—  
 That had rattled against a nail.

And he thought of the fields, the green, green fields,  
 And the cows and the bleating sheep,  
 And the grassy bank by the willow tree,  
 Where he used to lie and sleep.

"I have left fresh flowers for musty books,  
 Bright streams for 'learning's rill,'  
 And forsaken my father's acres broad,  
 My scanty brain to till.

"There are no apples on knowledge's tree,  
 Nor any thing fit to eat ;  
 And the only roots that I can find,  
 Are the hardest roots of Greek."

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His form grew dim and his eye grew wild,  
 And the people thought him mad,  
 'Till when one morning they wanted him,  
 He was nowhere to be had.

They hunted about and called his name,  
 But they looked and called in vain ;  
 The echoing air would cry where ! where !  
 But he never came again.

For day by day, as he dried away,  
 Did his withering form decrease,  
 And where he last sat was a small dark spot,  
*But not the least bit of grease.*

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#### ORIGINALITY OF MIND.

It is very unfortunate that this phrase has so vague a signification. It seems, however, to be conceded by every one, that originality, in whatever it consists, is one of the most ennobling parts of the mental frame ; that it has given to mind every triumph it has ever celebrated, and stimulates to those that are yet to be reached ; that it sustains the mind in research, and covers its every successful effort with imperishable lustre. Nor does it appear to us that this idea of it is at all extravagant. But how shall we get from this general description down to an exact, tangible definition ?

The most common opinion, we believe, is, that it is the power which the mind possesses of eliciting new thoughts—thoughts striking and impressive from their novelty. We will first notice this opinion, and secondly inquire more particularly what originality is.

A moment's reflection will convince us that this opinion, in its broadest sense, at least, is groundless. There is nothing in the world easier than to offer to mankind thoughts never before conceived. Any one can do it. All that is necessary, is, first the strong desire, then a little disregard of truth, a little want or perversion of common sense—either will do—and a little skill in plausible argumentation. These are the essential requisites for the display of any amount of originality, according to that idea of the term which we are now considering. One of the most remarkable instances of this kind of originality, that we recollect to have occurred within the last century, is that furnished by the idea of a new plan of Universal Redemption by virtue of attractive industry, a doctrine commonly called Fourierism. Now, not to call in question the truth of this doctrine at all, we only ask whether Mr. Fourier can be called the most original man that has lived since his time, from the fact of his having originated the most novel ideas upon human society that any man has since done. We believe people generally think that there have been minds since his time as truly original, though they may not have figured so largely in the field of new ideas; and with that opinion we are inclined to coincide. But we are not disposed to shirk this view with a sneer. Connected with it is the more plausible idea that the property of mind under contemplation is the producer of thoughts striking and impressive, not only from their novelty, but also from their obvious truth. This deserves more careful consideration. With this opinion we coincide, as far as it goes. But we further contend, that it is displayed as strikingly and beautifully in its treatment of old truths, as in the exposition of new. If, however, it does consist in searching out something new, entirely new, in the field of thought, we must confess it to be an exceedingly rare quality of mind. We look for it in vain from the pulpit, whence nevertheless proceeds that mysterious power that persuades, convinces, and overcomes. We seek it in vain from the orator, who nevertheless enlists the whole soul in his cause and carries it captive at will. We seek it in vain from the author's pen, which nevertheless penetrates to the very seat of the passions, transforming the calm and reflecting reader into the brave hero, the ardent lover, or the stern avenger of wrong. But we deny that originality is solely and exclusively the power of producing thoughts entirely new. See what a vague and undefinable thing we should thus make of it. Who is to decide upon the novelty or triteness of a thought? However new the result of any effort of mind may be to one, it may be quite familiar to another. However new it may be to one age, it may have been a settled fact ages before. To ascertain, therefore, the precise fact as to the date when a thought was first conceived, might be a task of some considerable magnitude, and in some cases, perhaps, rather more than the title to originality would be worth. It surely then cannot be true that originality is necessarily and exclusively the power

of producing what is strictly new. It is no more so, than that skillful painting consists in delineating the picture of some object never before known to the world. It is this view of originality that not unfrequently leads us to suppose that it is a rarer quality of mind than it is, and to look for higher terms in which to define it, than are due to the ordinary powers of the human mind.

This view very naturally involves the idea that novelty of subject is an essential condition to original thought. This idea also we cannot but regard as erroneous. It is true that great and uncommon occasions often call forth uncommon efforts of mind, but how they can add at all to its originality, is to us utterly inexplicable. Besides, such occasions are, of course, but of casual occurrence. The leading subjects which occupy the minds of men are often the same from age to age. Of these there are not a few of whose nature we may easily obtain a correct knowledge, and which therefore soon become to us familiar and old. But do they therefore fall from the rank of those subjects upon which the originality of mind may find profitable exercise? If the mind, whose vital part is originality, is thus dependent for an occasion on which to bring out its worth, all excellence of mind is a mere thing of chance. To improve and strengthen its powers preparatory to useful action, would be just about as rational as for the sportsman gravely to level his piece and fix himself in a cautious attitude for discharging it at the first convenient approach of his victim. But how is it? *Paradise Lost* was an old subject before it employed Milton's pen; but who will say that it displayed no original thought? The falling of an apple is no uncommon occurrence; yet the mind of Isaac Newton caught from it one of the sublimest truths in nature. And it is a fact worth observing, that the whole stupendous structure of philosophical truths has been reared from the study of events, which at first might seem quite too common to be seriously called subjects of thought.

There are, to be sure, in the course of events, many subjects arising which we must call new—called up by the very nature of advancing society. Let us grant, for a moment, that such alone admit of original thinking. But we must remember that these engage the attention of comparatively few. The great majority, even, of thinking minds do not apply themselves to them until they have been in some degree mastered—their difficulties cleared away—the truth in respect to them clearly set forth and firmly established—in a word, until they become old.

But such minds are not in the meantime idle. The learned professions are filled with those whose duties require constant employment of mind, upon subjects the most common. The clergyman is expounding a text that has been expounded a hundred times. The advocate is pleading a case as common as the quarrels of men. The author is driving his pen with unceasing diligence. The instructor in science is going through the same routine of duties from day to day. Can it be true that originality has such a signification as will exclude such men from the circle of original thinkers? We would rather conclude that the subject upon which mind may employ itself has nothing to do with

originality—that an old subject cannot forbid it, or a new one inspire it—that the definition lies still beyond our reach.

As we come now to seek more directly for this definition, we would say that original thought is free, natural, independent thought, divested of all further restrictions, modifications, or conditions. If the world were never to witness the announcement of another new truth, it would retain as ever original minds. Should no new subject ever hereafter come up for investigation, originality would not sustain the slightest injury. Look at the constitution of mind. Every one has its own distinctive characteristics. It is a common saying, in which there is a great deal of truth, that no two things in the world are exactly alike. We would apply this saying with all its force to the minds of men. There is scarcely a living being who does not contribute the amount of his own individuality to substantiate the truth of the universal dissimilarity of mind. See the mind of the infant as it first opens to receive impressions from external objects. What has attractions for one has repulsions for another; what excites the anger of one, fails to disturb another; the toy which affords ample amusement to one, is rejected by another with disgust. We must therefore suppose that could we analyze the infant mind, and trace all the emotions there excited to their respective causes in the external world, we should find them totally different in their nature from those excited by the same objects in the mind of another—a result to be ascribed directly to the different manner in which things are viewed by different minds. Every mind has certain constitutional properties which modify the effects of external objects upon it, leading it as soon as capable of any thing to view things in its own peculiar way—derive from them that lesson, and apply it to that object for which it has a peculiar and natural relish. Every mind will thus have a way of its own; have views of its own; will naturally be an original thinker, and not only will be, but cannot avoid it. It will be as much so as though Socrates had never reasoned—as though Shakespeare had never written, or Homer sung, even though it may comprehend some of the very truths which Socrates uttered many ages ago, and imagine, for aught we know, many things which Homer imagined.

Here, if we mistake not, is original thought—that of a mind applying itself for the first time to those objects of study which its Creator has spread around it on every side, and yet thinking just what has been thought a thousand times. If it is not original thought, what is it? Who led that young mind for the first time into the field of thought? Who taught it what to think first? Its thoughts were its own—untaught. If such thinking is not original thinking, what is? In the earliest stages of intellectual discipline, one mind has a predominant love for adding and subtracting figures; another for defining the geography of places; and another still for declining nouns and conjugating verbs. Why? because the view or idea which they respectively get of their favorite studies, as being the more noble to their youthful fancy, or more entertaining to their youthful taste, begets that love. Who gave them that idea? It is their own—a notion which no one



gave, a sort of natural bias which the world cannot turn. So far as there is thought here, (and their love presupposes thought to some extent,) what is it but original thought? They would have thought the same, had no one ever done so before.

Let us now leave our examination of mind in this early stage of its development, and extend our observation for a moment to a mind engaged in the active and responsible duties of life. Is there any thing now in its nature, duties, or circumstances that can at all change our view of its originality? clearly nothing. There is the same endless variety of constitutional properties, subjecting different minds to different impressions from the objects which they contemplate. The public speaker and the author afford our best illustrations. It is their object to plead, influence, and convince. But how different their modes of arriving at this end! One wields the sceptre of absolute argument; another captivates more by the magic of his eloquence. One pictures to the fancy; another strays into the region of abstraction. One subject presents itself to different minds in as many different points of view: consequently we hear it explained and enforced by one, with such illustrations, such modes of argument, such rules of arrangement; in a word, in such a style as is peculiar to himself alone—a style perhaps entirely foreign to the conception of any other man bearing the distinct impress of a distinct mind. There is then no limit to the variety of shape and coloring which the most obvious truth may be made to assume, and thus forever retain its importance and interest. If it is not originality that can thus present the same subject in such a variety of aspects, with the sole purpose of impressing its truth and importance, what is?

We have now gone back to the first exercises of mind in pursuit of a definition to originality. We trust we have made our idea of it sufficiently apparent—that it is the power of exercising the mind in natural and independent thought—thought which begets emotions, and leaves impressions, different according to the different modes, different minds naturally and inevitably adopt of thinking, reasoning, deciding. Were we to express its meaning in a single word, we would call it *individuality*. This term, we believe, will not detract at all from the most exalted views we may have entertained of originality. This, if any word can do it, proclaims it the noblest prerogative of mind; preserving its identity amidst the constant commingling of mind with mind, and keeping up the pulse of mental life throughout this world of thought in which we live.

“ WHEN SHALL I COME ? ”

Oh, come to me when the morn's gray hue  
Is just peeping above yon hills of blue ;  
When the leaves wake up from their gentle sleep,  
And shake off the dew of the starry deep.  
When the dimpled waters sing a low song  
To the fisher's barque, as it glides along,  
And the wood bird sings its sweet melody,  
Oh, then, then, dearest, will you come to me ?

Come to me when the twilight gray  
Steals so softly o'er the light of day ;  
When the sleepy sun is sinking to rest,  
Afar 'mid the glow of the golden west ;  
And the air is mellow with purple light,  
Which blushingly welcomes the coming night,  
When hushed is the noise of the whispering tree,  
Oh, then, then, dearest, let me look for thee.

Come to me when the pale moonlight  
Makes a softer and sweeter noon of night ;  
When the stars are twinkling in yonder sky,  
And the low winds sing a sweet lullaby—  
When the air is filled with that magic power,  
Which acts as a charm in the starlight hour,  
And the soft clouds meet in their azure sea,  
Oh, then, dearest, then may I look for thee.

COLLEGE MUSINGS.

“ One generation passeth away, and another cometh.”

WE mount another round in the ladder of learning, pushing off a crowd who have just preceded us with very little compunction, and making room for another below, who are to push us off in their turn. And now that we have reached this top round, let us sit down and rest ; let us talk (as Æneas said he should, *forsitan hæc vobis olim, meminisse juvabit*) of the dangers we have passed ; let us think of those times which occur but once in a man's life—of those *little* eras from which we date the various periods of our College existence—of Livy—Bridge—Tytler—and “ the first chapter of Hedge's Logic.” Let us look below and console ourselves by seeing others climb the height that we have gained. Halloo, there—you at the foot of the ladder ! this looks like a long climb,

does it not ? but have courage, put your feet careful, hold on tight, and if you feel dizzy, look aloft, as they tell the boys at sea. Ha ! there is one poor fellow getting his comrade to boost him while he hangs on to the skirts of the one above. Stop, stop, my friend—that is no way to climb—you may get up a few rounds, but at the first long step you'll be left behind, and then good-bye to your climbing—better climb yourself or stay at the bottom. Now and then, to be sure, in a hard spot, you may hold out your hand for a pull up, but don't get boosted, it does not look genteel. There goes one poor fellow off the rounds. Climb careful, there—so you go—good-bye.

The most of College life is a sober reality, a tangible something which is to be done and *suffered*, which can be thought of, told of, and remembered ; but there is, after all, something about the period, spent within College walls, when taken as a whole, that leaves a dim and bewildering impression upon the senses, and, if you stop and try to reflect upon it, it eludes your mental grasp, and mocks your efforts, sporting in your sight like a phantasmagory or a will-o'-wisp, and finally, just as you think you have caught it, leaving nothing but an empty shadow in your possession. It is a sort of dream about which you feel an uncertainty whether you know anything or not, and in the visions of the night the student often lives over again those college days to wake and thank his stars that it was all a dream. A haze comes over your eyes, and there are faint images of new clothes, clean linen, good advice, and pocket money,—generally more of the former than the latter—new boots, blessings, an early breakfast, kisses, tears, and a seat in the stage ; then there is a strange place, strange faces, a bustle, trunks and baggage all in confusion, a steamboat, a river, a railroad, another change, and then comes an ill-defined feeling of something that you have got to undergo. Professors in gold spectacles stare upon you at every corner ; students of older classes, especially of the much dreaded Sophomores, are dogging your footsteps wherever you go. Strange questions are asked, and, frightened, you answer, but you know not what. Every thing suddenly assumes an appearance of venerable dignity. You take off your hat to a lamp-post, and address a boot-black, "Reverend Sir," without knowing exactly how you got there : you are in the presence of some one, who you are made to understand has a control over your destiny. Ink, pens, and paper are thrust into your hands, you write your name, it may be your death-warrant for aught you know—but you pause not, question not—at length you are told that you are a member of college, and for a moment, perhaps, you elevate your head with an incipient idea of more than usual dignity. But the illusion vanishes—you are brought to your senses by the thundering vibrations of a huge bell sounding its awful tones in your ears—you feel that its summons is for you—but you know not how, or what, or why. What shall you do, where shall you go to answer the call which must not be disobeyed—you wake, and the last bell for prayers is turning over for the last time. It is lucky for you if your clothes are on—run, you may get there yet.

Again you sleep, and you are being ground it seems in some strange

sort of a mill. You are upon a great platform, which by some invisible power goes round and round. It is a kind of gauntlet which you are running—on every side are men with instruments of torture constantly changing shape—mostly they resembled some book, but as often a gimblet, a screw, a lead pencil of colossal dimensions, an awful looking straight black line, or a thousand diversified, crooked marks, dots and turns of every shape and description. Each of them are provided with two little human faces, and while they writhe as if in agony and frown horribly on you, you can see them grinning and chattering to each other, as if with delight at your misery. They grasp long whips in their hands, telling you at each blow, that it is for your good they strike, and then if they should miss, leering horribly after you with little demoniac features, exhibiting every form of vengeance and disappointed malice. Again they turn their pleasant faces towards you, and offer you fair fruits which they assist you in plucking, or perhaps remove from your grasp in time to substitute a bunch of withered thorns, which in your eagerness you seize, while they bow low, as if in mock respect for your misery. While the wheel is revolving, you are compelled by an impulse which you cannot resist to climb a long and steep flight of stairs—up, up, you go, almost falling—holding on by the sides until at last you mount the top only to be crowded off and fall on the other side; down, down you go, with a prospect of inevitable destruction before you. But no! you fall as lightly as a blown-up bladder, without a bruise or a scratch. You have got through—it is commencement day—high honors are yours—loud huzzas and music greet your success—you wake—and again the *bell* with its everlasting clatter strikes upon your ears. You have dreamed a dream, but not all a dream. Asleep or awake, prospective or retrospective, there is much in these four years, as mingled and as tangled as the confused images of a dream can be.

Every Society has its peculiar usages and customs, and none are more marked and different from the rest of the world than the customs of college. No one can learn these without experience, and the inconvenience to which he is subject by an ignorance of them, must be borne with in the best way possible, until experience has taught him what nothing else can. The initiatory state through which every one has to pass until he becomes acquainted with these usages, and the awkward mistakes and *faux passes* committed by him during this initiatory season, are characterized by that peculiar and expressive phrase *verdant* (*vulgar*, green.) There are different degrees of this verdancy exhibited by young students, as everybody knows, and generally it is only those whose conduct is characterized by a special want of this very necessary knowledge, that earn the appellation of "Decidedly Green." A knowledge of the world, a quick insight into the character of men, and a ready appreciation of peculiar circumstances, together with good sense and judgment, and a polished exterior, will do much—very much—to conceal ignorance which really exists, and hide mistakes when committed; but I venture to assert, and without any fear of contradiction, that there is not a student in college who can look back upon this

beginning of his course and not detect these little *causes* in his existence. If he fail in perceiving them, it must be from some deficiency in his memory, rather than a want of the facts.

This experience being a thing which cannot possibly be helped, arising from the nature of the case, and for which no one can be blamed, it seems hardly right that the unfortunate sufferer and his mistakes should be made a subject of merriment, and yet, there is something so irresistibly ludicrous in seeing a young man of tender years sitting on the Chapel steps from half past five to six of a cold winter's morning, lest he should not be in season for prayers, that it is almost impossible to repress a smile. Still, young man, we sympathize with you, for our thoughts go back to the time when we were in a like predicament. And to cheer you on—for heaven knows you need it—we do not mind drawing the veil from a few of our own innocent blunders, though we may be paid with a laugh for our benevolence.

Never shall we forget that bright morning, when, book in hand, we first fairly set our foot within the precincts of our venerable Alma Mater, and made our first classical and unsuspecting obeisance to a tall and stern looking individual whom we were told was Professor of "Recentology," but afterwards learned that he was neither more nor less than a good for nothing rake of a lazy Sophomore—who scarcely deigned to look upon us as we passed, hat in hand. We knocked at the President's door; no answer was returned: but we were not to be intimidated by slight obstacles; one thing we felt sure of, there were no Sophomores there, and that was enough. We walked in and deliberately took a seat. Our eyes were open—we had come to college to learn, and certainly accurate observation is the foundation of all knowledge—nothing escaped our scrutiny—think of it—a Freshman quietly seated in the President's room smoking—for we presume it was only the lack of a cigar that prevented it—and awaiting his return as quietly as might be. We calculated the probable expense of the gilt looking-glass, and examined the paint of the chairs. We looked with awe upon the dark mahogany cases which seemed to frown upon our intrusion, and speculated upon the question whether they contained books or breeches. If the latter, we thought what a fine thing it was to be President of a college; and if the former, we wondered what one man could possibly want of so many—but we had heard of college libraries, and wisely resolved to ask no questions. But the President did not come, and we retired without leaving our card, so that to this day he remains in ignorance of our call.

What a crowd of faces met us at every turn! but stories of college pranks were still ringing in our ears, and in cautious silence we passed on unnoticed. The result of our first day's investigation we well remember was a division of the faculty into two grand classes, consisting of those with light hair and gold spectacles, and those with dark hair and no spectacles; but as to particularizing individuals, we gave that up in despair.

Furniture was to be bought, and in one of the recitation rooms we found a neat looking young man whom we judged to be one of the fa-

culty ; for who else, thought we, would have any business in a recitation room, except at recitation hours. So, hat in hand, we made our best bow, and politely requested information as to where a table might be procured. We were perfectly enchanted with his politeness—she accompanied us to the place, advised and assisted in making our purchase, and finally politely invited us to join a literary society of which he had the honor to be a member. Of course we assented with the utmost pleasure. We afterwards discovered that he was not exactly a member of the faculty, but we will let that subject drop.

Time fails us for further disclosures. Leaves change their color in the autumn frost, and Freshman verdancy soon passes into the sere and yellow leaf, when ripened by the sun of experience, and chilled by a cold bath from the second story windows ; but those bright days of our youth, those green islands in our existence, let them never be forgotten.

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#### SONG OF THE HERMIT.

WHERE the wild deer hides in the forest profound,  
And the sturdy red warrior's cry doth sound ;  
Where brooks from the mountains foam down to the sea,  
And the wood-robin sings that the woods are free ;

Where the wavering pines in the midnight moan,  
And the Whippowil tuneth her lay alone ;  
Where the silvery moon from her starry height,  
Doth gild the smooth lake with her glimmering light ;

Where the bay of the hound in the darksome glade,  
Ne'er maketh the life of the woods afraid ;  
Where the bait of the angler hath ne'er been dropped,  
Nor the flight of the robin untimely stopped ;

Where Solitude reigns in the ambient air,  
In the sky, on the deep, and everywhere ;  
Where the Ghost of the World hath never been seen,  
Oh ! it's there that Sweet Happiness dwells, I ween.

Nor glittering gold, nor the bright jeweled hand,  
Shall entice me away from this dreamy land,  
Where I long to depart—nay—ask me not why—  
To fit my dark soul for its home in the sky !

## SHREDS AND PATCHES.

COURTEOUS and gentle reader, we throw ourselves upon your kindness at the outset. We should come before you with "fear and trembling," were we not heartily convinced you have considerable of the aforementioned quality; and this consideration alone emboldens us. To make you wiser is no part of our intention, even were we able so to do; and if we fail of giving you any thing amusing or agreeable, we shall be sorry for having wasted your time and our own. Trifles light as air are sometimes more acceptable than grave and learned speculations; and in some of our moods a little friendly chit-chat is worth all the adipose and weighty matter that ever oozed from thinking brains. Should we waken a single kindly feeling in your breast, or cause a single smile to play about the corners of your facial orifice, our aim and hope will be fully realized.

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What a world of croakers there is now-a-days among all classes of men. Go where you will, you have their peevish and grating tones ringing eternally in your ears. They seem to think they were sent into the world for the express purpose of finding fault with every thing in it. Nothing goes right with them—things are not as they should be; if they could have had the management of creation, it would have been essentially different. There is a bad state of society—young men know too much, and old men are altogether too obstinate—one man is too rich, and another too poor. The world is growing worse and worse every year, and has been doing so from the day that Noah came out of the ark; and just at present it is going down hill with railroad velocity. Men are not half so large as they used to be—they don't live half so long—they are a lean, sickly, cadaverous set of walking anatomies, the whole race of them. They are not like their fathers, still less like their grandfathers and great-grandfathers—men of brawn and muscle, of stalwart frame and daring soul, who did battle for freedom in its hour of need. But this is only a single topic under the head of croaking.

There is the clerical croaker, who deems it the chief object of his holy calling to rail and carp at every man who wears a coat of different hue from his own. Our rulers he tells you are all godless and unrighteous men; the nation will surely be visited by some dire calamity for having such in its high places. He will harrow up the souls of his hearers with frightful pictures of persecution, burnings at the stake, and all that, if they suffer a particular sect to gain the ascendancy in the country—which is certainly going to happen in twenty or thirty years at farthest, unless just such men as himself do something extraordinary to prevent it. He will ever be devising some way in which the union is to be broken up, and the nation destroyed, for its crying sins. All this may be thought well enough by some; but it certainly

seems quite as befitting his station, and calculated to do quite as much good, for him to deal a little more with the spiritual and eternal interests of his immediate charge—of those who are wont to “sit under the droppings of his altar.” The voice of earnest and affectionate warning, the direct appeal to their own hearts, and the accents of promised mercy to those who take heed in time, may be productive of quite as much good, if not quite as welcome to his hearers.

Then comes the political croaker, who tells you the country is ruined, and “agriculture, commerce, and manufactures” all “going to smash,” because his party is not in power. Money is growing scarce—banks are breaking—merchants failing—men thrown out of employment—women and children starving—poverty and ruin staring all classes in the face. But we won’t enlarge upon him. Next is the croaker in general—who croaks at any thing and every thing, and tells you there is no such thing as honor and friendship among men; that the world is all barren, and there is no joy in it. Away with the whole bevy of them! They deserve to be bound hand and foot, and cast into some foul and slimy pool, to croak with their brethren of the bullfrog species. They alone would make life joyless and void of charm. Yes, there is some good in the world. It is not all darkness and gloom. It buds and blossoms in beauty; its deserts are but specks upon its broad and fruitful bosom. Life is like the world; though at times it seems cheerless and waste, there are many, many pleasant hours for one of sadness and sorrow. Hope, that “hovering angel, girt with golden wings,” and its twin sister, Faith, are ever cheering him who yields to their influence. Love too, the essential principle of God himself, sheds its mild and hallowing radiance over the earth. Friendship is not always an empty name; its cords binding heart to heart, though fine as thread of gossamer and soft as silk, are strong as links of steel. The fountain of life does indeed send forth sweet waters as well as bitter. Envy may rankle in the heart; and its “thousand snakes with black, envenomed mouths” may hiss and feed upon it. Suspicion may turn its squint and sinister eye upon every face, be it that of friend or foe. Selfishness may stint and wither every kindly feeling—may choke and stifle every generous impulse. But there are better and nobler principles; and men there are who cherish them. The warm gush of kindness and sympathy is often felt; and the pure, fresh bubbling spring of good feeling and love in the heart often wells up to overflowing.

That word wells, by some odd freak of association, has called up rather an amusing anecdote lately told us, which was new to us at least. An eastern countryman, while making a tour through one of the western states, chanced to fall in with an old acquaintance who had married and “gone west” a few years before. He had passed through the usual preliminaries of felling trees and rearing a log-cabin; had grown thriving, and just got into a new framed house on the site of the original tenement. Every thing about it betokened a residence in a new country, however; and the lack of a fence to the front yard, and other like embellishments, contributed to this appearance. Observing something like half a dozen flaxen-headed urchins playing about an uncovered



well, the man from the east inquired if it was not rather dangerous to leave it in that condition. "Oh, no," responded his host. "I have been living here nine years, *and have had but four children drowned in it yet.*" Our traveler looked at the surviving tokens of his friend's thriftiness, and was silent—thinking such a contrivance might be rather convenient than otherwise.

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Would that some one who understands the subject, might indite a chapter on whiskers. We acknowledge ourselves to be among the uninitiated, and are therefore unacquainted with the hidden virtue and mighty magic of the thing. Men are "marvelous hairy about the face," as Nick Bottom once said of himself; but he called himself a "tender ass" in the same breath, which is more than we will call any one who follows his example now-a-days. If they render a man brave and valorous, as has been sometimes supposed, then are we fast getting to be the bravest people under heaven; and it wouldn't be for the health of any nation to meddle with us. The "Old Continentals," of which our grandfathers tell, would have been most arrant cowards in comparison with a regiment of our modern heroes. The Indians have been proverbial for their fear of a man with whiskers; and in the olden time of our history, when the war-whoop might burst at any hour from the forests that skirted every settlement, our soldiers when about to go on an expedition against their foes, were wont to glue strips of bear skin to the sides of their faces in order to strike terror. No need of any such contrivance now; a single squadron of our young braves, with their grim visages all bristling and "bearded like a pard," would be sufficient to drive the whole copper-colored into the waves of the Pacific. Perhaps there is an unseen efficacy in these hairy appendages—they are doubtless convenient for more purposes than one; but we often feel tempted, when looking at them, to ask the possessor, as did the Yankee pedlar, if he wouldn't like to buy a pair of bang-up curry-combs. But we don't know any thing about the matter; therefore, we'll stop where we are. Once more we say, may some one write a chapter on whiskers in general, and mustaches in particular.

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Have you ever passed the early weeks of Autumn in the country? We do not mean any of those places of general notoriety in the neighborhood of our cities, where thousands throng daily to inhale the pure air, as they term it, when the faintest breeze or the merest capful of wind is divided among some hundred open throats—where a score or two of persons crowd into every shade and arbor, to enjoy the sweet retirement and solitude of the scene—where the sportsman, arrayed in as many trappings as if bound for a trip across the Rocky Mountains, trudges manfully over the fields, his very gun almost ready to go off of its own accord in the excitement of the moment; and when he has

perambulated some half dozen miles of country, besides climbing any number of rail fences, to the no small detriment of his unwhisperables, in the shape of sundry ghastly and gaping rents, at which ever and anon he stops to gaze, "more in sorrow than in anger," he returns perchance with some solitary and luckless meadow-lark 'or robin dangling triumphantly from the end of his fowling-piece. Such places are well enough for a day's ramble; they are a pleasant relief to the habitant of the close and noisy town—but call them not the country. Go to some far-off quiet little spot among the hills, where you will see scarcely a person for the week together, save those who dwell in the scattered farm-houses; where the woods are vocal with other sounds than those of men, and a due proportion of oxygen is preserved in the atmosphere, in which every breath you draw is a repeated pleasure. Ay, there you feel what it is to live—and living, to be free. There, and there only, is it a pleasure to get up early of a morning. The cool and bracing air gives an unwonted buoyancy and life to the whole man. It bears no rank and steaming fumes to disgust the nostrils, but is laden with the fragrance of gardens and flowers. It steals in at your window with the gentleness of a zephyr; it plays with your locks, and fans your brow with its unseen spirit-wings. Then go into the cool grove, as the sun waxes warm in his ascent, and tell me if there is not enchantment in it. Sit yourself down upon that mossy knoll, and listen to the chorus of sweet voices sending up their anthem of joy from every tree and bough. The dense and interwoven branches shut out the strong and garish glare of day; while a few straggling sunbeams shimmer down through the leaves, and throw a tempered and grateful light on all around. Softly from that fountain trickles the crystal water, dropping on the rock beneath with its gently lulling sound. The voice of that running brook steals with its dreamy influence over your senses, as its winds along its smooth and well-worn bed, and dallies with the wild flowers that hang droopingly from its turfy margin. The bee, "hiding his murmurs in the rose," and the fairy-like humming-bird, hovering for a moment over some chosen flower, then darting away with the swiftness of an arrow in quest of one more dainty still, mingle their sound with other and louder notes, and make melting music on the ear; save when you have as an accompaniment the tinkling hum of a score or two of musketoes about your head—then we confess there is one strain too much to make harmony in your feelings.

Of all the months in the year to spend in the country, commend me to September. When the fields are still clothed in their mantle of living green—when the golden harvest is waving in the breeze—when the orchard is bending with its rich and pulpy burden, all waiting to be plucked—when the woods are decked in all their gorgeous livery, and the glorious sun goes down into the west to bathe his beams in a sea of molten gold—then of all periods is the country most beautiful. The sad and sombre season has not arrived—the leaves are not yet strewing the ground, save some scattered few that have untimely fallen—they are just changing from their original hue into the rich and many-tinted dyes of early autumn—the forest is indeed putting on its most "beautiful garments"—the "melancholy days" are yet to come. Stay not

then in the city—"cabined, cribbed, confined" in its brick and blackened walls. There brawling traffic stuns the ear with its ceaseless din; there crowded life jostles and rolls along the streets; there the reeking fumes assail you from a thousand dank and dirty holes, into which men, like toads and lizards, creep, and think they live. Oh, give me a few weeks in the country then. Pleasant then it is to range the free woods in quest of game; to hear the whirr of the startled partridge, and the chuckling bark of the grey squirrel, telling you in so many words to catch him if you can. Zounds! isn't he a splendid creature? To see him trotting gently along the ground, his broad, beautiful tail waving gracefully in the air, and anon to see him bounding from one tree-top to another with a rapidity you can scarcely equal on the ground beneath him; and more than all, to see him, after you have got a crack at him with your rifle, come crashing and lumbering down through the branches—oh, isn't it excitement? If not, we don't know what that word means. But do not take one of those broad-mouthed, brass-banded, flint-locked things, which you now and then find in the country, and which have seen service as long ago as the old French war. We have had something to do with them on one or two occasions; and a fractured collar-bone is one of the pleasant reminiscences of our early experience. It takes half a pound of ammunition to load one of them, and when you have done so, it expends its force equally in both directions; or in other words, it proves the truth of a somewhat indefinite proposition in mechanics, that when two bodies are in contact, the retrograde is equal to the projectile force. Provide yourself with a light double-barreled fowling-piece, if you do not use a rifle, which, with a keen eye and a steady hand, is far preferable. Go into the woods when the first gray of morning is streaking the east and rendering objects just visible, if you would be in season to have the best success. Step lightly over the ground—rustle not a leaf—crack not a stick with your foot—fall—keep a sharp look-out, and if you don't go home with a heavy string of the nut-eating quadrupeds, as well as with a stomach empty and clamorous for breakfast, you don't understand the business, that's all. But it is glorious exercise. Then too, the evening table loaded with peaches, plums, watermelons, and the like—it makes one's mouth water to think of it.

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Talking of watermelons, reminds us of more than one break-neck adventure in the line of "hooking fruit," as it is termed. They are a poor apology for a luxury, as we usually have them in the city, and at our public tables; but take them from the vine, fresh and cool, with the dew upon them, and they are quite a different thing—especially if you have seduced them from the garden of some crusty old churl—have eluded two or three watch-dogs, and leaped half a score of hedges in obtaining them. A tolerable story was told us not long since by a friend who had spent some years in a southern state, which will serve as an illustration of this topic. Some four or five of his associates were in the habit of "taking a tramp" into the country every Saturday afternoon, to call on some planter of their acquaintance, and taste of his hospitality by way of a visit to his fruit. Three or four miles from

town there lived a surly, niggardly, old character, who was a decided exception to the usually frank and generous community in which he lived. A proposal was made one afternoon to call on the man, and endeavor to obtain some watermelons, as he was known to have a beautiful patch of them. On doing so, the old fellow stammered something about his vines being destroyed by insects and not "bearing" at all that year; but said, that a certain neighbor of his had a fine lot of them, and was rather parsimonious of them besides; and proposed to go that night and get some, saying he would like to accompany them.

There was one in the company, a merry, roistering fellow as ever lived, who well knew the other party, and knew moreover that the man before us had long cherished something of a grudge against him. This fellow's name, we believe, was Frank Digsby, and taking the first opportunity, he told them he thought they could have some fun out of the adventure, if they would follow his directions. He kept his purpose secret from the rest, but wished to guide the party, as he was well acquainted with the whole section, and could lead them to the field of the man by the route most secure from detection.

The proposed plan was therefore agreed upon, and the hour fixed for starting out was late in the evening. The night proved unusually dark; a dense fog having risen from the marshes and spread its damp curtain over the fields. Young Digsby had told them he should take a circuitous route, in order to escape the notice of the dogs; and according to our informant, he did so with a vengeance. For two long hours did he lead them about, now through bogs and fens, into the deepest of which their friend the planter was always sure to get; now over hedges and ditches, till at last to the general satisfaction of all concerned, he told them they had reached the spot. Having selected the best melons they could find, and made a delicious repast, the old villain proposed to them to pull up a quantity of his neighbor's cotton. Most of the party were rather backward about that operation at first, as it might lead them into an unpleasant scrape; but Digsby so readily fell in with the suggestion, and was so warm in favor of it, that the rest at length yielded. At it they went in right good earnest, and had laid low something like a quarter of an acre of the "staple commodity," when the vociferous yells of a pack of dogs arrested their progress, as they came dashing and yelping down across the fields.

"Stop, stop, for God's sake stop," shouted the planter, as he recognized the voice of his own dogs—"you are pulling up all my cotton."

One long, loud, deafening roar from the whole party greeted his ear, as the truth of the joke flashed across their minds; which was in no way calculated to soothe his irritated feelings. The joke was too good, however, to be kept; and he was most egregiously afraid they would spread the story abroad, and besought them with most humble supplications not to divulge it. They were at first inexorable; but at length, moved by earnest entreaties, they promised not to do it, on condition that he should send into town to them a weekly supply of fruit, while the season lasted—with which terms he was quite glad to comply.

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There is something of more than ordinary pleasure in meeting with classmates and companions, after several weeks of separation. As well known and familiar faces gather under the noble trees that shadow our dingy and time-stained walls, how will the boisterous greeting and the merry laugh fall on the ear! How will the fingers tingle and the joints crack again in the reciprocal squeeze! Many an incipient Sophomore is coming back to his wonted toil, who for a time has home returned,

" Making his simple mother think  
That she had borne a man."

A day or two of general topsyturvy-tive-ness and "confusion worse confounded," and all things are going on smoothly and quietly.

" Throned in his chair of state, each tutor seems a god,  
While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod."

Ah, who is that new comer just crossing the college yard? His countenance is unfamiliar, and he has the air of one away from home. That, reader, is a Freshman. You know him by that hat of last year's fashion—by that coat, which, though his Sunday one at home, he already begins to think not quite the thing; and if these indications are wanting, (we do not mean if the hat and coat are wanting, but merely whether they indicate his individuality,) you may know him by that curious and prying eye, taking note of every thing that is passing round him. Already is he catching the customs and cant of the place. Already does he begin to talk of "flunks" and "rushes," and perchance of "sleeping over" in the morning; it may be, too, he has taken one or two lessons in the art of "having a cold," or some other of the stereotype diseases that infect this atmosphere. Already is his young ambition roused; and from fame's lofty temple, the goddess with potent and mysterious finger is beckoning him onward. Already are the overwhelming honors of the day "when he is to graduate," looming up in the distant future.

Though his racked brain and hungry stomach ache,  
And a good dinner smoking for him waits,  
Still must he on in his wearisome plodding.

We chanced the other day to be passing the window near which one of them was reciting; and he was rushing at such a ten-miles-an-hour rate, that we stopped in utter astonishment. Verily, thought we, "if such things are done in the *green* tree, what will not be done in the dry!"

But hold here—we have taxed your patience quite too long; that is, if you have attended us thus far in our rambling and hap-hazard thoughts. The pleasant author of *Outre-mer* tells us, that in Spain a "desultory discourse, wherein various and discordant themes are touched upon," is called a "tailor's drawer;" and such we have attempted to set before you. If you have rummaged and searched it through without finding

so much as a single scrap of velvet or satin, but only a handful of coarse and worthless bits of cotton and drugget, we pity your ill-fortune. If, on the contrary, you have wisely skipped over these few pages, both of us may have been gainers by your doing thus. We have sent it into your presence, with all its imperfections on its head, if head it had any to boast of; and we leave it as it is,

"A thing of shreds and patches."

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MEMOIR OF THE REV. SAMUEL WALES, D. D.,\*

PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY IN YALE COLLEGE.

"THE remains of the Rev. Samuel Wales were respectfully interred February 21st, 1794. The corpse, attended by an academic procession and a respectable collection of citizens, was carried to the Brick Meeting House. The exercises on the occasion, were a prayer by Dr. Edwards, a sermon by Dr. Dana, from Hebrews, VI. and 12,—a prayer and a Latin oration by President Stiles. The solemnity was heightened by the performance of several well chosen anthems.

"And Samuel died, and all the Israelites were gathered together, and lamented him."

"Dr. Wales was the son of the Rev. John Wales, of Raynham, near Taunton, in the commonwealth of Massachusetts. He was born March 1748. He graduated at Yale College in 1767, in 1769 was chosen a Tutor, and in 1770 was ordained Pastor of the first church in Milford. In 1782 he was elected Professor of Divinity in Yale College, and in June of the same year was regularly inducted into office. At the ensuing commencement he was honored with the degree of Doctor in Divinity, and at a subsequent period the same degree was conferred upon him at Nassau Hall, in the College of New Jersey.

"To a genius rarely surpassed for strength and penetration, the embellishments of literature gave a peculiar lustre. He was accurately acquainted with the learned languages, and well versed in the arts and sciences. His deep theological researches and ardent piety, aided by a singular dignity of manners, rendered him an eminent divine. In the pulpit, his eloquence persuaded—his reason convinced—and his fervor animated. *He was the man of God thoroughly furnished unto every good work.* His erudition, urbanity, integrity, sincerity, affection, tenderness, humanity and piety as a scholar, citizen, neighbor, friend, husband, parent, master and christian, were truly conspicuous. He was an ornament to Yale College, to the republic of letters, and to the church of God."

*Green's Journal, Feb. 1794.*

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\* This relic was furnished us by the Rev. Isaac Jones, through the kindness of Dr. Murdock.

## ORATIO FUNEBRIS.

VIRI REVERENDI PARITER AC HONORANDI, EZRÆ STILES, ILLO ANNUNCIATA IN OBITUM DOCTISSIMI SANCTISSIMIQUE VIRI REVERENDI SAMUELIS VALESII, S. T. D.; QUI OBIT FEBRUARII DECIMO NONO, IN QUADRAGESIMUM SEXTUM ANNUM ATATIS SUÆ; IN TEMPO DANEBI, A PRESIDE, CUM EXEQUIA VALESIANÆ TUMULO CONDEBANTUR.

Qui flore ætatis, vel in medio utilitatis, curriculo sublatis, ac morte perempti fuerunt, eorum obitus, jure bonorum omnium consensu lugendi sunt. Non solum ob avulsos, suaves, tenerrimosque affinitatis et amicitiae nexus, quin et utilissimis laboribusque consiliis amissis. Eorum autem obitus, qui præ senectutis propectæ imbecillitate, aut intempestivis, aut intactis, sive corporis, sive virium intellectualium, viribus abortis, media, vigentique ætate, necdum amplius apti, neque alterius cursu peragendo provenire valer orent. Etiam illorum inquam, mortes ad morem gentium, et sanctorum jure vitas plorationibus funereis commemorandæ sunt. Ideo, Abrahamus, Josephus, Samuel et Johannes, et plurimique omnium seculorum, pii sanctique senes, longevitate propecti, ne amplius utilitate floruerunt, iis tamen emortuis, lugubres lachrymas plactusque viventum susceperunt. Ideo, Zuinglius, Doddridge, alique theologia inventores qui, vel viri juvenes operibus defuncti laboribusque publicis, et necdum magnis rebus inceptis finitis: avulsi et ob anfractum utilitatem deplorati fuerunt. Si qui haud diutius humano generi, et reipublicæ, aut ecclesiæ, emolumento impertire queant, eorum autem obitus utilissimos fructus viventibus, qui supersunt ministrare possunt; non solum amicis, sed confratribus ejusdem ordinis, ejusdem vitæ stationibus; tunc eorum exempla, documenta, consilia persuadendo, recolendoque, precipue nostras contemplationes ad beatissimas sedes immortalitatis transferendo. Itaque melius est luctus, quam convivii locum adire, et domicilia lethi et mæroris visitare; nam hic est finis omnium, et vivi, seria solenniaque corde revolvendo, beneficia durabilia deportabunt.

Memoria justorum sit benedicta. Benedicti atque beati sunt ii, qui domini causa emoriuntur; quia laboribus requiescunt, et opera eorum et premia consequuntur. Piissimi sanctissimique viri reliquiæ coram adsunt, decenter nobis terra collocandæ, donec tuba ætherem ultima sonabit, Ev Samuel, propheta noster simul atque sacerdos evanuit! Vir quidem optimus et magnus. Sive ingenii vires, sive ratiociniique spectemus; sive illum contemplemur linguarum peritia insignem; sive theologia qua maxime calluit; seu morum gravitate, dignitate, et urbanitate exornatum; seu denique arte concionatoria qua Boanerges extitit vere iminentissimus. In quibus omnibus eo claruit, eo versatus et instructus fuit, ut fratrum pluribus omnibus pene dixerim antecelluisse. Ilisce mentis muneribus ac virtute præditus, ad sacrum sancta theologia munus professorem in universitate nostra suscipiendum et proficiendum. Optime paratus extitit, et eademque munera singulari felicitate et utilitate fungebatur. At tandem labores evangelicos finivit, ad astræ πρὸς πνεύματα, ὡς παντοκράτωρ, πύθμενι, φέρμενα, ad sphaeras spirituales avolvit. De aliis (heu quam plurimis) nihil esset bene speremus; autem de hoc apostolico viro, nemo e nobis omnibus est, qui quicquid

dubitet, quin ille ad celestem beatitudinem sit eVectus. Nocte celicola felix! inter angelos, et prophetas, et apostolos, et beatissimam sanctorum cohortem Jesu sanguine redempti. Oh quam iis beate, gratiam immeritam in ecclesia triumphali collaudans! Oh ineffabilem tremendamque solennitatem æterno operientis æternitatis jam expertus fuisti! et judicis arbitrium et adjudicationem jam attonito visu sustinuisti! et æterna fata a magistrato tibi denunciata! Oh hora solennis! Oh hora verenda! in qua rationem pastoralis officii, summo pastori animarum reddidisti! Oh quam sunt beati ii, quibus annunciatio benigna contigit. Euge! advenite servi fideles, a patre meo benedicti, ad jucundissimum gaudium Domini vestri, ingrediamini, et plaudite.

Fratres mei sacerdotes, recenti hujus viri, aliorumque fratrum nuper emortuorum decessu meminimus. Velim (quod omnium urna versatur, citoque uniuscujusque vices æternæ subeundæ sunt) ut experimur; semper assidui simus atque solliciti, ne segnes in opere domini, sed unanimiter elaborantes, coronam, premia fidelitatis respicientes. Oh quam beati fuimus, si demum a sacordote supremo aspiceremus!

Deus conjugem viduam, orbatamque familiam benedicat, et solamen ejus et protectionem cælo demittat! Filios presertim, et filiulam unicam amandam, Deus amore paterno amplectetur. Oh progenies patris mihi, et vobis charissimi! Oh prolem paternæ mementote semper virtutis et pietatis!

Juvenes academicæ! diu documenta illius, et exemplar in vestris memoriis conservate, et diu sanctitatem ejus imitemini!

Incolæ civitatis hujusce! Cuncti pastores, sancti ecclesiarum, vicinarum, denique omnes qui dulcissimis laboribus gavisi fuistis, nomen, memoriam illius honore merito veneremini. Præcepta, et verbis oris illius gratiosa, intime infixæ cordibus vestris retinete. Et sequaces estate, tum illius, tum omnium, qui fide, patientia, et sanctitate imbuti, promissa tandem adepti, beatissima cælorum premia deportarent.

#### EDITORS' TABLE.

We had thought, dear reader, to dish you up a *ragout* from our own especial stores, but other and more solid material has so cramped our space, that we will but *kick* a finger and be off. A new year of our College has begun, and with it begins a new volume of our College Magazine. It is usual to say a great many pretty things on this occasion; to call you sweet, honey, and such-like unctuous names; to ask you if you have a head and heart, and other like appurtenances, and finally appeal to that *touchstone* of sensibility, your pocket. But, however rash it may appear, we *presume* you to have both head and heart, and make bold to *demand* your support, with the *gage* on our part, of our best endeavor to make the Magazine spirited, juicy, and entertaining. To give it a *flavor* which will "make your spirits dance," even as does a cocktail, rather than that fat, *beefy* character, which puts you to bed. And now if you will give us your right shoulder, we crook the "pregnant hinges" of our editorial knees. We had anticipated giving you a look into the Tombs,

"That grave of ambition where Death ever sits;"

but our limits forbid. We have several cases of "crim con." with the Muses, and a few instances of such presumptuous English, that at our last meeting we resolved to hold a "post mortem examination" over our mother tongue. The result will be given



at a future day. It was also determined, (as we Editors don't understand the polite languages,) to revive an old Society, the prospectus of which was found in possession of the Quintumvirate. Pursuant to this, we publish the prospectus:

### GRAND LITERARY PROJECT!

#### PLAN FOR THE INFUSION OF FOREIGN IDIOMS INTO MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

(From *Jur Miller the Younger*.)

PROSPECTUS.—It cannot have escaped the sharp sight and still sharper ears of society, that the language and literature of this country has become infected with the mania for every thing not "native and to the manor born," which pervades our recreations, our pleasures, our arms, our inventions, our drama, our music, our conversation, our books, and our arts! We take operas from Italy and the low countries—plays and itinerant concert-mongering from Paris—we engrave the pictures of foreign artists—into our talk we throw a fine interlarding of lingual smattering; and into our modern books, our newspapers—our puffs—our farces; all are idiomatic with other tongues; so that the Saxon of the olden time could hardly trust himself among us without an interpreter of all he ate, drank, read, heard, rode in, looked at, and wore. Under these circumstances, in order that the rising generation may not remain in the same ignorance of our sterling English writers, which would appall those writers were they living, out of all recognition of their native language, it is proposed to get up at once, for the use of this country, (particularly this portion of it,)

#### THE FASHIONABLE LIBRARY.

It will embrace the fashionable Shakspeare *de famille*, Byron in *bon gout*, and so forth; *pour que l'étudiant* may no longer be without the *moyens de lire leur* Ancient Poetry!

A few specimens are subjoined:

##### The Tragedie de Douglas.

*Mon nom* is Norval; on the Grampian Hills  
*Mon* father keeps *moutons*;—a frugal swain,  
 Whose constant *soin* was to increase his *or*;  
 And keep his only son, *moi-meme chez moi*!  
 But I had heard of battles, and I longed  
*Pour suivre jusqu'au champ* some warlike lord:  
 And *ciel* soon granted what *mon père* denied.

##### Le Recontre of the Waters.

*Il n'ya dans la wide monde* a valley *sucré*,  
*Comme le vale* in whose *sein* meet *les eaux* brillantées,  
 Oh le last ray of *sentiment* life *va partir*:  
 Ere the bloom of that vale *dans mon cœur* shall *expire*.  
*Ce n'est pas* that Nature has shed *sur le scene*,  
 Her crystal *sans tache* and her *plus* bright of green;  
 'Twas not the soft murmur of *ruisseau* or rill,  
 Oh *non c'était quelque chose plus ravissante* still.

##### From Tremblez-spear.

Now is the *hiver* of our discontent  
 Made glorious *été* by *soleil de York*  
*Par-ron*.  
*Mon* boat is *sur le sand*,  
*Mon barque* est on the sea!  
 Mais Tommy *Plus avant partir*  
 Thy double *santé's* *ici*!

Further particulars will be *annoncés* in *bon* time.

We recommend this *Society* to the notice of the College, and especially to many of our unfortunate contributors, as some gems have doubtless been rejected from their unintelligibility.

There are just two lines left to say that the Nassau Monthly is received, and we commend its graceful appearance and its full pages.

VOL. XI.

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THE

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DEVOTED

TO

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



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THE EXPULSION OF THE JEWS.

It is pleasing to the student of Spanish history to turn from the chronicles of its ancient ignorance and barbarism, or of its recent torpor, to so glorious an epoch as was the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. If it ever be proper to speak of any period in a nation's history as a "golden age," certainly the epithet may be pertinently applied to this. Under the kind and wise administration of these sovereigns, Spain awoke miraculously from the long night of her slothful sleeping, to a noon-day of energy and glory. Honor and success were at once hers, both at home and abroad. We are surprised that in so short a time, and apparently by the labor of two individuals, so much could have been so gloriously achieved. The triumphant conquest of Grenada, the eventful Discovery of America, and innumerable acts of wise domestic policy, all united to contribute to the national renown; yet, amid all the delight so natural to the perusal of such events, how sad to be forced to grieve that in all this glory there was any shame! But who can read on with pride, or rather who shall not mourn over, the terrible bigotry of those days and its terrible effects? It cannot be forgotten, perhaps it should not be, that this age of splendor, the age of Ferdinand and Isabella, was the age also of the Spanish Inquisition. That it was the age of fearful religious persecutions, of racks and swords and stakes—that Isabella herself, lovely and amiable, wise and lenient, as she usually seemed, deserves our pity, if not our hate, that she sanctioned an institution so fatal and so accursed. Well has her historian said, in speaking of the blighting effects of the institution, "How must her virtuous spirit, if it be permitted the departed good to look down on the scene of their earthly labors, mourn over the misery and moral degradation entailed on her country by this one act!" Yet tears cease not here, for there is further cause of grief. The Inquisition was not the only sad offspring of this dark spirit of bigotry; it produced still another, which was as great a curse to the nation—the Expulsion of the Jews. It is of it, that we would speak.

This event occurred in the month of March, of the year 1492 ; or, rather, that was the date of the publication of the edict for expulsion ; the Spanish sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, as their historian narrates, " inscribing it, as it were, with the same pen which drew up the glorious capitulation of Grenada and the treaty with Columbus." The edict was mainly as follows : " that all unbaptized Jews, of whatever sex, age, or condition, should depart from the realm by the end of July next ensuing ; prohibiting them from revisiting it, on any pretext whatever, under penalty of death and confiscation of property." It was a most cruel and disastrous measure. Aside, for the present, from its gross injustice and inhumanity to the Jews, it was most unwise and most destructive of the interests of Spain. It deprived the nation, which, most of all others under heaven, needed them, of the most useful and valuable classes of her citizens. It deprived her of order, of industry, of all her great mechanical skill, of much wealth, and of not a little learning ; these were all centered in her Jews. It gave a blow to her prosperity, from which, under the most favoring circumstances and the wisest of rulers, she still could not recover. Even the Discovery of America, the greatest event of time, made immediately afterwards by her own adventurers, and the benefits of which she might have greatly monopolized, could not arouse her enterprise and industry. She was without them. Nor has she since recovered, as has been sufficiently manifest in the subsequent slow progress of her arts and the lamentable inactivity of her people.

But upon the Jews, how sad, how undeservedly cruel, were the effects ! It came upon them with all the surprise and the disaster of the avalanche. They were crushed, because they were unprepared. True, their position hitherto among the Spaniards had not been altogether desirable. There had been former persecution and injury of their numbers. They had been despised before this as infidel dogs, and all the severest tortures of the Inquisition had been at times employed against them, to persuade them from their infidelity to Christianity. And although they bitterly remembered these instances of past maltreatment, they had striven earnestly to prevent them in future, and hoped that they had succeeded. Long had they looked upon Spain, as a home of pleasantness and a refuge from misery. All their affections, all their reminiscences, were connected with it. Though it was not the land of their old fathers, it was the land of their birth, and of many of their ancestors. Though not the cherished land of their inheritance, it seemed more than the land of their adoption. Here they had lived, in a measure aliens although natives, denied many political rights and privileges, it is true, but still had lived with general happiness and prosperity. Here, their artisans had pursued their useful callings, their merchants accumulated wealth, their scholars acquired learning, their families been reared in every refinement. Here was their home and their country, each with its own endearments. And from all these they were to be severed by a blow, to be driven forth as outcasts and wanderers, ay more, with a brand of infamy upon them, among nations in whom they should find no friends, but all enemies.

And as if all this was not enough, the Spanish sovereigns, in strange contradiction of their previous conduct, not only issued their edict of immediate expulsion, but subjoined to it such provisions as most painfully affected the Jews. They were to be rendered not exiles only, but paupers too. They were forbidden to carry away with them their enormous sums of silver and gold, the earnings of their toil, although bills of exchange, the substitute granted them, as their persecutors well knew, could only be partially obtained. They were obliged to sell their houses and lands, their goods and chattels, for a mere pittance, or leave them behind unsold. They sacrificed upon compulsion all that wealth, which could alone have proved an alleviation of their distress.

Against the enforcement of the edict, the Jews strove earnestly but vainly. They sent immediately their ambassadors to their Sovereigns' feet, to lay before them their tale of agony and their plea for mercy. They remonstrated, they entreated, they wept before them. They told them that they had ever been orderly and peaceable subjects, that they had never raised voice nor arm against the safety of the realm. They were to be banished for no transgression, no crime of their people. The old charges, which were now afresh revived against them, had long since been disproved. They had never lacked in loyalty; they had never misused their prosperity; they had never, as old traditions said, kidnapped and crucified Christian children; they had never, as physicians, poisoned Christian patients; they had never sought alliances with Christian Spaniards; they had never done aught, in deed or word, against the Christian's religion, and if they had not become its votaries, it was only because they could not yield to its persuasions to renounce the darling faith of their fathers and themselves. Why should they be banished? They offered presents of their gold; (the ambassadors had with them 30,000 ducats, which their brethren had already contributed to defray the expenses of the Moorish war;) they professed a willingness to suffer any sacrifice, to submit to any honorable test of their fidelity and loyalty. And when Isabella, forgetting in the occasion her assumed severity, and moved by the sorrowful entreaty, might perhaps have forbidden her decree; at the moment of her indecision, the Grand Inquisitor, Torquemada, frantic with zeal and rage, trusting in the power of his position, rushed boldly into her presence, and holding high aloft his crucifix, in a voice choked with passion, told his Sovereigns, "Judas Iscariot sold his master for thirty pieces of silver—your highnesses would sell him for thirty thousand; here he is, take him and barter him,"—and rushed as madly forth; the seal was fixed upon the destiny of the Jews, and they were expelled from Spain.

All remonstrance, all entreaty, all efforts of any kind whatever, were now fruitlessly ended, and the Jews bore the fate, from which they could not escape, with sorrowful, but that proverbially Jewish resignation. They maintained their unwavering constancy amid all the misfortune. Although the priests were continually thundering forth invectives against their Hebrew religion, or gently striving, by bribe and entreaty, to persuade them to a Christian faith, the commands of their

Rabbies, telling them to regard these sufferings as a new trial of their faith by the Almighty, were obeyed, and they chose to abandon their country rather than their religion. The wealthiest of their numbers, with a kindness natural in Jew to Jew, gave freely from their stores to those whom Spanish extortion had made poorer than themselves. All were busily preparing for departure. There was little delay, for it was no time for procrastination. The dark-haired maiden took leave of her weeping lover, for they had chosen different routes of pilgrimage, and each bade the other trust in Providence to meet again. Brother told brother, and sister her sister, a long and sad farewell. And the old man could ill repress the tear he would not shed, as he clasped for the last time the hand of his ancient friend. What dreadful separations then were there !!

On the day of departure, slowly the little bands, once so happy, toiled onward in the melancholy ways of pilgrimage which they had severally chosen. Their appearance was pitiful in the extreme—all the routes were filled with their numbers. There were feeble women with their helpless children, and men, so weak with grief, that their bowed forms promised little assistance and little protection—some journeying on horses and some on mules, but far the most of them on foot. At sight of so much misery, even the Spaniards wept over their cruelty and their bigoted persecutions. But their grief was vain. Their hard masters were inexorable. They could not, they dared not succor nor harbor them, nor minister to their necessities—it was forbidden them under pain of the severest penalties. On, the unhappy Jews labored, as they had been commanded, unassisted and alone; on, until very soon there were none of their race in Spain. Thus was their golden age forever ended; and a truly iron one succeeded.

We do not wish to follow the ill-starred wanderers in their exile—that exile is an unbroken tale of greater suffering and woe than that which we have just told. They wandered through scenes of constant persecution and of bloodshed; and at last found no quiet nor pleasant resting-places. Most of them passed into Portugal, whose monarch, John the 2d, treated them leniently, allowing all of them, on payment of a small tax, free passage through his dominions, and a few of them even to establish themselves in his realm. Some passed by sea, thence to Africa, where they fell among thieves and robbers—others to Italy, where they were afflicted with terrible diseases—and the remainder were dispersed throughout England, France, and Turkey, unbefriended and often again persecuted. We shall here drop this unpleasant theme of one nation's folly, and another's sorrow, to speak a few general words upon the Jews and their character.

Much has been very unkindly spoken of the character of the Jews. Their enemies, and we might call them the world, forgetful of all the sympathy and leniency due to the past distressing situations of the nation, have always been prone to judge most harshly of them. They seem to have ever forgotten that a Jew has eyes or hands, "organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions," as themselves, good Christians have, and looked upon him only as a mark for cuffs and curses.

To justify their ill-treatment of him, they have brought all manner of charges against him. They have accused him, and to some extent with truth, of extreme avarice. But is there no excuse for the Jew's avarice? Are there no peculiar palliating circumstances in his case? Is it remembered, that by his avarice *alone* he can obtain wealth, and by his wealth comfort and respect? The Jew's covetousness cannot compare with the Christian's. He stands on no common social level with him. But his gold is his only hope—it is his only shield from derision and insult—and shall he be censured that he does not throw it aside? His injurers have and yet will often come to him with fawning looks and honeyed words to say, "Shylock, we would have money,"—although this Shylock were the very Hebrew cur they had yesterday spurned and spit upon. Was it then strange that Shylock, in all the bitterness of the remembrance of these fresh injuries, should have exulted in his hope of revenge, and demanded from his Antonio even a bond for a pound of his flesh as security for his loan?

It has been asked in a tone of condemnation, why has the Jew never mingled freely with the Christian? Why has he always persisted in withholding himself from familiar intercourse with him? But the union was never voluntary, for the Jew. The barriers which have existed between them, were reared by the Christian. The Jew has always been treated as a stranger and an enemy, and it was not for *him* to demand a hospitality which it was known he needed, but which was never extended to him. And it is further inquired, why the hatred, why the opposition of the Jew to the Christian? Opposition there is not. The Jew has always chosen the defensive. Truly has he said, "For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe." For his hatred, he has abundant cause. On that day in which the Romans sacked the beautiful city of his Lord, and hurled each stone of his sacred temple from its resting place, his hatred of the world commenced—and time, with its many sorrows, has only increased it. Amid the world of his enemies and persecutors, Christians have been chief—yet it is asked, why does the Jew hate Christians?

But avarice and hate are not the natural—they are the acquired passions of the Jew. There are qualities of the heart within him, which have not been begotten by sorrow—love and generosity to his brethren, reverence for his faith, gratitude to his benefactors, adoration for his God. And may we now hope, that as the dark night is past, the dawn come and gone, that in this bright morning of the day of Liberty, the Jew's troubles may be forever ended?



## RECOLLECTIONS OF SICILY.

## CHAPTER I.

THE characteristics of our age, certainly in many points a remarkable one, have been the object of much curious investigation by many varieties of men, and have been differently named according to the diversity of acuteness, of perseverance, or of political ambition in the various operators. Of the class of men who prefer a dimly visible plausibility to a clear and simple truth, provided the former relate to what we reverently and sometimes very ignorantly worship as mind, and the latter to what we disparagingly style matter, is one whose members are by a figure of speech we presume, called philosophers, and are almost immediately upon their christening, presented by the public their godfather with the coral and bells of unasking credulity. Now as we are not surprised, if the child in the gradual appreciation of its pulmonic powers occasionally deafens us by the use of the godfather's donation, neither should we be astonished if we occasionally perceive our philosopher practising extensively on the public's gift—nor should we in the one case more than in the other, be displeased. Occasionally the bells tinkle lustily of natural equality, the rights of man, democratic perfection, and such like music; occasionally the whistle sounds the triumph of mesmerism and magnetic telegraphs, hydropathy and homœopathy—but the key note of his toy is the characteristics of the age. The power of the whistle varies, and so does the capability of the philosopher's toy—and accordingly at one time his note says reform—at another, speculation—at another, religious enthusiasm—at another, inordinate ambition—or the opposites of these, and so on. Now without owning the toy, or having been admitted to the philosophic fraternity, I pronounce one strong characteristic to be travel and a fondness for journal writing.

Solomon once said, I believe, that there was nothing new under the sun—and I make less question of the truth of his remark, every journal—diary—pencilings—sketches—or scraps that I peruse. I have been over a large portion of Europe, and have seen many varieties of scenery, mode of life, costume and government; and though I may have found a few things new to me, I do not distinctly recollect one that was new to any of the large numbers of fellow travelers whom I casually met. Varieties of all kinds which I had in earlier days regarded with that formal respect which arises from not having been presented, I discovered to be familiar to the thoughts and lips of everybody else—and unfortunately for the gainsayers of Solomon, always in the same dress, with the same forms, the same graces, nay, even the same perfumes. Nor was that all. Did I open a "hand book," a "tourist's companion," a "hint on foreign travel," or any thing of that description, I generally perceived one or more of the same acquaintances smiling or frowning or quoting poetry from behind the page. Wherever I went, whether I joined company with a novice or an old

stager at the "grand tour," I generally met the same chaperons, nor can I say that I regretted it. By thus selecting a few companions of fair reputation, and making their acquaintance an essential, much other company is necessarily excluded, which might have been more original, less blaze, or less artificial, but possibly not more *the thing*—and from meeting the same individuals everywhere one becomes acquainted with their peculiar style of conversation, and all redundant thought or observation is in consequence dispensed with.

Take it all in all, this want of novelty was not so very difficult a thing to habituate myself to, and I accommodated myself with greater ease perhaps from anticipations of a different state of things in America. But, when I returned to my home I found no such change. New editions of John Murray were called for; journals, diaries, &c. were still manufacturing; and still with the same amount of soap to the same number of hogsheads of water, to borrow Carlyle's illustration—indeed, there was "nothing new under the sun." To be sure one of these collections of soapsuds called the Simplon, "the highway of Hannibal and Napoleon"—and put the Venetian Broca de Leone on the steps of the Doge's palace—but these were merely different dispositions of the same puppets; the amount of wax, paint, and machinery, was the same.

Now reader, I fear I have been all this time only training a dog to bite myself, for there can be but little doubt that what is now about to exercise your eyes will have some of the outward form of the hog's-head—that is, it will be of the nature of a journal; but as to the amount of soap—I shall not tell you what grocery store I patronize, and you will thus be unable to ascertain it. Neither shall I advertise to make so much suds or to make it all myself; I do not conceive this necessary: only let me tell you beforehand not to take for your motto, "*non creditur nisi juratis*," and not to seek for history, chronology, botany, piety, or any thing but a few moment's occupation in what you read—formerly, if I remember aright, a desideratum at Yale—since if you got of these plums in your pie it will be the offering of pure generosity, and if you don't, John Murray aforesaid sells the licensed article, and I don't feel competent to underbid the trade. Having said then thus much, which in a few words is nothing more than that the views which travelers in Europe have of what they see, appear to me to be in the majority of instances stereotyped, and can be had with greater accuracy from the books, whence they are in a great measure primarily taken, than in the collated extracts of any individual; and that the telling an oft told tale is as disagreeable to me as the necessity of listening to one myself, I may safely commence my narrative.

It was on a most lovely afternoon in February, that I found myself on board the little steamer Palermo, just weighing her anchor in the bay of Naples. The steam was rushing with noisy violence from its pipe, seeming with its shrill scream to chide the lazy vessel for its sloth, the crew were laboring at the bars. The captain was where only an Italian captain could be, just where he should not; the passengers were grouped together in little knots, or eagerly hurrying to and fro in search of friends or luggage;—in fine, that short scene of confusion was being

enacted which is so often attendant upon the departure of a vessel from a crowded port. My luggage had been properly stowed, my curiosity had long since ceased to be excited by even the picturesque comicalities of an Italian leave-taking, my humor was not for conversation, and I turned to enjoy the beauties which nature was from every point forcing upon my gaze. Directly abreast of us, as we lay out some little distance in the bay, was the glistening crescent of Naples, stretching away for miles on either hand, with its villas, and its gardens, and its palaces crowned by a solitary rocky fort. The air was blowing warm upon i from the far distant Mediterranean, whose curling waves were breaking in silver foam upon the beach. On the right rose Vesuvius, its base dotted with villages, and its summit covered with a hood of smoke that rose and fell in gentle undulations, but lingered still, as though unwilling to leave a scene of so much beauty. On the left, the coast stretched away in a gentle curve till the islands of Ischia and Procida, resting as if in slumber upon the waters, shut out with their green outlines its further course. Seaward the horizon was bounded by a line of living blue, broken here and there by the white sail of some felucca gliding gently down the coast. All nature was quiet, and no noise but that which issued from our little world interrupted its repose. Even this too was soon lulled, as one by one the little boats left the vessel's side, and carried with them freight of friends come to say the last word—the anchor was catted, the roll was called, and we answered to our names, now through the politeness of the steward most awfully bedoned, the steam was prisoned once more in its iron cylinder, the wheels turned slowly round, a forlorn hope of handkerchiefs was drawn up in line upon the quarter deck—a roll or two came like a twinge of conscience big with anticipated ills, and we were under way.

Steadily, and swiftly too, for any vessel but an American, we forced our way through the waves, till every moment the indented shore, the little outposts, islands, and the solitary fort, grew dimmer in the increasing distance, and every moment Vesuvius, now freed from the clog of an unfair comparison, rose higher and higher above the horizon, its towering peak tacitly rebuking the perception which could let its very footstool, richly embroidered though it were, draw the eye from the sole contemplation of its grand form. Still onward, and the rocky island of Capri, the summer garden of Tiberius, raises its precipitous front from the water, and echoes to the noise of our wheels—and now the echo dies away, and the three insulated peaks, which, similar to the famous needles of the English coast, are pushed out from its sunken base, disclose their solitary unsocial cluster—the broad ocean heaves and swells before us, and the sun, wrapt in his mist-mantle, is hastening to his evening bath. No gorgeous drapery of varied colors of crimson and gold, of pink and blue, mingled in one dazzling maze, is thrown around his shoulders. No, these are the autumn draperies of a western world, no other loom can wear them—but a soft golden haze floats around him, which, while it mellows every outline, and lends enchantment to the distance, throws a charm around every thing that challenges you to say 'tis naught but earth, or air, or water. He has gone, and the brief in-

terval that elapses ere his gentler sister smiles upon our lonely course, may serve to tell whither we are bound, and why, instead of following the proverb, (which I take on the word of a diary maker for genuine,) "see Naples and die," I have seen it, and am hurrying to a place more beautiful than that.

Three months had nearly elapsed since I set foot in Rome, a traveler in search of amusement, an admirer of art, in search of new shrines before which to bow—an invalid, in search of health. These months had rolled away in the discovery and appropriation of the objects of my search. I had visited its palaces, its churches, its ruins. I had admired its pictures, its statues, its reliefs. I had enjoyed the intercourse of agreeable companions, both among my own countrymen and foreigners; life had been one dream, and yet like other dreams, one from which I had to awake. The ordinary routine of religious ceremony was as familiar to me as my meals; the Saturnalia of Carnival, with its races, its mimic war of sugar plums and flowers, its *mocoletti* and its masquerades had seen Rome full of foreigners; the return to quiet life saw it empty. The *Scirocco* with its greasy damp was blowing an additional chill upon the spirits—and following the train of migratory travelers I started for Naples. Naples! how often in the quiet day-dreams of earlier life had the imagination built its prettiest fabrics on that name! Its Musco, its Chiaga, its lovely vicinity of Baia and Posilipo—Sorrento—Salerno—Castellamare—had each and all been woven up into countless fancyings. The silent Pompei, and Herculaneum still shut from the light of day by its roof of scoræ. Portici—Resina—Tone del Greco—who has not made them all the sacred spots to which he has retired from the green door and brass knocker life—the commonplace existence of his home! Let that home be where it might, on the shore of the placid lake—by the bank of the noble river, at the base of the rugged mountain, fancy has still, I doubt not, played truant and sauntered through these beautiful environs. From time to time, the letters of those who had left our party for Naples, came back like the dove to Noah, bearing the branch in its mouth; they spoke of cloudless skies, of washed windows, of orange blossoms filling the air with fragrance, of birds loading it with song. What wonder then, that I too should long to open the windows and take my flight! I did, and flew to — rain and fires, and cold biting air, and a bad hotel, and what is more to our present purpose, I did not linger long, but flew further; first to the office of foreign steamers, then to the vessel about to sail for Sicily, which I have before introduced, and *me voila*. A change, 'tis true, had in the interval come over the atmosphere—rain and clouds were gone—Richard was himself again—but I wouldn't trust him. A warm sun and clear skies were what I sought, and to Palermo I was going to find them, with what success may perhaps hereafter appear.

After a quiet dinner on the deck—remember reader, that there are some people who dine after sunset—for the double purpose of enjoying the grateful breeze and complimenting the Prince de Butera, owner of and passenger in one little steamer, whose tastes were, it seems, of the *al fresco* order—the company dispersed whither each one's taste led

him—some to cards in the cabin—some to basins in the berths—and some to cigars with the ladies on the quarter deck. Which of the three methods of occupying my evening I selected, I do not think is of any importance to the narrative, and it might, if mentioned, give rise to undeserved strictures on my taste—therefore, shall it be untold. Suffice it to say, that I did retire and slept soundly, awaking in the morning to a climate as lovely as my brightest anticipations had painted.

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CHAPTER II.

When I tumbled up the following morning, and made my appearance on the wet deck, I discovered two things—firstly, that everybody was up before me, a strong proof that of their novitiate in traveling, and secondly, that we were rapidly approaching what appeared to me as one immense chain of bluff and forbidding rocks, exhibiting everywhere a wall of mountain unbroken by a single opening, and stretching from east to west as far as the eye could reach. Never had I seen a more rugged coast. Peak upon peak, piled in tumultuous confusion one upon another, the mountain tops rose like a rude phalanx of undisciplined warriors, struggling and pressing and jostling each other in their eagerness to reach the front rank; here a leg advanced and here an arm in wild confusion—yet all united in opposing a hostile front to the invader, while far to the east, *Ætna*, their gray headed captain, almost hidden by his unruly masses, was yet visible, pouring upon their disorder. The sea under the influence of a fresh breeze from the northwest, was rolling in rapidly towards the coast, and our vessel bending under the weight of the canvas, which a change in the wind during the night had induced the captain to set, was ploughing in as though the open sea and not a breastwork of flint were waiting to receive her.

"This, then," said I, turning to an Englishman, whose acquaintance I had made the night before, and whose conversation had gone far to while away the tedious hours, "this, then, is Sicily?"

"Why, yes," said he, "I should presume so, though how the deuce we are going to get at the nut through this rough shell, or where the place for which I paid my fare, Palermo, exactly is, I can't for the life of me tell. I have seen more promising coasts in my day, and it is my opinion that somebody has been fooling with the compass, or put a *pint* too much into the steersman. However, I saw that individual with gold lace round his cap—the man I took for Purser's clerk last night, you know, and asked him for another punch—well, he turns out to be captain, and tells me that Palermo's right ahead, and that we shall be ashore in time for a late breakfast. I thanked him for his information, and came away satisfied that his scent must be goodish, considering the breeze is on shore—for spy-glass is out of the question. By the way, I have been pumping your good-looking servant,—dyes his beard, though, don't he? No? Very well, I pumped him; I got from him two of your best cigars; I thanked him, so you'll excuse repetition; and the news that there is a capital hotel ashore, and all the delicacies of the season to be had, though I must say he didn't appear to have a

very accurate idea of what these delicacies were ; so what I want you to do is not to patronize the ship's cook, but breakfast ashore with me ; and now, in return for my foresight, I'll merely trouble you for another cigar—goodish weeds, upon my word—thankye."

"Good morning to you, Phil," said he, interrupting his *draught* and looking quizzically through the cloud of smoke at a young companion who was emerging from the lower regions, looking any thing but comfortable or accessible. "I haven't seen you before this morning ; charming, eh ? Bless me, how pale you look—your'e not ill ?"

"Oh ! no, certainly not, not ill, but I believe I eat a custard yesterday at that infernal upstart's dinner ; and you know how they always affect me—poor stomach, I imagine, but I didn't sleep quite so soundly as usual last night ;" and here he gaped as though Macbeth's curse had fallen upon him, and he had heard the voice say "sleep no more."

"Of course you'll breakfast with us on shore," said I.

"Oh ! with p-l-e-a-sure," said Phil, though had his salvation depended upon the proper mastication of a biscuit even, I fear much he would have been a candidate for "*tother place*."

"With p-l-e-a-sure, indeed," cried our smoker ; "why, you talk as if you didn't know that there was a hotel ashore waiting for us, garçon in white apron, landlady waiting to be kissed, and all the delicacies of the season waiting to be eaten, actually expecting us—perhaps a band of music. Mrs. Starke says, 'travelers are welcomed on their arrival by a band of music,' and she ought to know—peasants in picturesque costumes—short petticoats—brigands sprinkled about with effect—black eyes—there's a treat for you, and all for nothing, too. Well ! that's rather polite, I must confess. I say, Phil, what acquaintances have you made over the side of the vessel, that you're paying your respects to this morning ? Wound up, eh ? yes, and sticking, too, I declare. But now I recollect, hydrostatics and the laws of projectiles were always his favorite studies as early as Eton days. I knew him then. Wonderful, though, how little he's changed. As for me, I'm never down. Electric disposition, you see," and here he put the fire end of his cigar in his mouth. "Ptup—ptup—whew—a direct dispensation for smoking a stump—served me right, but still, if report speaks true, I'm not the only one who has been singed a little for sticking too long to the stump—you ought to know, being an American—how is it ?"

Without giving me time for a eulogy on democracy, however, he hurried on, now criticising the dress of the passengers, now the landlady of the vessel, now puffing, (No. 4 from my case,) and now saying a few encouraging words to a friend, such as recommending a chop or an omelette, at every mention of which it appeared to me that his friend made rapid progress in the science of projectiles, till, suddenly he exclaimed, "here we are, at last ; can't see distinctly yet, so don't ask my opinion—decent place, though, I fancy—goodish houses—breakfast, you know—delicacies—so don't forget—and now I'm for my baggage, and I advise you to keep your eye on yours, or if your man does that, just keep it on my friend there, and see that he don't commit suicide, or turn himself inside out. I'll see you again, and never mind,

Phil, you shall have a pork steak as soon as it can be manufactured." All this was said in a twinkling, and he disappeared forwards, leaving me to realize the fact that "here we are at last," to speculate on the method of our arrival, as well as the character of the town, and to see that his friend did not injure his health by over attention to the law of projectiles. Quite enough for a single man to do, especially before breakfast; still, as it is essential that I reach the shore before taking the meal in question, I will spend a few moments in describing the nature of our debarkation, which, as it differed somewhat from the landing at an Eastern pier, may be worth recounting.

One essential difference between the port of Palermo, and indeed most European ports, and that of New York, is that what we style quays, docks, or wharves, do not exist, and the vessel is in consequence obliged to anchor at some little distance from the shore, to which the passengers are conveyed in small boats. The system, it is true, preserves you from being knocked down by cabmen, porters, and such like gentlemen. But to compensate for this protection, imposes upon you the chance of being ducked, and the necessity of being cheated by the boatmen who row you, so that I cannot take it upon myself to assign to either the superiority. This method of landing, even when least dilatory, usually occupies at least a half hour, and in our case more than double the time was consumed, for which, what I am now about to recount, may be sufficient reason. The "band of music" which Mrs. Starke promised, was not visible to the naked eye, but in the place of that I observed approaching one side, a complication of timber, which for want of a better name, I must call a boat. It was capable of containing probably a dozen, and was manned by at least fourteen Sicilians, all conspicuous for their loyalty, red shirts and bad oarsmanship. Their approach was owing to the arrival of *il principe*, whom I have before introduced, and whose diplomatic reputation does not make a biography essential just now. As he was a Sicilian grandee, their waiting upon him in this aquatic manner was probably intended as a delicate allusion to the maritime character of his possessions, and to judge from the bland countenance of the contemplated party, was duly appreciated. Onward they came, wallowing about like the ark under a jury mast, plashing and hunching lustily. Now space, in this case, was by no means infinite, and when they were about ten or a dozen yards from the ship, I looked for the coxswain to check her way, but whether that gentleman's loyalty was greater than his seamanship, or the word "backwater" was by some unaccountable oversight omitted in the Sicilian vocabulary, or whether he calculated upon a temporary suspension of the *vis inertiae* in favor of his tub, no such check was given, and the consequence was a crash—and a mixture of red shirts, white pants, broken oars, &c. in the stern sheet, which reminded one of the first steps in a lobster salad. I laughed till I felt weak—but one couldn't laugh very long at any one thing on that morning, so I turned to a new exhibition, which called for attention on the bows. At first, I thought we were attacked, and was listening for the cry, "all hands repel boarders;" but a moment showed me that it was nothing more than a line

of priests, coming aboard to do such part of their duty as lay in the command, "honor the king;" and mounting a hat box, which was convenient, I tranquilly awaited the result.

Onward they came in their robes, a long line like Banquo's issue, till the eye, wearied with their number, and from the regard with which our magnate considered them, only their number prohibited me from thinking that, like Banquo, he might "claim them for his own"—subject, of course, to a small mortgage by the devil. They threw themselves upon him and eagerly kissed his cheeks, his hands, or his coat sleeves, as opportunity offered, and relationship favored the selection, till exhausted by so much attention, the Prince dexterously released one hand, and lifting his hat, gave the signal to "come to order"—just as I was making the discovery that my rostrum had given way, or in other words, that I had gone through the hat box, which, for the sake of inquiring friends, I will state was empty—that is, till it held my leg.

While extricating myself from this "durance vile," I observed the gentleman with gold lace round his cap, whom my friend had mistaken for Purser's clerk, in his call for his toddy, smiling facetiously and slowly enunciating the word *biglietto*, which I understood to correspond to our expression of "*ticket, sir?*" Now my ticket happened to be in the possession of a certain Don Carlo, who, in spite of my stewards polite prefix to his name, figured in the capacity of courier to myself, and who, for the sake of fresh air and a small reduction in price, was at that moment on the forward deck. As I perceived no method of communicating with him, and *il capitano* appeared in a hurry, I did as well as I could, and gave what I thought, considering his connection with the great waters, should not offend him, which was—my last wash bill. It was neatly folded and resembled a "ticket" as much as any thing, so that he bowed, took it, and I heard nothing more of it till my servant, on the production of the genuine *biglietto* at my order, demanded, in return, the proof I wasn't clear on credit.

I was next saluted by a man in English, who asked me whether I was an American, and on my answering him in the affirmative, addressed me as follows:—"You gum to my o'tel—I ave gabital o'tel—one Signore Americans die in my o'tel tree day ago. I know de Consule, he live pres to my o'tel. You gum—boat take you subitisimo—ab you de pasaporto?" Fortunately, at this interesting crisis my valet interposed, and marshaling the way led me into a small edition of what had just afforded me so much merriment; where, after waiting about twenty minutes, while my passport was being made over, a new one made out, a permission to debark brought, and my luggage brought on board, we at length spread something white and pointed our head toward the opposite shore. What followed our arrival must be delayed to another chapter.



## THE TWO SPIRITS.

(Concluded from page 13.)

SHADES crouch and fly before the orient sun ;  
 The dreamy mists, in grim battalions glide  
 Back to the caves, where, robed in garments dun,  
 Silence and sadness ever more abide,  
 And rocky portals bar the beating tide  
 Of heaven-descended light. So flew the mien  
 Of Ernest's tranced soul, when to his side -  
 A spirit bent, in lessening distance seen,  
 All radiant as the face of night's ethereal queen.

Gay roses twined around her snowy brow,  
 And blooming cheeks reflected back their hue.  
 Now played her parted lips with smiles, and now  
 The stamp of thought to deeper impress grew,  
 As all the scenes of earth broke on her view ;  
 Scenes—where glad joy shares throne with dismal pain  
 Then fell her song, as falls the crystal dew,  
 When evening comes with all her shadowy train,  
 And winds and waters mingle in a murmuring strain.

## SONG.

I've left my home in the far off sky,  
 Where the stars are shining bright,  
 And, on wings of air, I have sped my way  
 O'er a pathway paved with light.  
 For the smiling world, with its wooing voice,  
 Was calling me below,  
 While day went by, and night approached  
 With her footsteps calm and slow.

I saw thee lie 'neath the oaken tree,  
 Where flow the waters clear ;  
 I heard the song which a spirit breathed  
 To your fixed and ravished ear.  
 I knew that voice with its cadence soft,  
 To your deepest heart would creep,  
 Like a vision blent, in the stilly night,  
 With the stealthy charm of sleep.

I know the place where the spirit dwells ;  
 'Tis in a shady bower ;  
 She dwells alone, and she has no one  
 Who may lighten a heavy hour.

Her cheek is pale, and her eye is wet  
From the bitter fount of tears,  
And sighs escape from her heaving breast,  
For her heart is full of fears.

But often she flies to the earth alone ;  
She hushes the rising sigh,  
She tries to change for a cheerful look  
Her sad and tearful eye ;  
She tunes her voice to a pensive lay,  
Which is wafted on the gale,  
And the hearts of some are lured away  
By the fair, deceitful tale.

Beware ! beware how thou trust her word  
And follow her commands.  
She bids thee hie to some quiet place,  
And there exhaust life's sands,  
Far, far removed from the busy world,  
With toil and turmoil rife.  
But list to me, and I'll try to tell  
Of a better, nobler life.

I flew this morn from the spirit world,  
To a far-off heathen land ;  
I saw a child in its mother's arms,  
On the white and wave-washed strand.  
A monster huge, from the foaming deep  
To the surface slowly rose,  
When lo ! the child, from her clasping arms,  
The mother quickly throws.

One cry is all, and the harmless babe  
Is a feast to the monster wild.  
I stood by the mother and asked her why  
She thus should slay her child.  
She beat her breast with her trembling hand,  
And the tears flowed down her cheek ;  
She said, 'twas not that she hated it,  
But the smile of God to seek.

Away I flew, o'er the azure sea,  
To the land where a tyrant reigns.  
I saw the poor by his power crushed down,  
And stript of their hard-earned gains.  
I saw the slave, at his cruel task,  
Beneath a driver's eye,  
I saw the grief which oppressed his heart,  
And heard his deep-drawn sigh.

I turned my steps to a city fair,  
And mingled with its crowd.  
I saw the sot, as he reeled along  
By the side of rich and proud.  
I saw that one whose league is made  
With the fearful sovereign—Death ;  
And she stained the cheek of the modest girl,  
With her sin-polluted breath.

I entered the door of a falling hut,  
In a dark and lonely street,  
And beheld the form of a dying man,  
With a fair child at his feet.  
The rest were gone to a land of peace,  
Above the bright, blue sky,  
And they were left in the gloomy hut,  
Alone to starve and die.

I entered the mansion of wealth and pride,  
And trode its spacious halls ;  
I saw a man, arrayed in gold,  
Who heeded not mercy's calls.  
He did not care for the dying poor,  
Nor the prayer of sin and woe ;  
He forgot that all were his brethren here,  
The high-born and the low.

I saw a youth 'neath an oaken tree,  
His mind in fancy's bowers.  
I heard him say that the noisy world  
Should ne'er command his powers ;  
But, in loneliness and solitude,  
He would pass a tranquil life,  
For, far from the scenes of the busy world,  
With toil and turmoil rife.

Oh ! rouse thee ! rouse from the dreamy sleep,  
And hear the world's loud call !  
It comes, it comes from the heathen land,  
Fast bound in error's thrall.  
It comes from the land of the tyrant's sway,  
And from the weary slave ;  
From the guilty, who yield to their deadly lusts,  
At the verge of the very grave.

Oh ! listen not to the siren tongue,  
Which bids thee linger here ;  
But haste to war, with thine armor on,  
And thy heart fast closed to fear.

Go forth, as an angel of light from heaven,  
 Who dost love thy fallen race ;  
 And thy name shall then have right to claim  
 With noble names a place.

The fires which glowed upon the far-off West  
 Had flickered and gone out, save one bright spark,  
 Which shone like jewel on a virgin breast.  
 Hovered the shades like sprites all grim and stark  
 Round forests whispering through their mazes dark.  
 Ernest awoke from out his happy trance,  
 Wet with the tear-like dews of heaven. And hark !  
 O'er slumbering lake, and mead, and grove, there dance  
 The tones which tell how fast the hours of night advance. E.

#### ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.

It is an original principle of our nature, which leads us to consecrate shrines and temples to the Deities whom we worship, and to lavish upon them all the beauty which our skill can command. In the most savage state of society, we behold men throwing together rude heaps of stone upon which to offer sacrifice to their uncouth idols ; and passing on among civilized nations, we see hill and valley crowned for the same object, with stately structures, rich in dome, and portico, and colonnade, and adorned with the most beautiful conceptions of the painter and the sculptor.

As this spirit was implanted within us at our very creation, so it is among the most pure and lofty feelings of which we are conscious. What object more noble, more appropriate to man as an immortal being, can be imagined, than the rearing of temples which shall be fit habitations for the God of the Universe ; in massive solidity typical of His unending life ; in solemn grandeur of His ineffable majesty ? When we look upon it in this light, sacred Architecture rises to an eminence and a dignity far above that to which any other art has attained. It fills us with the most exalted ideas of the nature of worship, withdraws our imagination from low and polluting objects, and carries it upward and onward to the great DIVINITY. Let us endeavor, therefore, to catch a few occasional glimpses of its progress during the various periods of its history.

If we look first at that primæval nation, the Hebrews, we shall find that the temple of religion among them far surpassed in magnificence the most celebrated structures of ancient or modern times. As we read the description of it in Holy Writ, we can almost see it rise up before us in its pristine grandeur, flashing in the sunbeams with gold, and marble, and jewels innumerable, and dazzling the eye of the beholder with an almost ethereal beauty. To the Jew it was something more

than a mere house of worship, or an architectural ornament. It was the monument of his national pride keeping fresh in his memory the ancient glories of his people; in prosperity and adversity reminding him of the great Being who had conducted his fathers upon their weary pilgrimage in the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night. In war, a glance at its fair proportions aroused him to new courage against the invaders of his country, even when overwhelmed in battle and surrounded by heaps of the dying.

Passing on among the nations of antiquity, we behold in like manner the most splendid productions of Grecian art everywhere consecrated to the popular deities. As we wander among the ruins of these lordly piles, we are carried back in imagination into far distant times, and placed in the midst of States which have long since crumbled away, and over which Time has thrown, so to speak, a mantle of ivy, rendering them doubly sacred and interesting. We are transported to a country beautiful in landscape, and grove, and placid river, under a sky of the deepest hue, and in a most genial and sunny climate. Around us rise up the thousand divinities who peopled this favored region,

"The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,  
Satyrs and silvan boys are seen,  
Peeping from forth their alleys green."

Faun and dryad, god and goddess, nymph and siren, the Eternal Thunderer, and Phœbus of the silver bow, pass like some bright vision before our delightful fancy. The nation who originated this mythology are recalled to our minds; that elegant people, the prevailing trait in whose character was a love of the beautiful, and all whose conceptions were breathed upon by the life-giving spirit of poetry. Their sages, their poets, their orators, sit at our side, and utter in our ears those burning words, which were divinely spoken in far antiquity. We love, in imagination, to clear away the rubbish which ages have thrown around their stately temples, their fountains and statues, their courts of law, their magnificent public and private edifices, and to picture them to our minds in all the freshness and beauty of youth. We are filled with a pleasing wonder at the busy crowd which wanders through the long porticoes and colonnades, now listening intently to the teacher of some new philosophy, and now drinking in the words of wisdom which fall more sweetly than honey from the lips of some hoary-headed sage. We are impressed with the deepest awe and solemnity as we stand by the *Bema* or pulpit of the orator, for we remember that there Demosthenes fired the hearts of his countrymen with lofty patriotism; and St. Paul spoke to the Athenians concerning the unknown God whom they ignorantly worshiped.

It is a fact worthy of notice, that every work of Architecture is in some measure an index of the character of the people who built it. Thus the temples of which I have been speaking, light, graceful, highly ornamented, are the conceptions of an elegant and refined nation, whose mythology was the most beautiful of all forms of paganism. On

the other hand, the sacred Architecture of the Romans, which next claims our attention, was of a simple, stately, commanding order, and tells us of the grave and haughty nation who had conquered the world ; in the same manner as the words of their language, few in number, but long, sonorous, rolling as it were from the tongue, are the peculiar property of kings and orators. The latter were by nature a manly and warlike, rather than a luxurious and cultivated people ; while the Greek was reciting verses, passing criticisms upon paintings and statuary, or reclining gracefully by some marble fountain, the Roman was wading through rivers, traversing the everlasting snows of the Alps, and planting the standard of his country in the very heart of foreign nations. Thus was it in the days of the republic, which are also the days of their glory ; with the empire, luxury and effeminacy entered, and spread like some foul leprosy over camp and court, palace and hut, monarch and subject. Under their wasting influence all the virtue and simplicity of the ancient people departed, and the most unblushing vice and profligacy pervaded all ranks of society, until the Eternal City, which had been long tottering by her own weakness and enervation, fell an easy prey to the barbarous hordes of the North.

What a feeling of melancholy is apt to steal over us as we thus recall the history of the nations of antiquity, and reflect that they are gone forever—that all their pomp and splendor, like some brilliant phantasmagoria, have swept across the scene and passed away, leaving behind them gloom and desolation ! Every eye darkened, that once flashed with the fire of intellect within ; every hand palsied, that once moulded the marble into exquisite forms of life ; every head laid low, that once rose loftily in the pride of conscious virtue ! Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, *μηδὲν εἰς τὸ μηδὲν*, dust to dust. Where once towered stately cities, the ivy creeps over shattered arch and ruined column, and fragment of sculpture half buried in the earth ; where once were heard the highest strains of eloquence which human lips ever uttered, or upon the battlefield where the most heroic blood was shed, the traveler from a far distant country stands to sketch a dismantled ruin. Alas for that proud Capitol, the queen of nations and the mother of arts ; the centre of refinement and the home of the scholar ; the birthplace of liberty and the nurse of warlike valor ; now the last stronghold of a base superstition. Alas for that Senate Chamber, now crumbled to decay, where once rose the proud form of the “man of Arpinum,” the orator, the statesman, the patriot, and the sage ; one while, like some avenging Deity, hurling thunderbolts of indignation at the traitor Catiline, and anon turning, and in silvery and persuasive accents, discoursing sweetly of death and immortality, and the meeting of long-lost friends beyond the grave.

I have been led by these reflections far away from the subject upon which I am writing, and must therefore return to it, which I shall do by glancing briefly at the Ecclesiastical Architecture of the Middle Ages. As this were so mingled with the religion of the times that it may almost seem the offspring of it, I cannot better consider it than by a few words upon the nature and ceremonies of that religion.

The Holy Catholic Church ! What visions of romance, and chivalry, and picturesque beauty, even amid its degrading superstitions, does this form of Christianity awaken in our minds ; how rich is it in legendary lore and historic associations ! As we reflect upon it, we can almost carry ourselves back to the olden time of Merrie England, and place ourselves in imagination in the old Tabard hostelry, on the morning of the departure of Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims. We can fancy ourselves in the midst of that motley assemblage, in every variety of rank and costume—the courteous and “very perfect gentle knight”—the dignified and lady-like Prioress—the wealthy country Franklin—the meek-looking, self-denying “Parson of a town”—the mitred Abbot, well-fed and portly—the poor scholar from Oxford. We can see them as they come forth, with many a laugh, and jest, and pleasant tale, from the curiously-carved old gateway, and wind away in long procession on the road to Canterbury.

What a delightful feature in the character of that age were those times of high festival, when a spirit of warm and generous hospitality seemed to spread over every class in the community ; when, for a season, the poor man forgot his poverty and the rich man his pride, and the hearts of both were united in a common flow of mirth and rejoicing. How beautiful and appropriate were those ceremonies which the Church appointed for Christmas day—the day when the seraphic hymn, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men,” was sung by angel-voices over the plains of Bethlehem ! How solemn and impressive must have been the midnight service which preceded it !

“On Christmas eve the bells were rung,  
On Christmas eve the mass was sung :  
That only night, of all the year,  
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.”

I will not deny that there was much mingled with the old ceremonies of the yule clog and mistletoe, and with all the revelry and wassail of those times, which, by the refined and correct taste, must be considered intemperance and debauchery. Still, how much was there of hearty good-will, of profuse liberality ; how much of real charity to the poor and destitute ; how much of hallowed association clustering about the very name of Christmas, and of devout thankfulness for its blessings !

Gloomy and morose indeed, therefore, must he have been, who, even with its attendant evils, would have wished to destroy its observance ; and as little to be envied were the man, who, in our time, would do away with this sacred festival, handed down to us from our fathers, and consecrated by the practice of the Christian Church in all ages. Let us preserve, therefore, the beautiful and touching custom of decorating our churches with evergreens at its return ; not as an ordinance of religion, but as a touching symbol of the unperishing nature of the redemption begun upon it. Let us gather our friends and kindred around us, and giving largely of our abundance to those who are in want ; let

us spend it in innocent mirth and hilarity, emblematic of the blessings conferred on mankind by the birth of our LORD.

Of the magnificence of the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion, we, who live in this age and country, can form no conception. If we judge of them from the wretched mummeries we sometimes see played off before an ignorant and gaping crowd, by a priest as ignorant as themselves, we are forming our opinions from a mere burlesque or caricature. To enter into their spirit and to understand the mystery of their wonderful power over the minds of men, we must fancy ourselves in some moss-grown cathedral, where richly-stained window throws a mellow light over nave and clustered pillar and statue of holy apostle, and reflects its own gorgeous colors in the tessellated floor. Above us rises the vaulted and fretted roof, rich in carving and Gothic tracery, and adorned with many an image of white-clad angel. Around us are assembled, not a congregation of vulgar Irish, but knights and barons, kings and crusaders, high dames and mighty earls. Upon such an occasion, the full peal of the majestic organ—the long procession of stoled priests, glittering with mitre and crosier, cross and censer, alb and dalmatique—the swelling upward from their deep, manly voices, of those solemn old Latin hymns, which, even in this remote age, are the delight of all lovers of music—the elevation of the consecrated Host—the kneeling of thousands in silent adoration of that sorrowful form which hung over the altar, sculptured in richest marble—how must all these have entranced the senses even of the most profane and irreligious, and awakened almost unearthly feelings in the bosom of the devout worshiper!

The use of painting and sculpture in churches, as an aid to devotion, has been condemned entirely by nine tenths of Protestant Christians. With all deference to the wisdom, the piety, the knowledge of human nature, of those who have advocated this opinion, I would still venture, for one, to dissent from it. The fine arts were mercifully given us to purify and elevate our nature, and how can they be more fitly employed than in illustrating those scenes and events among which the Saviour of the world lived and died? Is there not a thrilling, an almost super-human emotion, comes over us as we gaze upon some fine painting of the Crucifixion? Does it not carry us back to the very time and place, and bring vividly before our minds all the terrors of that awful hour—the thick darkness settling slowly and gloomily down upon mountain and valley, vineyard and olive-grove, and casting a sable pall upon every tower and battlement of the Holy City—the tearing asunder of the everlasting rocks—the affrighted forms of the Roman soldiery, horror-struck at such unheard of prodigies—the torches throwing a flickering light upon the pale features of the CRUCIFIED, now convulsed in the last agony? I know it has been urged, that in contemplating such a picture, the attention of the beholder would be attracted, not so much to the objects represented, as to the beauty of the coloring, the skillful disposition of light and shade, or the correctness of the perspective. But when we listen to the burning eloquence of some good



orator, do we pause to admire his dignity of gesture, his happy choice of words, or the aptness of his metaphors?

The style of Architecture which the Roman Catholic Church has in general adopted, and which may not unfitly be called the mediæval order, seems peculiarly appropriate to edifices of a sacred character. The very idea of it, as must be evident to all who have ever studied it, was caught from the interlacing of the branches of trees in the forests, which, as one of our own poets has remarked, were the first temples of the ALMIGHTY; and so beautifully has it been adapted to ecclesiastical uses, that every part of it is symbolical of some feature of our religion. Thus its solid masonry may denote the lasting nature of Christianity; its spires and pinnacles remind us of its heavenward tendency; its windows of stained glass shed a mellow light, emblematic of its softening and subduing influences; and the solemn grandeur of the whole may awaken appropriate ideas of Him for whose worship it were designed. It is the only order of Architecture which is in its purity adapted to this purpose, and which can be used for it without many ludicrous incongruities. There is certainly something calculated to inspire any feelings but solemn ones in a Grecian temple, with an organ loft at one end and a pulpit and reading-desk at the other; and we are surely excusable if we smile at a Corinthian colonnade, sustaining a gallery for Sunday School children. If it be urged that the Gothic is too much associated in our minds with Popish ceremonies and superstitions, I would inquire, which is the most appropriate model for a Christian church, a building raised in honor of the Virgin Mary, or one consecrated to Venus; a temple of St. John the Evangelist, or one of Jupiter Ammon?

I have endeavored thus far to state a few ideas which have struck me, upon the general subject of Ecclesiastical Architecture, and which I have thrown out very much as they happen to fall, and without attempting to arrange them in any very clear and logical manner. I shall conclude this essay with one or two hurried remarks upon its present condition in our own country.

It has been objected to us by strangers, that we have too little of romance and enthusiasm in our disposition; that we are a sober, money-making, utilitarian people, living only for the actual wants, and caring little for the poetry of life. This perhaps arises unavoidably from the circumstances in which we are placed, being yet in our infancy, with every thing around us bustling and unsettled, and having nothing thus far which can be called ancient or venerable. But whatever be the reason of it, the fact is undeniable, and is in nothing more conspicuous than in our peculiar notions of Church Architecture. We seem to have none of those delightful and touching associations connected with a church which the people of older countries would have; there is nothing particularly pleasant to us in kneeling before the same altar where our fathers knelt, or in being buried in the same grave-yard where their ashes rest. A church with us is nothing more than a comfortable two story building, with a platform at one end for the speaker, and seats cushioned off for the choir, and a lecture-room underneath. In general, it

presents a ludicrous mixture of church, theatre, and concert-room, with a decided predominance in favor of the latter; and in truth, it is well that it should be so, for it is used indiscriminately for every purpose under the sun. We are not at all astonished if we see it open on Wednesday night for a magic-lantern exhibition, Thursday for a lecture on Astronomy, Friday for a sale of useful and fancy articles, Saturday for the Ethiopian Serenaders, and Sunday (*horresco referens*) for the Holy Communion!

A great fault in our Ecclesiastical Architecture, and indeed in all our public buildings, is the great attention paid to *cheapness*. We will lay out hundreds of thousands upon a railroad between two small country towns, where a horse and wagon would answer all the purpose, but to expend half the sum upon a temple of the Most High God, were an unpardonable extravagance. Granite is very costly; so also are marble and red sandstone; and stucco looks just as well—in the dark. Besides, to carve a Gothic ceiling as it should be, requires a skillful workman; but the college bricklayer could make one of plaster, and the college painter could paint it in imitation of oak. This narrow spirit of parsimony (for I can call it nothing else,) is one which we must be rid of, if we ever expect to rank creditably with other nations in the fine arts, if we have any desire of cherishing the beautiful, the elegant, the graceful, which are in themselves the perfection of the useful, and if we wish to leave behind us any monuments of our greatness and prosperity.

But the highest point of our sacred edifices is also the highest point of absurdity; I mean the weathercock. It would really seem as though we had been ransacking all that was ridiculous and incongruous since the creation of the world, and had lighted upon (*Dii avertite omen!*) a thing to show which way the wind blows! In an attack of that No-Popery mania, which is as rife among us as it ever was in England in the days of Lord George Gordon, we have cast down and trampled upon the Holy Cross, which had for centuries crowned the church spire, the symbol of our faith, the badge of our redemption, the comforter of the burdened soul, the light of our despondency. In an equally commendable spirit of Anti-Catholicity, we have excluded from the interior of our churches the high altar, which was no less beautiful as an architectural ornament, than appropriate as reminding us of the great sacrifice which finished all our woe, and have substituted a broad platform, with a little table upon it for the minister to stand at, and a pile of cushions behind, upon which he can repose while the congregation are singing; the appearance of the whole irresistibly reminding one of vanilla and lemon cream, cigars and the morning papers. To fill up the picture, we need only imagine half-a-dozen clergymen reclining gracefully upon the aforesaid lounge, chatting pleasantly of the events of the week, and criticising the congregation as they come in!

It is evident, therefore, that as a nation we have not bestowed upon Ecclesiastical Architecture the pains and attention to which it is entitled. The remedy for this is very simple and obvious. We need to cherish loftier ideas of its dignity and importance; to gain more cor-

rect views of the will of Sacred Scripture in respect to it ; to cast off this unhappy spirit of utilitarianism, and to bestow more regard upon the poetic and ideal part of our nature. From every stately cathedral which rises in this western world, a hallowed influence goes forth to refine, to purify, to elevate our spiritual being ; and as the loud booming of the organ rings along the vaulted roof, and the voices of white-robed choristers swell upward in the presence of assembled thousands, an inspiration seems to descend upon the soul, like a benediction from the lips of the ETERNAL.

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#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A CAMPAIGN IN FLORIDA.

Few, we presume, of the readers of this Magazine, have had much opportunity of judging, from actual observation, of the real character of the "glorious pursuit of arms," as it appears in its stern reality, when stripped of the holiday attire and factitious glare of muster or parade. And fewer still, perhaps, have shared in the dangers and privations of a frontier campaign, where a wily foe may lurk in every bush, and fever ride on every breeze. It was once our fortune to be placed in circumstances which afforded us a fair conception of the one, and a sufficient taste of the other ; and though we can tell no stirring tale of bloody battle fought and won, nor boast our own brave deeds in arms ; yet, it may not be wholly profitless to draw aside the gilded canopy that throws its delusive shadow over the soldier's life, and show the iron reality within.

The war, which has recently terminated in the expulsion of the Seminoles from the (now) State of Florida, was, as all know, a long and tedious one, and in its management afforded ample theme of abuse to all who chose to attack the Government or its faithful officers, who were wasting life's best energies in vain attempts to bring it to a close. Perhaps a little rational reflection upon the nature of Indian warfare, or, at any rate, a personal inspection of the field of operation, would have silenced all complaint, so far as the gallant officers to whom the war was entrusted were concerned. A sickly climate, where field operations were impracticable for three fourths of the year, a country, wild and difficult of access, an army, never much larger than the body-guard of an Eastern monarch, may surely excuse, if they do not exculpate, such generals as Clinch, Gaines, Scott, and Jessup, from the charge of imbecility or indolence.

Since the cession of Florida to the United States, its inhabitants have been involved in almost incessant contests with the Indians. Remnants of the once powerful tribes that formerly roamed over the whole country, from the Potomac to the Gulf, had been driven, by the fate of war and the encroachments of civilization, to take refuge on this Peninsula, and here they determined, as needs they must, to make a final stand. Under the Spanish provincial government these Indians

met with no great inconvenience from the progress of settlement, and, as the swarthy sons of Spain found no serious objection to the dark-eyed Indian maids, a state of amity and peace existed, such as we in vain look for in any Anglo-Indian colony. But, when the Territory was ceded to the United States, a flood of emigrants poured in upon them, which threatened soon to consign to the ruthless ploughshare their green and happy hunting grounds, and even the sacred resting places of their dead. Alarmed at this, they took up arms, and from that time down to their final expulsion, the murderous hatchet knew no rest, save when restrained by the strong arm of force. Many attempts had been made by the Government to relieve the Floridians from the presence of such disaffected and dangerous neighbors, and it was in resistance to a treaty of removal that the famous Osceola, in 1835, struck the blow that elicited the first sparks of that conflagration, which, in the end, involved himself and his nation in a common ruin. The act referred to was the murder of Emathla, a friendly chief, who, while making preparations to emigrate in compliance with the treaty, was waylaid and shot by Osceola, who thus became prominent at once as a leader in the war. Soon after this unequivocal demonstration of hostility, followed the massacre of the gallant Dade and his command, and the war was commenced in earnest.

At the commencement of the campaign of 1837-8, little progress had been made toward bringing the war to a close. Osceola, indeed, was a prisoner, but Micanope, Cloud, Coa-Hadjo, and many others of the bravest of these sons of the forest still kept the field, determined to sell their country only with their lives.

The command of the army had, on the preceding year, been sought and won by General Jessup, who, partaking of the common dissatisfaction with regard to the management of the war, patriotically offered his services, in hopes of accomplishing what the Hero of Bridgewater and Chippewa had failed to effect. The result proved his mistake. Uncommon preparations were made for this campaign; troops had been drawn from almost every seaboard post; recruits were raised, and volunteers called in from Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee. Immense quantities of military stores of every kind were collected at the principal stations, and it was evident that Government had spared no pains or expense in providing its favorite with the means of carrying out his plans.

Such was the state of affairs in the autumn of 1837, when we made our "first appearance" at the seat of war. A pleasant sail of five days from New York had brought our gallant barque, with her living freight of officers and soldiers, to the mouth of the St. Johns; and in a few hours more, in the hands of a skillful pilot, she was threading the labyrinthine mazes of the channel, by which this noble stream pours its tribute into the Ocean. The scenery at the mouth of the St. Johns has little to interest the lover of natural beauty: its shores are low and flat, covered with a stunted growth of tangled vines and shrubbery, among which, here and there, a stately Palmetto rears its lofty head in solitary grandeur.

The river here is about a mile in width, and is entered by a narrow, dangerous channel. Within the bar, however, you have a noble stream, spreading out at times into an expansive lake, and again contracting its waters into a deep, rapid current. The scenery on the banks of the river, as you leave its mouth, though partaking of the monotonous level of the country, is extremely rich, owing to the magnificence and almost endless variety of the trees, shrubs, and flowers which flourish in perennial beauty on its winding shores.

The destination of our vessel was Gary's Ferry, on Black Creek, a branch of the St. Johns, into which it empties, about 50 miles from its mouth. In tow of a government steamer we were soon cutting at a merry rate the stygian waves of the creek, which derives its name from the color of its waters. When at rest, these might vie with Acheron itself for blackness, but when turned up by the oar, they present a beautiful amber hue, contrasting finely with the dark mass of water around. Upon the banks of this stream once stood some of the finest settlements in the Territory; but now, nothing save the blackened remains of dwellings and outhouses, tell where once was happiness and prosperity. Ruthless war has laid his heavy hand upon the settlements, and a cruel and perfidious foe has not left even a dog to greet the traveler as he wanders over these melancholy scenes. In many places, the chimney of masonry is the only monument left to mark the spot where manhood and youth, innocence and age, shared a common death and a common funeral pyre. One of the most conspicuous of these is a tall column, standing near the entrance of the creek, affording a landmark to passengers upon the river. It was once the chimney of Ridgeley's steam-saw mill, and was painted white by the settlers, that it might mark the spot where fell a valued citizen, a victim to Indian perfidy and revenge.

Gary's Ferry is at the head of navigation of Black Creek, and during the war was a place of considerable importance as a depot for provisions, troops, and arms. Here we were to commence our military life. On our arrival we were met by the poor remnant of the once gallant battalion, whose ranks, shattered by disease and the fate of war, we were destined to recruit. The ragged uniforms and haggard looks of our future companions in arms, as we marched through their opened ranks, gave no pleasant omen of the service on which we had entered. We were received, however, with a soldier's welcome, and the poor fellows seemed to look upon us as new-found brothers, and well they might, for heavy duty had almost worn them out, so that there was perhaps as much of selfishness as love in the case.

On landing, we were marched at once to an open spot, in the pine woods, about a quarter of a mile in advance of the Fort, and ordered to pitch our tents for an encampment. Now! now! said the young and buoyant hearts among us; now for the romance of a soldier's life! A life in the camp for me! So thought the writer, but soon we found more reality than romance, even in an encampment.

The common field tent of the United States army is about seven feet by nine in area, and is designed to stow (I was about to say accommo-

date) six men ! This, surely, is close quarters enough ! Six stout, robust men, packed, like pickled herrings, in a space seven feet by nine ! Truly, there is little romance in an encampment. Yet the plan is not without its advantages, for as the tents, without floor or carpet, are pitched, like chicken coops, upon the bare damp ground, and the soldier's only bed is a single blanket, it adds no little to the comfort of these narrow dwellings to be able to spread three or four blankets upon the ground, while the compactness of the strata generates abundance of heat. Besides, as one at least from each tent is supposed to be always either on guard, in the hospital, or under arrest, there is not, really, so much inconvenience as the reader, who is accustomed to occupy, in single blessedness, one of the spacious chambers of Old Yale, might imagine.

The medical staff, to which the writer was attached, was provided with better, or at least more ample accommodations, though it was doubtful whether this advantage was any real benefit ; for the fleas, which seemed to be proportioned to the area of soil, and not to the amount of flesh, made deadly havoc upon the favored few who slept, or rather tossed, alone, whilst their divided forces made no impression upon the compact masses in the field tents.

The Fort at Gary's Ferry, like most of those built in the Territory, was merely a stockade, built of pine or palmetto pickets, ten or twelve feet in length, set upright, so close together as to afford good protection against the rifles of the Indians. In civilized countries, these enclosures would have passed for hog-pens ; but here, as they answered the purposes, they were dignified with the name of Forts, and bore, generally, the name of the officers who built or commanded them ; the one at Gary's Ferry was called Fort Heileman.

The battalion, to which I was now attached for the campaign, consisting of two companies of the Second Infantry, may, perhaps, be taken as a fair specimen of the whole army. Gathered from every quarter of the Union, it embraced men of almost every grade and character, and from every rank in life. The commercial embarrassment of that period, and the difficulties attendant upon it, had driven to the army many who in vain sought employment in their usual pursuits, and some who wished to drown amid its dissipations the memory of their misfortunes. A few, perhaps, were impelled by patriotic feelings to aid in ridding the Territory of such a cruel foe. These things, in connection with the unusual efforts made at that time to fill the army to its utmost limits, had brought into the service many, who, under ordinary circumstances, would not have been found in it. On this account, the character of the army was, at that time, rather above than below its usual level.

Very few of the soldiers in the ranks were Americans by birth. Most of them were Irish or English, and of these no small portion were deserters from the British regiments in Canada. Many of these poor fellows bore upon their backs ample proof of the barbarous severity of the service they had left. I remember particularly one of them, a tall, noble looking fellow, who had been Drum Major in a regiment of

Grenadiers : for some breach of discipline he had been degraded and reduced to the ranks ; his haughty spirit could ill brook the indignity, and he deserted. He was captured and carried back to Montreal, where, by sentence of a British Court Martial, he received, upon his naked back, three hundred lashes, with a "pickled cat," that is, a cat whose thongs were soaked in salt water, in order to make the smart more unendurable ! Being a man of iron nerve, he soon recovered from his horrid mangling, and as soon as he could wear a coat, again deserted, and succeeded in reaching the American lines in safety. His whole life had been spent in arms, and inclination, as well as necessity, soon led him to enlist in the service of the United States. Nor was his a solitary case : others there were, who, perhaps more deservedly, had met with a similar fate.

Many, too, of the battalion, were old soldiers, who had served in the various armies of Europe, some of whom had fought for or against the "Great Emperor," on almost every battle-field on the continent. These were generally the best soldiers, though the worst men in the service. Familiarity with bloodshed and violence had hardened their hearts and rendered them familiar with every species of vice.

With such diversity of origin, you might expect to find every shade of character. Noah's ark could scarcely have contained a greater assortment of animals than Major D's battalion did of dispositions. Here you might find the representative and victim of every kind of vice and immorality ; strict military discipline held in check the outward manifestation of the most glaring faults, but could not eradicate them. Like the smothered fires of a volcano, they still burned fiercely within, and only waited for the removal of restraint to burst forth with fearful energy. And yet, such is the school into which erring parents sometimes send their sons, to cure them of their follies !

These remarks apply of course only to the ranks. The officers were generally a noble band of men, drawn from the best families of the country, and not a few of them the chivalrous sons of the "Old Dominion."

Our stay at Fort Heileman was of short duration, yet it was long enough to prove that "teetotalism" was not very popular with the troops. Although rations of liquor were at that time allowed by the government, none were served out by the commissaries. The commandant had wisely substituted in its stead double rations of sugar and coffee ; yet at this post, from its proximity to the settlements, whiskey could be obtained, and though a single bottle often cost a whole month's wages, and intoxication was sure to be visited with the severest penalties, the guard house was seldom clear of prisoners confined for this offense.

The plan of campaign, was to connect St. Augustine and Tampa bay by a cordon of posts ; concentrate the army at Fort Mellon, on Lake Monroe ; and strike thence into the everglades, in hopes of drawing the wily foe from this, his last and strongest retreat. In pursuance of this plan, our battalion was ordered to Picolatti, on the St. Johns, sixteen miles west of St. Augustine. This place had been chosen before the war as a nucleus for a settlement, and promised to become a place of

some importance. A large hotel had been built there in its palmier days, the upper part of which was now occupied as a hospital, while the cellar furnished the troops with barracks.

At Picolatti I stood my first guard. It was on the night of our arrival, and as our tents were pitched between the landing and the pickets, it became necessary to set a separate guard. Though not liable to this duty, I had volunteered on this night to take the place of a man who was just recovering from sickness, influenced not more perhaps by humanity than by a boyish desire of braving danger, if any was to be braved. The post assigned me was on the road leading from the landing to the fort, and at one o'clock I took my station, beside a tall black stump near the roadside, prepared to maintain it to the death. As the sergeant of the guard was about to take his leave, he observed to me, "The first soldier killed in this war, was a sentinel on your post, and on that stump, (pointing to the one on which I leaned,) the yellow rascal scalped him." This was decidedly encouraging to a youth of fifteen, on his first duty. Not being, however, a very firm believer in ghosts, or other imaginary foes, I took my post beside the stump, and kept my eyes wide open for the next two hours, with a kind of vague apprehension, that my scalp might chance to share the fate of my predecessor's. I met with no disturbance during my watch, though I must confess that now and then, as a wolf would howl or a rabbit dash through the rustling bushes, I would realize Virgil's description of his hero's feelings when he saw the shades of the departed, "*vox faucibus haesit, steteruntque comæ.*" On the next day I took charge of the hospital, and saw no more field service during our stay of two weeks at Picolatti. In these few days we lost six of our comrades, who fell victims to the climate, through exposure to the drenching dews which characterize the nights in Florida. One of these was a young German, about seventeen years of age, who had run away from his parents and enlisted in New York. On the day of our arrival at Picolatti he was seized of a fever, and in less than a week his campaign was over. I visited his chamber about midnight on the night of his death, and found the poor fellow literally wallowing in his own blood, whilst his attendants were seated on the floor busily engaged in gambling! He had been attacked with hemorrhage a few minutes before, and in his efforts to reach a cup of water which was placed near him, had fallen from his cot and lay covered with blood, calling most piteously upon his mother, whom he thought, in his delirium, he saw beside him. Neither his fall nor his cries could disturb the miserable wretches who sat busily engaged with their sport. When reprimanded for their brutal conduct, their only excuse was, that "they could get nothing to drink, and must have something to amuse themselves with!" Yet these men were the messmates of him who lay dying beside them! To such a state can familiarity with vice bring the mind of man.

From Picolatti we were next ordered to Fort Mellon, the point fixed on as the centre of operations for the campaign. We embarked in three steamboats, strongly fortified with pierced bulwarks, and armed with a four pounder each, for a protection and defense in case of attack. The



voyage from Picolatti to Fort Mellon, a distance of nearly one hundred miles, is one of great natural beauty. Though the St. Johns passes through a country almost level, and destitute of the variety arising from alternate hill and dale, yet there is a rich wildness in the mingled forests, groves, and prairies, which skirt its banks, that must give pleasure to every lover of Nature. The magnolia grandiflora, with its large, rich leaves of living green; the tall palmetto, rearing its leafy summit upon a branchless stem; the noble pine, scenting the air with its fragrance, and the majestic live-oak, covered with its mantle of long, gray moss, floating in the breeze like the beard of some venerable ancient, each in turn, and often in unison, lent their presence to beautify and adorn the scene. Besides these monarchs of the forest, the orange groves, with perpetual verdure and unfailing crop of fruit and flowers, and the innumerable varieties of nameless shrubs and plants that grow upon the banks, or on the very bosom of the stream, served to fill up the scene. Nor was animal life wanting to give variety to the picture. On every bank the lazy alligator was basking in the sun, enjoying the envied luxury of a sound, untroubled sleep; when roused by the puffing of the engines, he would roll sluggishly into the water, and lie concealed till the danger was past. We tried the power of our muskets upon the mail of some who slept more soundly than the rest, but the only effect was a peculiar grunt, and a little quicker movement towards the river. The lakes through which the river frequently passes, were alive with wild fowl of every kind, and the trees on the shores were inhabited by numerous kinds of tropical birds, among which we recognized the voice of many a little songster, who had migrated from our northern hills to pass his winter in the spring-like groves of a southern clime.

Our voyage was attended with no remarkable incidents, and early on the next morning we came to anchor off Fort Mellon, on the western bank of Lake Monroe. This post, which owes its name to a brave officer, who fell in its defense, was first built in 1836, and soon after sustained one of the fiercest attacks made by the savages during the war.

An account of the attack, as it was given me by one engaged in it, may not be uninteresting, and will give an idea of the mode of Indian warfare. "I was," said my informant, "on guard, on the post nearest the lake, the second night after our arrival, and about an hour before daybreak, as I was standing on the end of my beat farthest from the lake, talking with the sentinel on the next post, we noticed a steady waving motion of the grass, setting in the direction of the pickets, as if a strong current of air was passing over the prairie, bending down the tall grass in its course. After noticing it for some time, we both came to the conclusion that it was occasioned by the wind blowing through an opening in the hammock just in our rear, and paid no more attention to it at the time. At length, a suspicion flashed across my comrade's mind, that it might be occasioned by Indians; he stooped down in order to command a fairer view, and immediately rose, challenged, and fired. The report of the musket was followed by a groan, as of a dying man. In an instant a yell, as of a legion of devils, broke upon our ears, and four hundred rifles poured a leaden shower in the direction of the yet

sleeping troops. The whole force of the Indians had passed within twenty yards of us, undiscovered, and when the alarm was given, had arranged themselves along the whole front of the unfinished breastwork, and in a few minutes more would have been within it, and the whole detachment must have fallen by their first murderous fire."

As it was, the alarm was just in time. The troops had providentially slept on their arms, and almost before the first echo of the rifles had died away in the distant woods, their fire was returned from the fort with deadly effect. The Indians, who had succeeded in entering one end of the breastwork, were instantly driven back and compelled to take a more respectful distance. The battle raged for nearly three hours, and during the whole of this time several of the sentinels, including my informant, were on their posts, unable to gain the fort, and frequently exposed to the fire of both parties. By lying close to the ground, however, and keeping quiet, they all escaped unharmed. The loss of the Indians in this attack could never be ascertained, as they invariably, even in the hottest action, remove and conceal their dead and wounded. Their loss, however, must have been great, as they were exposed for several hours to a galling fire. The only soldier killed was the gallant Mellon, who fell early in the action.

At the close of the campaign of 1836, the post was abandoned on account of the sickness of the troops, and soon after was burned by the Indians, so that upon our arrival before it in the fall of '37, nothing remained but the scathed and blackened pickets, which had so nobly defended our troops in the previous campaign.

The steamboats conveying the troops came to anchor before the fort, in order of battle, so as to bring their artillery to bear upon the pickets, in case our landing should be disputed. The flat boats, well fortified with bulwarks reaching above the oarsmen's heads, were then launched and manned, and ordered with all due precaution to effect a landing; this was soon accomplished without opposition, and we once more took possession of the post. We found the fort completely in ruins. The houses of the officers, hospital, blockhouses, and every thing combustible, had been burned by the enraged Indians on its abandonment in the spring previous, and naught now remained but the incombustible palmetto pickets. The interior of the square was entirely overgrown with tall grass and weeds, which from their trampled condition gave evident proofs of having been recently visited by the Indians. Indeed, every thing seemed to indicate a hasty removal upon our approach.

On the night of our arrival we slept upon our arms, under the protection of the old pickets, beneath as beautiful a sky as ever shone on mortal. I had never before enjoyed the luxury of sleeping thus beneath the star-gemmed canopy of heaven, with naught to do but lay and gaze upon the surpassing beauty of a tropical sky; and the effect upon my mind was peculiar. It was impossible to sleep, or even to close my eyes upon a scene so rich and novel. I laid awake, and gazing upon the bright stars, thought of my distant home, where perhaps the self-same stars were guiding a merry band of revelers over the frozen snow,

whilst here the night was pleasant as midsummer. About midnight, our meditations were disturbed by the sudden report of a musket, followed by the soul-stirring cry, "To arms!" In an instant, as if by magic, and almost ere the report of the musket had died away, a thousand men stood in rank, armed cap-a-pie, ready for battle. The alarm, however, proved to be a false one, caused by the accidental discharge of a sentinel's musket, as he was saluting the officer of the day on his round of inspection, and we were permitted again to sink to sleep or thoughtfulness with new food for reflection.

As Fort Mellon was designed to be a depôt of provisions for the campaign, the troops, together with a large body of mechanics, were at once set to work to build a number of large warehouses and block-houses for the convenience and protection of the garrison.

While thus employed, we had a rare instance of punishment inflicted upon the really guilty, in the flogging of one of the mechanics who had given liquor to a soldier and thus procured his intoxication. Col. Harny, finding the man drunk, inquired where he obtained the means of intoxication, and having ascertained this point, he ordered the soldier under arrest, but tied the citizen up to a tree and gave him thirty-nine blows with a rod. It is needless to say, that no more liquor was either given or sold at the post, so long as Col. H. remained in command.

In a few days, nearly the whole effective force in the territory was mustered at Fort Mellon, to wait till the season should be far enough advanced to render it safe to pursue the campaign. A regular encampment was formed on a prairie about half a mile in advance of the fort, and here for more than a month, whilst waiting for the last traces of summer, with its hosts of sickly attendants to withdraw, we enjoyed all the far-famed pleasures of a soldier's life. Attendance on roll call at reveillé, drill at ten, and parade at sunset, with guard duty once a week, constituted the routine of duty. The remaining time was devoted to singing songs, telling tales, gambling, cooking and eating, or in any other way most convenient to the taste, or best adapted to kill time. War is no regarder of set time nor holy days. The Sabbath might have passed unhonored and unnoticed, but for the weekly orders that on that holy day each soldier should appear on drill with clean shirt and shaven chin, with musket of uncommon brightness. This was our only notice of the Sabbath, and our only service was usually an extra drill. Thus passed away a month of listless inactivity in camp, while death was daily choosing his victims from our number. At length, the long hoped, for orders arrived to break up the encampment on the 25th of December, and proceed to accomplish the purposes of the campaign.

\* \* \*

[To be continued.]

## A VOICE FROM THE SUNBEAM.

"Gentle sunbeam, where dost thou dwell?"

I FLIT o'er the ocean, with lingering light;  
I play with its wavelets, till coming of night;  
I dart through the heavens with saffron and gold,  
And chase away darkness—its terrors unfold.

The blush on the flower comes up at my gaze;  
A mirror of dew-drops my glory displays;  
All beauties that dazzle o'er mountain and dell,  
Spring up at the touch of my magical spell.

The shade of the forest, on valley and hill,  
Is lost or created—'tis just as I will!  
The clouds that forever in blackness would roam,  
Are dressed all in purple and gold when I come!

I fly to the spot where the dying man lies;  
I hear his last prayer, as it floats through the skies;  
I play round the locks and the eyes of the dead,  
And they sparkle once more, though the *spirit* be fled!

I fly to the prison, where, early and late,  
The captive sits mournful, lamenting his fate;—  
'Tis the will of the Maker that I should impart  
A balm to the grief of the sufferer's heart.

When the mariner's bark is tossed on the waves,  
And the whirlwind so wildly, so fearfully raves,  
Ah! then, 'mid the tempests and storms that arise,  
A rainbow of hope do I hang on the skies!

A friend to the good, to the wicked a foe,  
Joy follows my pathway wherever I go;  
All creatures rejoice with gladness and song,  
As the light of the sunbeam glideth along.

Far through the vast space of creation I roam,  
No end hath the sunbeam, no limit, no home!  
Undying, unfading, eternal am I,  
Where the numberless worlds roll on through the sky!

C. J. F.

## THE STOVES.

## A TALE OF THE IMAGINATION.

It is strange how fast any little comfort or convenience grows popular and makes its way among a people, after it first becomes known ; and how soon it ceases to be a luxury, and becomes one of the necessities of life.

Various things of this class will at once suggest themselves ; but the one which we have in mind at this time particularly, is the common article of stoves. Five and twenty years since, or thereabouts,—our memory not serving us for that length of time, we cannot pretend to particularity in dates,—the only idea of stoves had its reality in a huge, cumbrous, ill-shaped mass of iron, in which a roaring fire was built for warming up some great barn of a building ; and doubtless there are many among us who remember when even *these* were first introduced into our court rooms and other public rooms, instead of wide-yawning, open fire-places, and into our houses of public worship, instead of the still less pleasant accommodation of nothing at all.

Our forefathers, and indeed we might almost say our fathers, had queer notions about some things—as who has not ?—and one of their peculiarities seems to have been a taste (for we cannot suppose it could have been a love) for discomfort in matters pertaining to houses of public worship. Some samples of their kind yet remain, and most of us have seen, in the older country towns, these relics of a generation, now nearly gone, with their steep roofs and tapering spires, and their high open walls, through whose scanty plastering the whistling wind found many an entering place ; their rows of galleries piled tier on tier, often as high as two or three, apparently for the express purpose of being out of the way of the minister's voice, and for the boys to be out of sight of the tithingmen and the older members of the congregation, where they could carry on their Sunday pranks, eat their chestnuts, and swap their jack-knives, undisturbing and undisturbed. Then there was the narrow old oaken seats—perhaps we might find samples of these not far from college grounds—selected from the very hardest logs, with the straight high backs, and moulding projecting an inch from the top, rendering it alike impossible to listen or to sleep. Add to this a raw March day, with the wind howling through the belfry, rocking the old steeple to and fro, and causing it to creak and groan as if in constant agony at the prospect of a fall ; while the cold blast, finding its way through every nook and cranny of the house, caused the old men to look more solemn than usual, and their noses to assume a tint of most unbecoming blue, and the young men to thrust their hands deep into their side pockets, and try to create a little circulation by kicking their feet together, noiselessly as possible, under the bench ; while the few females who had ventured out, would sit with that demure countenance and staid composure with which a woman seems to have the power of enduring any degree of cold, though her feet are in torments all the while ; then add to this an hour and a half of the driest metaphysics,

delivered in a hum-drum tone, and we can form some notion of our grandfathers' beau ideal of religious worship. All these things, and many others, they looked upon, perhaps not exactly as so many enjoyments and pleasures, but as crosses to be borne, and rather than endeavor to palliate one of these grievances, or shrink from one of these burdens, they would have parted with a right eye or a right arm. Cold houses and dry sermons were a part of their creed, and a part which they were likely to adhere to with as much pertinacity as to many doctrines now considered of more importance.

Those days and those men have passed away, but our object being simply to relate a story, we cannot stop for reflections upon that just now.

Some twenty years ago, or perhaps rather more, in one of the interior towns of New England, rather a shrewd old minister, the Rev. Mr. W. was seouled over such a congregation that worship in such a house as the one we have been describing. They were a few years behind some of the larger towns in their neighborhood, not more than six or eight, perhaps, but they were of that old stamp of iron faced men, who all had wills of their own; who looked upon all new-fangled notions of comfort and taste, especially when they concerned matters of religious worship, as nothing more nor less than temptations of the father of evil and sinful devices, to draw away the souls of believers; and they thought that that man's piety must be in a low state indeed, who could not sit for two hours of the coldest Sunday in the year, on the hardest of boards, and never let a murmur escape his lips. It may be readily supposed then, that though they were not much behind the rest of their neighbors, the little distance which there was they would strongly maintain, and would be very jealous of any thing which would tend to decrease their rearage.

At the time that Mr. W. was settled among them, their house was as old and as cold as the most zealous of them could desire; and though it was not yet very late in the season, there was every prospect of a pretty severe winter. Mr. W. had but recently left one of the large towns near the sea-board, where conveniences of all sorts were more plenty and more prized, and the thoughts of the warm and comfortable church where he had been accustomed to preach, and of the cold Sundays in the old church which he saw he was doomed to encounter, made him resolve, in spite of all the opposition with which he knew he should meet, to have the old house as comfortable as a couple of stoves would make it, before the winter set in. Having acquainted his wife with his plans, his first point of attack was, of course, the women and the deacons. No opportunity was lost of magnifying the horrors of the coming winter, the dilapidated condition of the "Old Meeting-House," the discomforts and dangers of chills and cold feet; while many well planned hints were dropped about the comfortable church in N., a due proportion of which comfort was ascribed to a couple of excellent stoves; and, at last, after circling round and round like a Pawnee warrior in pursuit of a buffalo, or a hawk about to seize upon a chicken, the attack was finally made by insinuating, in the most delicate manner

"What a fine plan it would be to warm up the old meeting-house for the coming winter!" The ladies gave way without much resistance—a natural taste for novelty, and a vivid recollection of cold feet and blue noses carrying the day against old prejudices. But with the Deacons it was altogether a different matter. They fought a hard battle, and although they finally yielded—for who could withstand the joint forces of the women and the clergy?—they were resolved to die hard, if at all.

A conversation which occurred about this time, may serve to throw some light on the matter.

"Good morning, Deacon H.," said Mr. W., "how's your health this cold weather? Prospect of a hard winter, Deacon. I'm afraid it will be a bad time for our old people—they ought to take 'special care of themselves—very few of them would bear a severe cold, I'm afraid."

"Well, Mr. W., I think it will be a pretty hard winter, and no doubt some of us old people will be gone before another—but it's what we must expect."

"Don't you think, Deacon H., that consumptions are becoming more frequent than formerly? I'm sure they are, and I've often thought that we didn't take pains enough to guard against colds in various ways. By the way, Deacon, what do you think of getting stoves for the meeting-house, this winter? I've been speaking to Mr. G. about it, and I rather think he is in favor of the plan?"

"Whew! whew! Mr. W. Stoves in the meeting-house! what on airth do we want of stoves there? No, sir, I hope we shan't, indeed: thank heaven, I think enough of going to church yet, to sit without a fire, if I don't think enough of the preaching. No, sir; what would my father or grandfather have said, or your father either, Mr. W., if they had thought we should put stoves in the meeting-house. No, indeed; I'm a pretty old man, Mr. W., but I hope I shall be allowed to worship God in the good old way, for the little while I remain. So none of your new-fangled notions for me, Mr. W." (*Exit Mr. W.*)

(*Deacon, solus.*) "Stoves in the meeting-house, indeed! Well, things have come to a pretty pass. Humph, I wonder what we shall have next. Folks'll get pretty soon so that they can't go out doors at all, and they'll have all creation roofed over to keep the cold out; but they won't get stoves while I live."

The old Deacon, however, was doomed to disappointment. The women ruled, and with the assistance of two or three members of the congregation, whom Mr. W. had brought over, by various motives, to his way of thinking, the money was advanced and the stoves purchased. The battle, however, was but half fought; the stoves were placed in the church, and the pipes fixed; but knowing looks were passed from face to face, and many a wink and grave shake of the head spoke plainly the opposition with which they were yet destined to meet.

Many a joke was cracked about making a smoke-house of the church, many a knowing remark made about the new plan of taking weekly sweats; some suggested that fire in the stoves was to supply the place of warmth in the sermon. Some of the more bold even hinted that Mr. W. was making the church, instead of a heaven upon earth, a place of a very different character.

However, Sunday morning came, and a snapping cold morning it was : the frost lay thick and crisp upon the grass : the ponds and pools were skimmed with a coat of ice, and the cold wind went whistling round the corners and through the key-holes and doors in its most chilling style. Many of the faint-hearted began to relent and to repent of their sport, and to think that a stove in church might be a very good thing, after all ; while the ladies and the few gentlemen who had favored the stoves, were glad that they should make their first appearance under such favorable circumstances.

Meanwhile, Mr. W., who was something of a wag in his way, and had resolved to have some sport in return for all his trouble, was quietly waiting the issue of his plans. He had made a *confidant* of the sexton, and had got matters nicely arranged, and was therefore not peculiarly sorry himself to see a pretty cool morning. At the usual time the sexton proceeded to the church and rang the bell, but, according to previous orders, he made no fire in the stoves ; and, after having placed two or three huge portentous looking armfuls of wood before them, and scattered a little cold ashes round the door of each, he left them to act their own part in the matter.

The second bell rang, and the people soon assembled. Mr. W. took his place. Many a side glance was cast at the stoves, and the huge piles of wood, but no one approached them. For a time, all went on quiet. But old Deacon H., who sat up in the corner, looked askance all the while, and at length, with a dreadful long breath, the Deacon unbuttoned one after another the buttons of his great coat, and after having laid it slowly aside, deliberately proceeded to fan himself with his huge flap hat, at the same time looking violently at the stoves, as much as to say, "I wish they were at the bottom of the sea." All this was not lost upon the anti-have-stoves-in-the-meeting-house-party, men, women, and children, and soon a very respectable assemblage of hats, fans, and handkerchiefs, might be seen in motion, in various parts of the house ; coats were unbuttoned and laid aside, and at last, to cap the climax, a window was raised and a cool breeze went whistling through the house, apparently to the great relief of the melting occupants. Meanwhile, an acute observer might have seen a curious twinkle in the Parson's eye, and a strange puckering in the corner of his mouth, but nothing more was apparent, except that he preached louder and harder than usual ; and down in the lower corner there sat the sexton, with a face of unusual length, never taking his eyes off the minister, but apparently drinking in every syllable of his discourse with the deepest interest.

However, they made out to endure it through without melting, and service being ended, Mr. W. addressed the Deacon in his usual bland manner, as he descended from the pulpit, while the rest of the congregation, hot or cold, made the best of their way out of the house.

"Well, Deacon H., I hope you found the house warm and comfortable this morning."

"Warm and comfortable ! with a witness. Didn't I tell you how 't would be, Mr. W. ? Warm and comfortable ! I've caught my death of cold, and so has half the congregation, I've no doubt ; and my poor



wife's rheumatism! I don't suppose she'll stir out again this winter. Heat up a house like an oven, and get us all into a dripping sweat, so that we had to open the windows and sit in the cold wind. Well, I knew how 'twould be—the Doctor will have business enough for this, I'm thinking."

Parson W. said not a word, but walking deliberately down the aisle, he took hold of the Deacon's hand, and laid it slowly on the stoves, first on one and then on the other; not a word was said, but the truth flashed like a sunbeam on the Deacon's mind. He had been humbugged and fooled, and, worst of all, he had made a dolt of himself gratuitously, by taking off his coat and fanning himself in a cold church, and the only satisfaction was that he was not the only one. Straight as a string, and as silent too, the Deacon walked for his own door. The old house dog met him on the steps, with a wagging tail and a sparkling eye, and got a kick for his pains, that sent him yelping half across the yard. The Deacon wasn't at church that afternoon, but somehow or other the story had got abroad, and though there was a fire in the afternoon, there were no windows opened and no fans used. There were several other members of the congregation missing beside the Deacon, but those who were there were very attentive to the sermon; and except that now and then a sly glance was interchanged between some of the ladies, all passed off quietly, and from that time forward no more complaints were heard about the stoves. A new house followed in a few years, and carpets and lamps were added without a murmur, but it was a long time before the old Deacon recovered from the chagrin which he felt at being so sadly fooled.

Old jowler's ribs soon got better of the bruise; but a hint about stoves and warm houses, would disturb the good Deacon's equanimity for two years after the imaginary roasting.

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### DANIEL BOONE,

#### THE NESTOR OF HUNTERS AND BACKWOODSMEN.

"Of all men, saving Sylla, the man-slayer,  
Who passes for in life and death the most lucky,  
Of the great names which in our faces stare,  
The General Boone, backwoodsman of Kentucky,  
Was happiest among mortals anywhere;  
For killing nothing but a bear, or buck, he  
Enjoyed the lonely, vigorous, harmless days  
Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze."\*

BYRON.

It must have been about the year 1747, when a party of hunters, evidently excited and alarmed, were hurrying through the wild forest,

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\* Boone never was a General. His military honors ceased with the rank of Colonel. As for killing nothing but bears and bucks, everybody (fools and Englishmen excepted) knows better. We are happy to say that the versification, the grammar, the wit and the truth of these eight lines are about equal to each other.

which in those days skirted the romantic Schuylkill. They were searching for the tracks of a child. The lad, though only ten years of age, was singular in his disposition and habits. He had been noted for killing all the squirrels, racoons and wild-cats that crossed his path, ever since he had been able to point a rifle. It was in the pursuit of this wild amusement that he had strayed from home; but he had not as usual returned at night. One of the party who were engaged in this midnight search, was his father, who reasonably dreaded that the adventurous spirit of his boy had exposed him to some fatal peril. They shouted, but no answer came. They separated, and ran with their torches of fire-knots, throwing a wild glare through the solemn old woods, in every direction. After they had traveled about four miles, wreaths of smoke, slightly tinged with flame, were seen gracefully curling through the thick foliage of the trees, while the savory steam of wasted venison furnished a truly civilized argument in favor of their nearness to a human being. When they approached, the miniature huntsman was found comfortably seated in a little hut, turning with the gravity of a gourmand, the half-roasted loin of a fat buck upon the coals. The skins of several animals which he had killed, lying near him, gave strong evidence of preparations for passing the night, notwithstanding the probable astonishment of his "anxious and inquiring friends." Had America produced a *Salvator Rosa*, this embryo huntsman, with delicate figure and blue eyes, camping out for the first time among the bears and wild-cats, would be an admirable study for the artists' fancy. Reader, before he catches the paternal eye, or has cooked that savory morsel quite to his liking, let us introduce to you—Daniel Boone!

Thus early did the "First Hunter of Kentucky" make manifest his strange passion for forest-life and his fitness for entering upon and sustaining well the character of a pioneer.

A PIONEER!—What can be found noble or interesting in the history of a pioneer? We answer, that to us, few characters, whether real or fictitious, seem more truly romantic and captivating than this. A hero, he differs from all other heroes. The Grecian warrior, as he plunged into the deadly ranks of his enemy, could gather inspiration from the thought of a proud father, a Spartan mother, or the city which gave him birth, of the crown, the triumphal arch, and the Elysium of the brave.

The knight of the Dark Ages, maddened by the love of ideal beauty, by superstition, by the gorgeous phantasm of glory, was wont to court all hardship and defy all danger. But the pioneer neither hopes nor desires that the fame of his intrepidity shall return to the world that he leaves behind him. He would laugh at the idea of the goddesses of the old baronial hall, who blessed victorious men with their divine charms. He does not even look for wealth in the mysterious region for which he departs. He notches the trees, as it were, to direct the living millions who follow with slow march behind him, yet lays out no lithographic cities and petitions for rail-ways. His self-aban-

donment requires no brilliant prospect to stimulate it. What men call dear, he forgets ; what they call great, he despises. He wills riches and reputation to those who want them, and plunges into danger and *oblivion*.

When Cooper's works of fiction became well known in Europe, discriminating critics found in the character of Leather-Stocking a new creation—and not only did they discover that it was new, but that it was a grand conception. Yet we believe it to be nearly a faithful delineation of some of our brave Western pioneers. At all events, in sketching Boone, we are sure that the original of one of this wonderful race is before us. We borrow not from fiction in describing his character. We do not throw him among circumstances conjured up by imagination. Yes, his history is more surprising than those commonly recorded in the annals of human enterprise, and around his character lingers a romantic lustre, which seldom distinguishes a personage of real life.

Boone was almost gigantic in form, and yet his symmetry and activity were fully equal to his strength. The expression of his face was good-humored, and yet commanding. His bright blue eye would suggest at once the idea that he possessed a disposition enthusiastic in its thirst for excitement, and yet incapable of spending itself in sudden impulses. His endurance was more remarkable than his prodigious muscular force. His manners were those of a *backwoods gentleman*. He was generous enough to get into trouble for all his friends, if they desired it, too frank to mince matters either in words or actions, the first to encounter and the last to retire from danger, and (strange as it may appear) singularly modest. He was one of those rare beings in whom the human heart would instinctively put its trust. His ruling passion was love of adventure. He possessed that restlessness of character, which qualified him for the performance of certain labors which seem necessary to the good of mankind, but which few have the heroism to undertake, or the constancy to execute. To these virtues we must add others. He could "*bark off*" squirrels with a rifle ball at any given distance, and could trepan (*vulgo. scalp*) a savage with his tomahawk as well as a Surgeon or a Seminole.

Boone has as many birth-places, less one, as Homer. Some say that he was born in England—that is impossible, without argument. Others state that he was born during the passage of his parents from Europe to this country. Some call him a native of Virginia—others of North Carolina. Marshall, the biographer of Washington, represents that he was born in Maryland, about the year 1746. But this is easily proved to be a mistake. His oldest son was killed by the Indians, with whom he was fighting bravely, in 1773. According to Mr. Marshall's statement, therefore, Boone would be required at the age of twenty-seven, to have a son old enough to fight Indians. This is apocryphal. But if we suppose that he was a father at twenty-one, and that his brave boy was fifteen when he fell, we come to the satisfactory result that Daniel Boone was born about the year 1737, in Bucks County, Penn-

sylvania. His parents moved from this place when our hero was three years old, and settled on the Schuylkill. It was during their residence in this latter place that Daniel received his education. He attended what is significantly called in the South and West the "*old field school*." Every forenoon, at recess, the teacher would take a walk. On his return, the boys observed that he was not unfrequently ill-natured and disposed to punish them. They could not account for it. One day, while Daniel was chasing a squirrel that chanced to cross his path, he found a bottle filled with *Monongahela*—a liquid with which some of our readers may possibly be familiar under the delusive name of Scotch or Irish Whiskey. The mystery was solved. Here was the secret of his master's cruelty. Young Boone made known his discovery to some of his companions. The bottle was removed, and one containing tartar-emetic substituted in its place. The instructor took his usual walk on the following morning. Soon after his return the boys had the satisfaction of witnessing the success of their wicked experiment. The master looked sick, turned pale, and was more out of humor than ever. Every thing seemed to go very much against his stomach. Several boys were called up to recite, and were whipped severely. It was at last Daniel's turn. "If you subtract six from nine, what remains?" "Three, sir." "Very good. If you take three thirds from a whole, what remains?" "The whole, sir," was the prompt reply. "You little stupid blockhead," said the master, applying the birch at the same time, "how does that appear?" "Well, sir, if I take away one bottle of whiskey, and put in its place another, in which I have mixed a puke, the whole will remain, *if nobody drinks it*." In consequence of this *accident*, the school was discontinued, and thus ended the school-boy-days of Daniel Boone.

He betook himself again to his favorite sport. His faithful dog Rover, and his rifle, were his companions; and he was never so happy as when roaming through the forest in quest of game. During the ten years' residence of the family on the Schuylkill, the country had become thickly settled, and game less abundant. On this account it was thought advisable to look for another new home. Flattering accounts of the beautiful and rich country of North Carolina were spreading abroad. Boone moved thither and settled on the banks of the river Yadkin. A log cabin was soon built, and some land cleared. While Daniel's father and brothers were engaged in tilling the soil and improving their new place, he, with his dog and gun, was supplying provisions. Meanwhile other adventurers were coming in. Among them was a worthy man, named Bryan—Boone's neighbor. At this period our hero had an adventure, which, as it had much influence in moulding his character and shaping his destiny, we think deserves a passing notice. On a certain dark night, Daniel and one of his companions went out on a FIRE-HUNT. Perhaps some reader is ready to ask what a *fire-hunt* means. We will explain the meaning of this household word of Southern and Western hunters. Two persons are necessary for a fire-hunt. One carries a blazing torch of light-wood (pitch-pine)

in an elevated position, while the other follows close behind him with the gun. The animal, when startled, stands gazing at the torch, and its eyes can be seen distinctly shining. Hunters call this "*shining the eyes*," and the rifleman has by this means a fair shot. This mode of hunting is still practiced in the newly-settled parts of our country. Boone and his companion had not proceeded far—Boone carrying the rifle—when a pair of sparkling eyes was seen shining. He leveled his gun, but the animal bolted before he could fix his sight upon it. True to his nature, he darted off after it, his friend remaining behind. A hot chase was continued for some distance, but our hunter lost track of his game; and to his surprise found himself near "neighbor Bryan's" cabin. It was a mysterious affair. Once he had met with an over-match. He concluded to relate his adventure to Mr. Bryan, and accordingly entered the cabin; but no sooner had he commenced his story than a maiden of "sweet sixteen" rushed into the house from an adjoining apartment, crying—"O father! father! sister is frightened to death! She went down to the river and was chased by a panther!" It is unnecessary to tell the reader that our hunter and his game had met. There was now a mutual "shining of eyes," ay, more, *he* was shot to the heart. In a few months Daniel Boone and Rebecca Bryan, to the joy of all concerned, were united in happy marriage, and the wound got well.

Boone now sought and found a new home on the head waters of the Yadkin. "Here," said he, "is the resting place for me; here Rebecca and myself shall be happy." As his first object was to make a pleasant home for his family, he turned his attention to agricultural pursuits, and hunted only when he found leisure time. He resided here several years; but meanwhile the crack of other rifles and the barking of other dogs than his own, began to be heard. This annoyed him. In speaking of a new-comer who had settled within fifteen miles of him, he said, that he "did not like to have a man come and stick himself down right under his nose." Boone desired to plunge deeper into the wilderness, and accordingly, on "the first of May, 1769," as he himself tells us, "he resigned his domestic happiness, and left his family and peaceable habitation on the Yadkin river, in North Carolina, to wander through the wilderness of America, in quest of the country of Kentucky." His companions were five in number—John Finley, John Stewart, Joseph Holden, James Mooney, and William Coole. Equipped with their shot-bags, powder-horns, traps, and blankets—armed with their rifles, and dressed in hunting attire, leggings and moccasins, the little party commenced their perilous journey in the true spirit of hazardous adventure. Thus, without compass or guide of any kind, to steer his way through the pathless forests, Boone found himself, not like Moses of Egyptian memory, the leader of armed followers, impelled by the fear or love of God to obedience, but the leader of voluntary comrades, who without the working of miracles, reposed entire confidence in his judgment and fortitude. The party was on foot. When hungry, they feasted on venison and wild turkeys; when thirsty, they found springs of cool water at which to slake their thirst;

when wearied, they laid themselves down under the wide spreading branches of tall trees, upon the long grass or dried leaves, and slept without fear. Thus our fearless adventurers, witnessing on the way many interesting and attractive scenes known only to the pioneer, proceeded through a "mountainous wilderness, in a westerly direction," until the seventh of June following, at which time they found themselves on the top of the Allegany ridge.

From this commanding eminence they looked down with feelings of joy and delight upon the 'lovely levels' of Kentucky. They realized the feelings of a discoverer. Doubtless, they felt very much as Columbus did, gazing from his vessel on San Salvador; "as Cortes, looking down from the crest of Ahualco, on the valley of Mexico; or Vasco Nunez, standing alone on the peak of Darien, and stretching his eyes over the hitherto undiscovered waters of the Pacific," when they surveyed the ocean waste of forest which then spread from the dim Western outlines of the Alleghanies, to the distant and untraveled waters of the Mississippi. It was a bright and enrapturing—a magnificent prospect. It was a view of Nature, dressed in her most simple, and therefore most attractive and charming attire. Here was the dense forest of towering trees, clothed in their most exuberant foliage—the tall grass of the prairie proudly waving its beauteous green in the fanning breezes of the genial clime, and beautiful flowers blushing in the rays of a vernal sun. There too were rolling hills and sloping valleys, and crystal streams flowing over the sparkling minerals buried under their silvery surface. The trees were peopled with undisturbed songsters, who poured out their delicious music all the day long. Hundreds of buffaloes were to be seen browsing on the leaves of the cane—the deer bounded fearlessly by, and wild turkeys might be shot from the branches of the very trees under which the pioneers stood. The golden dreams of the hardy foresters began now to be realized. "Glorious country," cried Finley, "this wilderness does indeed blossom like the rose." "Yes," replied Boone, "and who would live amid the barren pine-hills of North Carolina, to hear the screaming of the blue jay-bird, and now and then shoot a deer too lean to be eaten? This is the land for hunters. Here man and beast grow to their full size."

Upon this spot of Arcadian happiness and beauty, the party determined to encamp. A rude shelter was constructed of bark, to protect their heads from the showers of the day and the cold dews of night. Now for the first time did the '*Dark and Bloody Ground*'—such is the signification of the Indian word *Kain-tue-kee*—echo to the footsteps of the white man. Our hunters continued for six months to prosecute their sport with great delight. They wandered through the woods, shooting buffaloes and deers by day, and feasted upon their flesh and slept upon their skins at night. But a change was at hand. On a fine morning in the latter part of December, Boone and Stewart sallied forth with their rifles to reconnoitre the country and "bring in" a supply of provisions. The air was scented with flowers—the trees were loaded with ripe fruits, and clusters of grapes were hanging from the

cumbrous vines. In short, nothing was wanting to lure them on. They wandered several miles from the camp and lost their way. About sun-set they reached the Kentucky river. Having thrown a bunch of leaves into the water to see which way it ran, they ascended a neighboring hill to get a better view of the course of the stream. Suddenly the shrill war-whoop of the Red man of the forest burst upon them like a clap of thunder. INDIANS rushed forth from the cane-brake in which they had been concealed, and in a moment Boone and Stewart were prisoners. They were plundered of their ammunition and marched off to an Indian village with their hands tied behind them. Knowing that it would not do to betray any indication of fear, they submitted cheerfully to every indignity and savage cruelty. The Indians, thinking their captives contented with their condition, ceased to guard them closely. On the seventh night of the march, while the savages were all sound asleep, Boone—ever on the alert for an opportunity to escape—touched his companion—a gesture sufficed for the formation of his plan—and the next moment found Boone and Stewart groping their way through the dark from the camp of their sleeping enemies. About the close of the next day they reached their cabin, but to their surprise and disappointment it was plundered and their friends “dispersed or gone home.” Both history and tradition are silent as to the fate of these men—

“Nor trace nor tidings of their doom declare,  
Where lived their grief, or perished their despair.”

While tortured with suspense and trying to conjecture what had become of their comrades, a noise was heard. Each seized his rifle and took his stand by a large tree, expecting an attack from their former captors. Two men were indistinctly seen approaching their hut—“who comes there?” demanded Boone; “white men and friends,” was the quick reply. The reader may imagine what must have been the feelings of Boone as he welcomed to his cabin Squire Boone, his brother, and a friend from North Carolina, and learned from them that “his wife and children were still alive and well.” It was a cheering accident, and the meeting was as cordial as unexpected. But the little party, now consisting of four, was soon to be thinned. Squire Boone’s friend returned to North Carolina. One day, while the remaining three were chasing a buffalo which Stewart had wounded, they were fired upon by Indians—Stewart fell dead, and the Boones, in their flight amid Indian yells and arrows, beheld the savage as he stripped the fresh scalp from the bleeding skull of their companion. Thus ended the first scene—an ominous prelude to the events that were to follow—of the bloody tragedy of the settlement of Kentucky.

Notwithstanding these misfortunes, the Boone’s were still happy. “You see,” said our hero to his brother, “how little human nature requires. It is in our own hearts, rather than in the things around us, that we are to seek happiness.” Our hunters continued their sport during the winter without further molestation from the savages. But with the return of spring, the ammunition was nearly exhausted. Their rifles

being their only means of security and support, it was resolved that Squire Boone should revisit "the settlements"—the abodes of civilization were so called—and procure more ammunition. The brothers exchanged a mournful farewell, and Daniel Boone was left a solitary wanderer, in a wilderness swarming with savages—the implacable enemies of his race and nation. Boone has described this interesting crisis in his life, in terms so touching and impressive that I prefer to adopt his own language. "On the first of May, 1770," he relates, "my brother returned to North Carolina for a new recruit of horses and ammunition, leaving me alone, without the company of a fellow-creature, without bread, salt, or sugar, or even a horse or a dog." His thoughts naturally turned homeward, and he passed a few days uncomfortably. Thoughts of his family filled his mind and made him melancholy; for,

"Thinking of an absent wife  
Will blanch a faithful cheek."

In the spirit of a true philosopher, the "rough stoic of the woods" soon banished all feelings of melancholy and gloom, and was happy. He speaks of his situation at this period as perfectly delightful. He was completely charmed with the beauties of the forest, while he forgot that its thickets of green concealed the painted savage.

Thus, in a second paradise, was a second Adam, or, if the language be too strong, a sort of Robinson Crusoe, in the howling wilderness. Buffaloes and deer were his companions by day, and he tells us he was sometimes '*diverted*' by the dismal howling of wolves and the screaming of blood-thirsty panthers around his camp at night. He was seen roaming through the forest on a certain occasion by a band of Indians, who pursued him with all the eagerness of a blood-hound. When he reached the brow of a hill, where grape vines were hanging from the trees, being well nigh exhausted, a happy thought occurred to him. Seizing hold of a vine, and bracing his feet against a tree, he sprang as far as he could, and thus broke the trail, and his pursuers were compelled to give up the chase.

While out hunting on another occasion, he fired at a bear, but the ball did not take effect. The hunter and his game, on this occasion too, met. The bear laid her paws upon him—drawing his hunting knife, he pointed it to the heart of the fondling animal, and as she grasped him the dagger entered her body and she fell dead.

Thus did Boone continue to roam over these pathless woods, killing wild animals, and, like other discoverers, giving names to heights, plains, and waters, until July, when his brother returned with an abundance of ammunition and two horses.

F.

[To be continued.]



## EDITORS' TABLE.

AND now, kind readers, having by the assistance of our obliging contributors so nearly completed the allotted pages of our Magazine, nothing remains to be done by us, except, with a very gracious doffing of our Editorial cap, to bid you a polite good morning, to say as many pleasant things in the interim as we possibly can, and finally, to bow an adieu. If you have borne so far leniently with us, we are most happy to thank you, and can only hope that the same charity may extend even to the end.

Since our last little confab, you have been doubtless tasting of all the enjoyments of that pleasant festival, a New England Thanksgiving. That day of happy meetings, of social fire-sides, of merry family circles, of long tables laden with all the good things of the land, huge turkeys and vast pies, and the many little dainties peculiar to the skillful cookery of Eastern house-wives. But we would not have you interpret these few words as an attempted description of this "day of days"—we have only sought, by its bare mention, to recall to your recollection pleasant memories—"Forsitan hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Or now, perhaps, forgetful of the joys of the past in the cares of the present, you are looking forward in bright anticipation, (as we are, when our editorial labors shall be ended,) to other festal days. To Christmas, the jubilee of "Merrie England," with its gay carols and its festive wreaths—(we hope the printers will not make us speak this a day after the fair)—or to New Year, with its kind congratulations and its pretty smiling faces—and wishing of each of these days that the one may be merry for you, and the other happy, we will relinquish the pleasant themes upon which we might much longer dwell, and give you as a substitute a short sketch of the sayings and doings of our conclave.

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We are indebted, (as one of our predecessors has already informed you,) chiefly to the records of the very faithful Secretary of the Club, for the short sketch which we shall give you.

## MIDNIGHT—December.

Four fifths of the Club had been some minutes assembled, impatiently awaiting the arrival of their Chairman—already had they refilled their pipes, and as the clock slowly tolled the hour of twelve, were busily suggesting reasons for this unwonted delay, when the heavy tread of Hal was heard without, and the members rose to receive him. As he entered the sanctum, it might have been observed that a most unusual expression of sorrow and despondency was settled upon his countenance—indeed, so marked was it, that it became at once the subject of general comment. One thought it was ascribable to recent disappointment, (perhaps in the way of contributions,)—another, that it was owing to liquor—a third, to love—and Lean Jack ventured a villainous pun upon it. Notwithstanding all this, however, and without deigning the slightest explanation, Hal took his chair and called the Club to order. "Gentlemen," said he, rising slowly and sorrowfully, "Gentlemen, I am sad, lamentably sad. You have already discovered my sadness, but not its cause, and I have to request of you that you will use all convenient dispatch in transacting the business of the evening—no fol de rol, I beseech of you, gentlemen—no detestable punning—no uttering of such aggravating sentiments as those in which you sometimes indulge—'commend me to the life of an editor,' &c. It is insult to injury—be plain-spoken and expeditious. There are twenty-eight pieces for your present consideration, three in prose and the remaining twenty-five in verse—dispose of them with all possible dispatch."

At the close of this amiable declamation, Lean Jack rose and proposed that something be procured to soothe the apparent distress of their Honorable Chairman—some balm, some lotion, an opiate, a little laudanum perhaps, or if more agreeable to the gentleman himself, a little brandy.

This motion was loudly seconded by Hotspur, but was not put to the Club, the Chairman crying order.

The first article offered by Hal to the notice of the Club, was a prose essay of fifteen pages, entitled "Love," a tale of the imagination. The reading of the piece had

been continued through some ten pages, when Hotspur suggested (Bardolph and Lean Jack assenting) that it be thrown aside as rejected. At this proposition, King Jowl, who had manifested sundry evidences of painful anxiety during its perusal, laying down his pipe, rose and said—"Gentlemen, and fellow-Editors, I am sorry to perceive a fresh outbreak of this fearful spirit of hypercriticism, which has been weekly increasing with you. Gentlemen, it is an accursed, a damnable spirit—it is at variance with all those god-like feelings of sympathy and humanity, which should fill the Editorial breast. I shudder, as I reflect that I am the Editor of the next Magazine, at the probably fatal consequences of the course you are adopting—I gaze with horror as I seem to see a whole eternity employed in its publication—I know, gentlemen, I am fully aware that we must be strict and rigid, that we must have a high standard of taste and excellence for the literature of our Magazine, but still there must be a limit to this strictness and this rigor—we must avoid extremes, if possible, and choose that golden mean where virtue is. Such remarks as these have been drawn forth from me at this time, gentlemen, by the unexpected rejection of this tale on 'Love.' I dissent most decidedly to your decision. Gentlemen, I know the author of that piece. I know him as a man of exalted sentiment and feeling—and having advised him to present this piece, I may be expected to feel some interest in its fate. It seems to me (reluctant as I am to say it) that our Chairman has done it no justice—that he has sadly marred its beauties. Consider, for a moment only, a few of its more excellent passages—is there not truth and real feeling in the lover's fervent speeches, and the loved one's modest blushing, replies? Is not the fanaticism of love, which beautifully unites at times the ridiculous and the sublime, most faithfully portrayed, as on bended knees the lover swears to his mistress, that he would rather be her eyebrow than a king? Or is there not a rare combination of simplicity and sentiment exhibited in the field-scene, where he plucks the little butter-cup, that flower of love, and asks his fair one to wear it for his sake? Gentlemen, perhaps in the excitement of the moment I may have forgotten myself, but experience, (said the senior member, rising with the enthusiasm of the sentiment to his full height, and folding his hands upon his heart while his eyes were upturned to heaven,) but experience, gentlemen, has taught me to sympathize with such feelings—

'Love holds dominion o'er my breast,  
And all my senses doth enslave.'

Pardon my indiscretion, but in your mercy grant my request."

No remarks were made, but the glowing appeal of the gentleman had been useless, and when the question was submitted for decision, his solitary aye alone prevented a unanimous condemnation.

Hal immediately seized upon one of the remaining prose pieces, an article of thirty-two pages in length, and was preparing to read it, when Lean Jack, who had been for several moments very intently engaged with a short specimen of poetry, which he had extracted from the huge pile upon the desk, rose and begged a few moments' indulgence from the club. "Gentlemen," said he, "I rise to commend to your favorable consideration the verses which I hold in my hand. I have two reasons for rising—first, because I think that the contribution in question deserves especial notice; and secondly, because I fear, as has been previously suggested, although on both occasions with extreme reluctance, that full justice may not be awarded it by the reading of our Honorable Chairman. The poem is a mournful, nautical ballad. For myself, I have long felt and mourned for it while feeling, that there has been such a deplorable want of this species of literature to diversify and enliven the monotonous pages of our Magazine. I am free and willing to confess, that I love the sea,

'The deep, dark-green, the rolling sea'—

its mariners and their songs. There is in them a most bewitching bluntness and frankness of manner and feeling. It is nature, pouring itself forth in free and spontaneous gushes, unrestrained and unobstructed in its course, by the dams and floodgates of poetic rules and metres. But I forbear further comment, useful or pleasant as it might be, and will present the poem immediately to you. It is styled

## 'POOR BESSY'S LAMENT.'

'Tell me, ye jovial sailors' tell me true,  
Does my sweet William sail among your crew ?

'All upon the beach a poor girl was weeping,  
Weeping for her true love, weeping all alone :  
He had sailed in a big ship, on a voyage bound to Pekin,  
And had not been heard from since he left home.'

"Jo—hu," shouted Hotspur, with so long an emphasis upon the first syllable of his exclamation, that we shuddered for its conclusion.

"This is trifling with the dignity of the occasion," said King Jowl, "and I move, Mr. Chairman, that the Editor be called to order."

"Order, order, sir," cried the infuriated Chairman, while Lean Jack resumed his seat, enraged and embarrassed.

"I move that the remaining articles of poetry be immediately consigned, 'unhonored and unsung,' Mr. Chairman, to the coffin," said Bardolph, with his characteristic aversion to "rhyming nonsense," as he styled the efforts of our College bards.

"No, no," exclaimed several voices simultaneously. "Hear them, let us hear them."

And Hal accordingly picked up several. First, "The Lyre," eight verses of eternal love, was offered but rejected; a poem without fault and without merit. Then followed "Lines to a Friend," by Lamba, a bad eulogy upon Virtue, Happiness, and Peace. It is noticed in our Table as its ambitious author requested, very poor "grip," ground in a very bad mill—"Lines to the Young Ladies who attend the Chemical Lectures," and the mournful ditty of the "Old Horse upon the Green," were also respectfully declined. Fifteen different effusions to "Mary," each worthy of a Chatterbox, were decently placed in the coffin. But a truce to poetry.

Hal then resumed the article, which had been temporarily laid aside, to give opportunity for Lean Jack's unhappy effort. It was headed, "A Few Thoughts upon the Sub-Treasury and Finance in general."

King Jowl said, that he did not think it was necessary to read the article, as however excellent it might be, he should for one object to its political character; and Hotspur swore, (not profanely, of course,) that it would undoubtedly put him to sleep, for he hated money-matters most bitterly. Bardolph, however, rose and requested the attention of the Club for a few moments; (a great many wry faces, as Bardolph was the Treasurer of the corps.)

"I have long forborne, gentlemen," said the officer and Editor, slowly and distinctly, "to mention so uninteresting a subject, as must necessarily be, the finance of our Magazine. There are in it alike many bright and many dark spots. We have, I rejoice to say, quite a large list of subscriptions, which if promptly and punctually paid, will be adequate to defray all expenses; (loud cheers from the corps:) but, (great and sudden silence,) I fear, gentlemen, lest, as in years previous, many of these may be unpaid, and the deficiency consequently fall heavily upon us. I therefore would propose, in order to secure this payment, that we require every subscription to be paid on or before the delivery of the third number of the present volume of this magazine, or its delivery be discontinued. (Cries of good, good; and the law was unanimously passed.) I propose, also, gentlemen, provided a sufficient number of paying subscribers can be procured, that we issue the portrait which we have so long promised. (This was also acceded to.) And finally, gentlemen, I would suggest, as an action worthy of the kindness and extended liberality of ourselves, that we collect all the back numbers of our cherished Magazine; and having bound them in fine cloth, with gilt edges, that we present them, as a species of hereditary bequest, to the future Editors of the Periodical. The expense for each editor would not exceed fifteen dol"—We heard no more; suddenly the lamp was overturned, a hurried scampering and shuffling of feet, with now and then an oath, succeeded, and the Editorial chamber was as still and dark as the grave. Whether or not Bardolph completed his speech, what was the nature of his feelings, or what his subsequent actions, we are not informed. We presume, however, that as soon as he recovered from the shock to his self-possession, he followed his associates in their adjournment. Reader! a hasty GOOD BYE.

NOTE.—We have been reluctantly compelled, by want of room, to omit many things which we had prepared for insertion in our Table,—our Literary Notices, a sketch of the Grand Jubilee of the College Temperance Society, words to Correspondents, chit-chat with readers, &c.—*Eds.*

VOL. XI.

No. 111.

## YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

## LETTER

STUDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.

JANUARY, 1946

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✂ In page 116, 2d line from top, for "showed," read *showed*.  
191, 14th line from top, for "wife," read *ride*.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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YOUNG POLITICIANS.

WHEN a young man puts his foot on the threshold of active life, he finds it expedient to settle in his own mind several questions, which, if wise, he will consider and answer to the best of his ability before he takes another step.

There he stands—the world spread out before him, the uproar of its busy millions sounding in his ear; throngs are hurrying past him; he is erect and eager for the start. He feels within him, we will suppose, the natural impulses of uncorrupted youth. Honest, generous, ardent, he prefers right to wrong, truth to falsehood, honor to shame, action to sloth. Distrustful, perhaps, of his own abilities, he still ventures to believe that if there had not been room for him in the world, he would not have been sent into it, and he has reason, on the whole, to expect that if he is not to occupy a respectable position in society, the blame will belong less to evil stars than to his own misconduct. Feeling and thinking thus; knowing, too, that the reins of his destiny are now, as it were, placed in his own hands; he is naturally anxious to shape his course right in the beginning. Therefore it is that he pauses; therefore he stands, gazing around and before him, thoughtful of that Present, which is the germ of his Future, and of that Future which is to be leaf, and flower, and fruit of his Present. To such an one, at such a period of life, particularly in this country, and in these days, it is an important inquiry how far his personal interests require him to engage in the strife of politics.

That he should keep himself entirely aloof from it, is not to be expected or wished. For he is a citizen, and may not shrink from the performance of his duties as a member of the commonwealth. The State is free; political distinction is therefore a lawful prize of virtuous ambition. But while it is incumbent upon him to form as sound opinions as he can on political affairs, and on suitable occasions and in a suitable manner to express them; while the road to political eminence is wisely left open to him as to all; his country makes no unreasonable

demands upon his time or attention ; never requiring him, except on very extraordinary occasions, to neglect his private affairs for the sake of promoting her welfare. On the contrary, it is a fact worthy of notice, though sometimes lost sight of, that no man is morally or legally bound to become a statesman when he becomes a voter ; and this truth is so universally acknowledged by society, that whenever a stripling, just on the verge of manhood, is seen to display a profound acquaintance with all the various departments of political science, together with all the wisdom of age, all the sagacity of experience, and all that confidence in his own judgment which properly accompanies such superior powers, he is looked upon with smiling astonishment, even by the shrewdest observers.

The expectations of the community being thus moderate, it appears somewhat strange that the arena of party strife should be so crowded as it is with youthful aspirants for public favor ; stranger still, when we consider the false position in which a young man places himself when he assumes to be the instructor and guide of the people in matters of highest concernment ; the hazardous nature of the service in which he enlists—hazardous alike to purse and character ; and the extreme uncertainty of his desired rewards.

A man may, doubtless, consistently with perfect modesty, make known the bias of his mind, by vote or otherwise, though conscious of his inability to trace out all the bearings of a question proposed. But when he comes out openly as the champion or adversary of important measures ; when he takes it upon himself to harangue the people and handle the wires of party machinery ; it is fair to presume that if he be not a knave, he thinks himself qualified for the task he has undertaken,—that he supposes himself to possess sufficient information and maturity of intellect to grasp, in their various relations, the great subjects he professes to discuss,—that he has devoted time enough to the consideration of them, and, after a full investigation of their merits, feels moved by a laudable anxiety to inculcate his views upon the minds of his fellow citizens. A more ridiculous idea than that of a young politician, “not yet hardened into bone and sinew,” advancing such monstrous pretensions as these with regard to any disputed question of national policy, surely Satire never laughed at. Take, for example, the Tariff question. How extensive a knowledge of constitutional law, of history, of statistics, of the present condition of our own and other countries, and of the policy of foreign governments ; how many years of labor and how vast an amount of thought must be brought to bear upon a subject like this, before the mightiest intellect can possibly comprehend it ! And yet the fifty thousand presidential aspirants of the rising generation are ready, every one of them, to make public addresses on this topic or any other equally difficult, that may chance to arise. Among this multitude, indeed, there may be one or two strangely gifted of heaven ; exalted, as it were, by superhuman intelligence, above the reach of ordinary mortals. There have been such men, “kings by divine right,” into whose nostrils the Deity seems to have originally breathed something more than the breath of life,—a flow of his own

essence; men whose fiery minds, outrunning the very laws of nature, have burst upon the world "in full orb'd glory," unheralded by a dawn; who, without waiting to pluck of "the tree of knowledge," have become "as gods," knowing all things by insight instead of experience. Of such, no conjectures can be made; to them no reasonings apply. But the rest of the fifty thousand are, to say the least, teachers untaught, leaders untrained, prophets uncalled and uninspired.

Still, if there were no danger in the political game, a young man, though ignorant, might throw himself into it for amusement, and carry off his blunders with a laugh. But, for him, what are the stakes? Independence—character. He has nothing else to risk. Independence of opinion, independence of action, independence of position; character for sincerity, for prudence, for all that constitutes the solidity of virtue. These are his only reliance. When these are swept away, every thing goes. Better secure these, then, before he plays deep. Better have these to fall back on if he fail,—to stand on if he win. Behold the bankrupt, hanging round the table at which he has squandered his fortune and his hopes—the poor, broken-down party hack, without consistency, without honor, without decency, whose worst degradation is, alas! that he is not entirely without usefulness. Ever ready to do the dirty duties of a slave at the bidding of his more successful competitors, he shrinks from no meanness, and shudders at no iniquity. And when his humble and humbling services are performed, he fawns at the feet of his owners, a crouching suppliant for the wages of shame. This is no imaginary creature; nor does he only skulk in silence and darkness around the purlieus of kingly courts. Who has not seen him, in open day, here in this land of equality;—him and a miserable throng only less abandoned than himself, bold, hungry, and clamorous, choking up the avenues to every place where Power grudgingly dispenses the crumbs of her table to uninvited guests? Who has not met him at the caucus? Who has not seen him in processions? Who has not been jostled by him in the lobby? Who has not blushed to behold him "on the floor of the House?" Who has not heard his loud hosannas or his louder lamentations at the result of every election? Who has not been asked to give him a vote or to sign his petition? It is possible, for facts prove it, nay, it is common for high-minded and honorable men to sink thus low; men, who, at the outset of their career, would have shrunk from such degradation as proudly as the victim of strong drink would once have recoiled from his now wretched condition. And how do they do it? By a regular course of irregularities like that which turns the sober citizen into a shiftless vagabond. By indulging too much in the pleasures of political excitement before they are strong enough to bear it; getting intoxicated, perhaps, with temporary success, gradually addicting themselves to loose and careless habits, and finally casting themselves off on the popular tide, without an anchor, to ride its flow, or be left stranded at its ebb.

Allow that the case just supposed may be an extreme one, though in political vices, as in some others, extremes are not so called



because of their rarity. Still, it behooves the young partisan to consider for what probable advantage he perils his integrity and independence at all. What does he look for? Only the pleasure of serving his country? The proud consciousness of having *deserved* well of the republic? We know what these things mean. As a general rule, there is but one class of persons now-a-days who sacrifice themselves on the altar of patriotism—those unwilling martyrs to whom we have alluded. What then does he expect—money or fame? Of all unsure roads to either, he chooses the worst. The nobleman by birth has been styled “an accident of an accident.” The man who gets rich by politics is the accident of a thousand accidents. As for Fame, she is a fickle coquet, most easily won by him who scorns to woo her. She flies from those who depend wholly on her favors, who run about and “beg us for Heaven’s sake to believe them great men;” but, among those who stand aloof on the strong basis of self-wrought character, she seeks her favorite, and solicits him to wear her laurel. Nor is it by beginning life as a forward politician that any such firm character is best built. For, as the good of the State, whatever the poets may say, must be, and is, of less consequence to any individual than his own personal interests, except so far as the former includes the latter; so attention to politics ought to be, with any one, a secondary object, compared with the pursuit of his particular business. Now it is always an act of weakness in a man to neglect his own concerns for those of other people. It shows a want of sound judgment, if not of sound principle. It is a fault which a common-sense world will see and despise; dangerous to any reputation, particularly that of a young man who has not yet secured the confidence of the public. To start in this way, putting the first last and the last first, is to commit—what in Talleyrand’s opinion was worse than a crime—a great blunder. One such mistake is sure to beget another; and it will not take many of their like to put an effectual bar on the recovery of credit once lost.

Can there be any thing, then, more precarious than the rewards expected by the young politician? No security for wealth; a mere lottery, in which the chances are a thousand to one against him, and the highest prizes hardly equal in value to those offered by any of the various departments of trade. No security for enduring fame, which, if it come at all, will come to crown only a strong and settled reputation.

Distinction, without honor, however, is easily gained, by a great variety of methods; and those who are not too honest to wish for it, or too proud to accept it, may indeed find in the political field a wide range for the play of their humble talents and the gratification of their humbler appetites. They, it is true, cannot begin their career too early. Plunging into the midst of intrigue and chicanery, they will never find themselves in a false position, never endanger their virtue or good name, and never fail of their reward.

Reasons far more weighty than any here presented, might be brought up to dissuade young men from dabbling extensively in politics. The whole subject might be discussed on moral and religious grounds alone, and the conclusions at which we aim, might, in that way, be reached

more readily, and impressed upon the mind more forcibly, than they can be by our leaving out of sight all arguments not drawn from calculations of mere worldly expediency. But a restricted view of the question is here purposely taken; and we are now to inquire what general line of conduct, different from that we have thus far been considering, would most advance the *interests* of such a person as was imagined in the commencement of our reflections—a young man not destitute of capacity and not devoid of a generous ambition.

It is easy to see, if it has not already been shown, that the grand mistake of those who have failed of success in political life, has been the neglect of duties which they owe to themselves, for those which they do *not* owe to the public. This is “a horrible mischief and damnable error,” the root of evils too great to estimate, and too numerous to count. If there are any two obligations enforced upon a man alike by a sense of interest and a sentiment of patriotism, the one is to choose a profession on which he *can* rely for subsistence and reputation, and the other—to *rely upon it*. “Worse than an infidel” is he who provides not for his own household. A traitor to the common weal is he who deprives the State of a good citizen, by unfitting himself for any other occupation than that of an adventurer. And with especial reference to our subject, be it granted that there is nothing better, nothing nobler, nothing more likely to satisfy the desires and complete the earthly happiness of a man of sense and spirit than the name of a great politician. Even for one who believes all this, and is ready to give up every other good, so that he may only be conspicuous in the world, be pointed out by the finger, and hear men say, as they pass him, “that is he;” even for him the best course is to select a profession that will give full scope to his powers; in which, without looking to adventitious aids, and without giving up one jot of his integrity or self-esteem, he may raise himself, by his own exertions, to an eminence that shall command attention and respect. This gained, himself known and appreciated, his standing in the community settled on a firm foundation, his mind matured, his knowledge of men and things extended,—he may then employ some portion of his time, with credit to himself and usefulness to his fellow citizens, in the public service. Having secured abundant resources on which to retire in case of disappointment in political life, he will not be likely to meet with disappointment. His weight of character will give him momentum enough to carry him over obstacles at which others would stumble. If he is fit for a statesman he will not be long in finding it out, and may then, with good reason, spread out his sails to every fair popular breeze that springs up. All this may be done by any one who has talent enough to gain him a high rank as a politician in any other way—done without presumption on his part, without danger, and without entangling himself in the tricks of parties, if he is only capable of forming strong and decided opinions on party measures, of expressing them forcibly when called on to express them at all, and of maintaining, at all times, in public and private, a high-toned, consistent, straight-forward course of conduct. It may be urged, that it will take time to achieve greatness in this way; that the process is slow and

tedious. Why should it *not* take time? Why should *not* the process be slow? Why should one aim at the prize, and not be willing to wait and work for it? 'They who think it worth winning, should think it worth paying for. Perhaps it does cost too much. If so, good sense would counsel a lowering of the ambition that hankers after it. At any rate, there is no safer or surer way to reach it.

But suppose the only elevation sought is confined within the limits of one's professional walk. Suppose one does not consider an election to Congress, or an office under government, as the "summum bonum." Suppose a man, if possible, so singular as to fancy the one dignity a criterion of doubtful merit, and the other, of undoubted serenity. In fine, suppose him satisfied with his business, able and willing to depend on that alone. Even in this case, some seem to think that a young man has no chance of success unless he devote a large part of his time to politics. And it is doubtless under the influence of this opinion, that many young men, who have no relish for political notoriety, exert themselves, by the usual methods, to obtain it; their main object being all the while to attract notice, and, with it employment. There is policy in this; bad policy. It may serve a temporary purpose, create a sudden flush of fame, and bring in a premature harvest. But an expedient like this, no really capable man need resort to; in the end he loses more than he gains by it; while one who is not capable can never by such tricks, for any length of time, delude people into the belief that he is so. Hot-houses are useful for raising early cucumbers; but the corn, the oil, and the wine, come by patience, toil, and sunshine. We venture to say, that a single coat well made, a single lot of goods well sold, a single patient well cured, or a single case in court well managed, will go farther towards convincing the public that any given individual is a good mechanic, merchant, physician, or lawyer, than a dozen speeches in mass-meeting, with "tremendous cheers" and "loud cries of go on." Probably the experience of most persons has taught them this truth. Who that has seen a sudden rise, has not witnessed a sudden fall? Who cannot count over, within the circle of his own observation, many an instance of popularity quickly gained, by young men, in the very way of which we speak, and as quickly lost? And if the fact were not so, the question might still be raised, whether it would not be better to abandon an occupation which cannot support an honest and able man on his professional merits alone, than to continue in it bolstered up by mere shallow artifice? For so long as the prairie remains untilled and the forest unfelled, there is room for sturdy independence, that "scorns a little thing," to labor and to live. But there is no profession of which it may not be truly affirmed, that in it, strict devotion to business is the surest road to eminence. To say so, indeed, is almost to utter a truism.

We maintain, then, that political life generally will appear less attractive to any young man, in proportion to the strength of his moral principle, the soundness of his judgment, and the care with which he considers the subject; but that his true policy, if he seek political distinction of an honorable kind, is to maintain a "wise and masterly"

reserve, until he shall have won himself a foothold in his profession ; and that if he means to shine in *that alone*, he will find warm partisanship, especially at first, rather an injury than a help to him. Doctrines so broad and general as these, may be true without reaching every case. Our logic, too, may be defective, and yet our conclusions just. And it may be because opinions contrary to those here advanced have too widely prevailed among the young men of our country, that the land is full of perverted talents and broken fortunes ; that corruption dogs the heels, if it do not lead the van, of every party ; and that our national metropolis, whatever dynasty may be dominant for the time, is little better than an aviary of "ravens, that cry continually for food."

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF SICILY.

### CHAPTER III.

It is a fact which I believe few will dispute, that the medium through which any object is seen by the eye, has fully as much to do with the formation of the impression, as the intrinsic nature of the object itself ; and the same holds good in regard to the sensations conveyed by objects to the mind. The peculiar condition of the body, the relative position of circumstances, the associations connected with the method of conveyance, all exercise a strong influence in determining the effects experienced from the object conveyed ; in short, the opinion is formed quite as much by incidentals which accompany, as by the object itself which is presented to the mind. More especially is this true, when what is presented is of no great importance in itself, and is calculated to excite pleasure or its opposite, rather than to conduce to the information or substantial improvement of the mind ; and hence it is that in the perusal of works of fiction, of tales and anecdotes, we find the sensations with which we gather their sweets, and the taste which they leave behind them, so essentially and apparently so strangely different at different times.

The same power of metamorphosis we perceive also exercised not only upon the receptive powers of the mind, but upon the judgment, the taste, the fancy, the good or ill will ; and this fact would appear to have been observed in the earliest times, as is proved by the saying, "It's ill talking between a full man and a fasting," a proverb distinctly conveying the idea that even hunger has much to do with both the desire and ability of exercising all the functions of the mind, since conversation of course embraces a possibility of employment for them all.

Now, without meaning to assume the premise as the foundation of a new school of Epicurism, or indeed to give it more importance than it deserves, I still must allow its force up to this point, that as I am ignorant of the exact time of day at which what I write may be read, and

the state of appetite under which it will be read, I shall be excusable if I pass over the description of that shore breakfast to which the last chapter was conveying the reader, and a small article with a white rag that "walked the waters" like a "fly through a glue-pot" was endeavoring to convey myself. All that I can say is, that, had Dogberry been at the table, he would have maintained that other things than reading and writing came "by nature;" though how four Germans, who in all the authority of light moustaches and heavy gutturals were seated at one end of the board, came, would have puzzled a quicker witted man than the captain of the watch. That they were new-comers was testified by their voracity and soiled linen,—comers by sea, by the absence of mud on their clothes and color in their cheeks; and yet the "Palermo" was the only vessel that had arrived within a day or two, and no such gentlemen did she bring. The phenomenon of their presence divided my attention with the fare which our "otel" furnished, and which was at least as substantial as a Scotch or even a New England meal; and with the peculiar *nonchalance* with which they swallowed fried fish, hot bread, mutton chops, prickly pears and preserves, washing down this analysis of chaos with *vin ordinaire* and laughter such as one hears occasionally in a menagerie. Strength of lungs and preoccupation gave the "fatherland" a decided supremacy, so that my volatile Englisher was for the time silenced, and dispatched his tea and toast very much as we may suppose Mr. Caudle to do his, that is, when Mrs. C. presides. The "*memorable disjune*" being completed, each one retired; those who had not shaved, to go through the form; and those who had to consult guide-books and plot out occupation for the day. Until these results shall be accomplished, I shall beg leave to give the reader some general idea of the island to which he has accompanied me, reserving more particular description for such places as we may hereafter explore in company.

Sicily, at present but seldom visited by the traveler, and even when visited but slightly inspected, was, if we may credit historians, regarded in ancient times as a prize of the greatest value, and has attracted at different periods the ambition or the cupidity of almost every important European power. Separated from one continent by a strait not wide enough to afford any obstacle to peaceful communication, and yet a considerable protection from attack; and removed scarce a hundred miles from another—blessed with a delicious climate, a soil of uncommon fertility and mineral resources of great value—it has been since the days of its earliest settlers a possession grasped at and for a short period held by them all; and it exhibits at the present day some relics of almost every master. Its first inhabitants are familiar to the readers of Homer, as the Cyclops and Laestrygonians, and indeed, it might be added, to him only, since but little is heard of them elsewhere. The Sicani and Siculi in process of time expelled these aboriginal cannibals, and after the usual amount of warlike rivalry coalesced and became joint rulers of the island, only to be driven out in their turn, by the Greeks and Phœnicians, whose descendants finally succumbed to the Romans, then the masters of the world. After the sun of this na-

tion had set for ever, a people on the other side of the water placed their eyes upon it, and Sicily became a Saracen conquest. None of the European conquests of that brave but fanatical race were permanent, and at length it fell a prey to the Normans, the conquerors of a still larger and more powerful island in the North. It then became successively a French, a Spanish, and a Sardinian possession, and is now the most valuable but least productive part of the dominions of the King of Naples. The period at which it was most distinguished through its inhabitants, was that of its possession by the Greeks, and it then gave birth to men, the labors of whose minds have not been thought an unprofitable study even in the nineteenth century. Theocritus, the master of Virgil, Empedocles, the philosopher, Epicharmus, the father of Comedy, the historian Diodorus, Archimedes, Stersichorus, Dionysius the tragedian,—all these were Sicilians. In the earlier epochs of mythology it was the scene of many fables, as familiar to us as “household words.” It was the favorite retreat of Hercules: there Minos was treacherously murdered. It was on the plains of Enna, that Proserpine was gathering flowers when love claimed her as queen of the gloomy realm. Its volcano was the forge of Vulcan; Mount Eryx still bears the name of the gigantic boxer; and who is there that has forgotten the Scylla and Charybdis of his school-boy days?

Independently of the attraction which arises from a mere connection with antiquity, it is of great interest to the modern traveler, from the fruits of that connection, and from its extreme natural beauty. The temples of Agrigentum, the ruins of Syracuse, the solitary column of Segesta, the confused remains of Selinuntium, are all gray with age, and yet young in their beauty; and though the stupendous ice-peaks of Switzerland, the fertile plains of Lombardy, the valley of the Rhine, or the lake country of England, may have the preëminence in their *one* point of beauty, still I think it may safely be said that no country possesses an assemblage and variety of beauty so great as this little island. Here is the gentle meandering stream, the quiet lake, the foaming, brawling torrent, the sounding waterfall; here the wide expanse of plain enameled with flowers of every hue, the bold and rolling country, the deep valley, the precipitous hill, the flaming volcano; here the bluff iron-bound coast and the beautiful sun-lit bay; here are the vine, and the olive, and the field of grain; the apple, the orange, the pomegranate; the cork, the almond, the fig, the palm-tree; the rose-bush, and the towering aloe; some of our own forest trees, and the pepper of the east; here is the beauty of a nature sublime as well as unassuming—of action as well as of repose, of danger as well as of peaceful tranquillity. In short—but here comes my John Bull, book in hand, so good-bye to description, and—

“We take a coach together of course, eh?” These were the first words that greeted me, and before I could answer, the flood-gates were opened, and a torrent of pent-up information was let loose upon me. Thus it commenced—“I say, you’ve no idea of what a place you have dropped upon; ’pon my word it’s wonderful; take at least a week I’m sure; do it up in a couple of days though, if we go together. There’s

monuments, and monasteries, and bronze rams—by the way, they say they are something quite decent, are those rams—mark that ; and palaces and marinas, and small exhibitions of improvisatores to be met with anywhere ; and old Saracenic remains, and I say, have you seen any balconies yet ? they say the balconies are Saracenic, remember to look at them, will you ?” “ Yes”—with difficulty squeezed in—

“ Then there are not one less than a hundred and fifty thousand dried men within a half a mile of the inn. and just as good as new, and altogether the place is decidedly beautiful, mountains and all that sort of thing, you know. Now the next thing is, what we must see first, and I think we had better call a coach, for I’ve no idea of being lost till I’ve seen the balconies and brass rams, and I don’t want to give up the dried men either, unless absolutely necessary ; and after all, there is a female saint who was buried a little distance out of town, and has a gold frock on, which musn’t by any means be overlooked.”

“ Just as you please,” said I, “ call a couple of coaches if you want, though my private opinion is that you’ll call two more than can conveniently attend just now.”

“ Why, you don’t mean there’s a funeral, or any thing of that kind, for the chambermaid told me that only one man had died here in a year, and he was an American, and they think he would have survived if his wife hadn’t been with him.”

“ By no means,” said I, “ but I don’t think there’s a coach or *any thing of that kind*. I have seen a few mules, and a sedan-chair or two ; but at any rate I don’t perceive any licensed stand for cabs at hand, and so we had better walk.”

“ Very well,” said he, “ but unless you have made inquiries, I shall take the liberty of investigating the horse-power of this town ; for as to walking back from those smoked men—for I take it for granted they are smoked—even if I walked there, it’s out of the question.”

Accordingly he did institute an inquiry, which after a long gestation produced not merely a satisfactory answer, but “ *horresco referens*” a couple of Palermitan nags, with a Palermitan man, and a sort of coffin on four wheels behind them. I lay it down as a first principle in traveling, when your companion procures a conveyance, to ask no questions, but immediately enter ; because, if he intends paying for it, you certainly have no right to complain ; if not, it is much better and equally satisfactory, as will be found upon trial, to take out your grumbling on coachy, who will probably never see you again, and who *ex officio* expects it, and will be disappointed without it. Acting upon this principle, I ascended a sort of Jacob’s ladder of iron which, for all I know to the contrary, might be Saracenic like the balconies, and seated myself on what that enlightened people never mistook for a cushion, I’m sure, if Irving tells the truth ; along with my friend, his friend the projector, and a friend of the party, who, like a town which happens to have elected an opposition ticket, the newspapers tell us “ has not yet been heard from,” but who will be called for when I have a “ convenient season.” We were “ *Arcades ambo*,” that is, he and I ; sprung from the same “ *Ultima Thule*” of civilization, and many an agreeable

day had we together, long after the projector and his friend were wasting their sweetness in the Conservative Club-room.

When once fairly seated in our vehicle, the unanimous opinion appeared to be that we should first direct our attention to the *Duomo* or Cathedral, which would give us on our approach, a view of the Toledo, the finest street in Palermo, and gratify at the same time the curiosity of our friend in respect to the balconies. Accordingly we passed the word forward to our *auriga*, who immediately commenced operations on his team. First there was a vigorous application of the whip, the lash and handle being employed alternately, accompanied by a vicious *E-u-g-h* from the driver; this cry finally gave place to louder shouting, the fustigation remaining as before, till at length the steam was up, and, amid a torrent of Sicilian oaths, we perceived that we were under way. As in the province of the imagination there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so in our locomotion there was but a step from the stationary to the cork leg, and we flew over the smooth flags of the street, our conveyance swinging backwards and forwards like a hammock in a high wind, to our infinite diversion and the astonishment of by-standers, who, from the deference with which they regarded our party, evidently took us for superior beings.

According to promise, as soon as we were well under way, I called the attention of the Englishman to the relics of Saracen luxury, which in the shape of balconies of every texture and pattern, iron and wood, to the number of about ten to each house, claimed his antiquarian reverence, and presented a feature in the scene in reality very striking, since they gave to the houses a light and airy appearance, quite in opposition to the usual style of Italian buildings. All of a sudden we came to a full halt, and my countryman, who was my viz-a-viz on the back seat, suddenly changed his position, and while his cigar encountered my hat, to the entire destruction of its nap, he himself knocked the breath out of my body, by the sudden application of a hundred and fifty weight, more or less, thereto. On recovering wind and relative position, I cast an eye on *coachey*, who was acting over again the opening scene, with improvements, and was, so far as I could construe his manœuvres, apologizing for the stoppage of his horses, by excessive activity on his own part. The fact was, that one of his horses was down, and with an ingenuity characteristic of the descendants of Archimedes, he was endeavoring to raise him by what I venture to say no other nation under the sun would have thought of, viz: whipping the one that still kept his legs. The result proved the correctness of the theory, though by no means the economy of the practice, and a vibration of some five minutes more brought us to the Cathedral, where we dismounted, shook hands all round, to ascertain that the bones were in their proper places, and commanding our equipage to await us, entered the building.

The *Duomo* embraces in its architecture both the Italian and Gothic styles, and, standing in a spacious *piazza*, presents to the first glance an exceedingly imposing appearance. It was built towards the close of the twelfth century, and is dedicated to Santa Rosalia, the lady whose "gold frock" excited our friend's curiosity. The interior is exceedingly



striking, and not only by the turbaned capitals of granite columns which, to the number of eighty, support its vaulted roof, but by the inlaying in marbles and showy woods, the tracery of vine and leaf work, wrought in the niches, as well as the peculiar character of the dome, proclaims it Saracen, if not in its original construction, at least in its main features, as it now exists. It contains but few paintings, and none of any note, and is remarkable simply for its *tout ensemble*, the picturesque groupings of its columns, and the dissimilarity to the majority of Italian churches. It has, 'tis true, some fine carving in wood, but by no means comparable to that so common in the Netherlands, and of which Vanbruggle was such a distinguished artist. In this church are the remains of Roger Guiscard, the first Norman conqueror of the island, and they are contained in a sarcophagus of rare stone, protected by a Mosaic canopy, and surrounded by columns of porphyry. The tomb is shown with considerable reverence, and indeed the same feeling seems always to attach to the memory of their Norman ancestors with those people in whom the memory exists, principally *ciceróni* and *garzóni di piazza*.

The church itself wants the solemnity, the awe-inspiring grandeur, which is a concomitant of Gothic architecture; it has not the religious silence, and does not convey the impression of space, and height, and strength, which one feels in the Gothic churches of Rouen, perhaps nowhere surpassed in their power of producing an impression at first sight; nor has it the gorgeous dazzle of the Italian churches—the mass of gilding, the frescoes, the variety of marbles, the painting, and sculpture, which compose so much of the beauty of these edifices; but it possesses a character singular to itself, a blending of the peculiarities of both the others, and one in some respects pleasing, in others disagreeable to the eye; but still, from a necessity imposed on most combinations, where the component parts are not first decomposed and then united, it can vie with neither in the claim for elementary beauty, but must be willing, if it aspire to perfection at all, to claim it in a secondary and inferior sphere, since the alternative is always the servant of the creative power. That which it possesses of Saracenic in its structure is exclusively its own; and though the range of sublimity is beyond the reach of this architecture, it excites pleasure, astonishment, or admiration, to an equal extent with the Italian, though in a different manner, by an exhibition of the results and proofs of wealth, rather than that of wealth itself.

Leaving the Cathedral, we proceed to the church of *La Martorana*, and after admiring some silver gratings which separate the department of the Nuns from the great body of the church, and (at least myself) some two or three pairs of sparkling eyes and rosy lips, which were in course of being taught not to “put their confidence in man,” *tant pis*, but looked like very unapt scholars, *tant mieux*, (really I am not sure that I have used these little expressions as Sterne recommends,) we left for *La Chiesa dell' olivella*, which is one of the most highly ornamented of the Palermitan churches, abounding in arabesques, in marble inlayings and paintings, and has a picture of some scriptural subject, which the sexton, or he who answered to that officer with us, de-

clared was the work of Caravaggio, and extolled highly ; though, if he ever did it, he must have been either in love or liquor, as it has entirely too happy and smiling a color for the ordinary character of that gentleman. There was also a Holy Family, which the sexton debated for some time whether to father on Raphael or Giuleo Romano ; but having probably heard the proverb, " in for a penny in for a pound," finally laid on the first.

There are perhaps few things that will strike a traveler of some little conversance with works of art, more forcibly than the discrepancy between the ages, at death, of the most famous painters, and the amount of labor they are said to have performed. He sees painting after painting all attributed to one master, and all besides having the sanction of *connoisseurs* for their legitimacy, exhibiting a similarity which, to his partially practiced eye, gives great plausibility to the statement ; and yet, if he will number these paintings, he will find that the unremitted toil of a century would be unable to complete, in some cases, half of what is laid at the door of one man. Moreover, when he considers that many of these painters died quite young, and that there were idlers as well as hard-working men among even these, the inconsistency is still more apparent. The truth is, that all the allowance which can be made, if a man trusts his own judgment and has no regard to the " ipse dixit " of a virtuoso, is, that the original sketch, or the design, or the coloring, or the touching up, or the restoration, was possibly, one or other of them, by the hand of the master ; the bulk of the productions was the work of his scholars, or of other men. Rubens, more particularly, is loaded with productions, which there is a strong probability that he saw only when finished ; and in no other way can truth and the value of galleries be preserved, than by accepting such a compromise. Genius disregards time and space, perhaps ; but the mixing of colors, and their application by the brush—to say nothing of the necessary drying, which in the studio is by no means so rapid a process as in a London wash-house—demands minutes of sixty seconds, and hours of sixty minutes.

As soon as we had laughed at the exhibitor, in our sleeves, but paid him in good *carlini*, which produced from John the single expression, " done by Jove," we hastened to a couple more churches, one of which contained a copy of a painting by Raphael, and the other a work by a Sicilian artist usually called Monrealese, from the town of his birth, both of merit, and then adjourned to the street, to settle a dispute which had arisen between the Englishman and my countryman, whom henceforward I shall call D—. The former was urging an immediate descent upon the " dried men," to which a certain practical turn of mind impelled him, in preference to the inspection of temples and works of arts, while D—, like a provident man, was, from, it may be the same feelings, for reserving them to the last. " When Greek meets Greek " we know what follows, generally ; but in this case, what followed was, that I tossed up the nearest approach to a copper that the Sicilian coinage allowed—heads entitling the " dried men " to *priority*, tails settling their *consequence*. A shrill and impatient cry, *cochiero*—

*cochiers*, answered by a *subito eccellenza*, and an application of Solomon's rule, "spare the rod," &c. to horse-flesh, sufficiently indicated that heads had it; and after suffering our driver to go through the solemn farce of shaking the cushions, we re-entered, composed ourselves, and gave the order "to the Cappuchin convent" where these individuals were "put up."

Reader, have you ever seen a small scow lying at the dock when the steamboat arrives? You have noticed its motion? Well, just such a peculiar movement did we experience in going to the convent—up, down, now this side, now the other, crack, snap, bounce, jolt, slide; there we went, we in turn talking to, pummeling, consoling each other, driver swearing, whipping, and taking snuff from a match-box, not any of which occupations prevented his ogling the pretty peasant girls, who tripped by in their scarlet bodices and glossy black hair, evidently tickled to death at our novel appearance. We reached the convent, and driving through an arched gateway, entered a long passage, at the end of which was the door of entrance to the Catacombs. The only tenants of this alley were a mule laden with vegetables, and a curly-headed boy, who appeared to have had a misunderstanding, by the way in which they mutually kicked at each other, and two or three priests dressed in their brown gowns, barefooted, and with their cowls thrown back. They were all fat, all eating, and all dirty; but one had the most superb beard that I ever saw on any body short of an Armenian. It was snow-white, thick and glossy, and reached to his girdle. Doubtless it was his cherished vanity, so complacently did he pass his hand over it—certainly, it was a beard to excuse a great deal of pride. I entered into conversation with its owner, and found him a kindly disposed, and by no means for the place, ignorant man; he inquired of my country without disbelieving my answer, as many others had done, on the ground that I was not black, which goes for something; besides, he talked in a fatherly way, seemed complimented by our visit, and dispatched a boy for the key.

Virgil certainly mistook when he said, "*facilis descensus averni*," for the regions to which, under the guidance of our monk, we groped our way, were any thing but easy of approach; unequal steps, stray bones and other refuse, cats *m'awling*, vile smells, all reminding one of certain scenes in the "*Faery Queen*." These were a few of the elements of our "*facilis descensus*," and brought us at length into a vast cellar, somewhat in the shape of a cross, and provided from floor to ceiling with shelves at intervals of a foot. On these shelves were ranged, in tiers one upon another, and stretching on either hand as far as the eye could penetrate the surrounding gloom, the embalmed bodies of those who had once been monks, as he who stood before us. There they lay, their dry and snuff-colored skulls grinning down from the shelves, and the black robe of serge covered with dust, or eaten by the moth, hanging loosely around their fleshless shanks and collapsed chests. At intervals of about twelve feet were also bodies similarly prepared, placed in an upright position, and these, as having held superior office during life, were represented in death with some badge of

their earthly distinction still in their hands ; while the skulls of those bodies which had proved failures, and which could not be preserved in full, were ranged around on brackets in an order truly mathematical. Certainly the *coup d'œil* was striking, and our guide took snuff while we enjoyed it. At length, after a proper sacrifice of time to sentiment, he advanced and we followed. Then commenced a series of pretty little biographies, which I listened to at the time, but have since most culpably forgotten ; a sort of moral lecture, with dried specimens, which was interrupted from time to time by the scampering of a cat, which would leave its perch on a monk's breast, scared at our approach, or set up a melancholy *yawl*, which was repeated with a sort of damp echo from the dark recesses around us, as we disturbed its repose.

Leaving this silent charnel-house, we entered another apartment, similar in arrangement, but smaller than the first, appropriated to the bodies of females, who were either benefactresses of the Convent, or in some other way entitled to a grave within its walls. Glass cases were provided for the ladies—a luxury dispensed with by the males—within which they were placed in all the paraphernalia of holiday costume. One there was who had been a princess in the island, young and beautiful, surpassingly so, if I believed the monk ; she had been swept away by a plague at the age of sixteen. There she stood, in full ball attire, her brown and withered face enclosed in a quilling of the finest lace ; her skeleton hands cased in white kid gloves ; her feet in white satin slippers, and an embroidered satin dress hanging round her shapeless figure like the mainsail of a wood sloop in a calm—and yet she had been beautiful. I thought of Lucian's dialogues, and the scene with “the grave-digger,” and took snuff with the monk who was smiling at me. There was also an apartment for children, and one supplementary to No. 1, to which the bodies were removed from the laboratory, where they were embalmed ; but I think a sufficient idea can be gathered of the Catacombs of Palermo from what I have already said, to dispense with further description.

The process of preparing the mummies—for a species of mummy they certainly are—I do not perfectly understand, though from our guide I gathered that it was somewhat as follows :—As soon as the corpse has remained a sufficient time above ground to prove that life is extinct, it is removed to a room rendered nearly air-tight. It is then suspended over a dense smoke of certain woods and gums, renewed from time to time, and passes in this condition about three months. The flesh has by this time become dry and shrunken, and the odor has to a great extent left it. It is taken thence to another room, where it is straightened, examined, and any imperfection discovered, and if practicable, remedied, or if satisfactory, is clothed in its robes, and exposed to the action of another fumigation, less penetrating, but drying and hardening ; after a long continuance in which it is in condition to be shelved.

The oldest monk there was, if I mistake not, upwards of five hundred years old, and so well was he preserved, that our white-bearded conductor rattled his tongue against the jaws as one shakes a bean in

its dried pod, with the simple *eccolo* ! and smiled, though sadly. After satisfying our curiosity, we spent some minutes in conversation with our attendant, and never did I put a piece of money into a man's hand so cheerfully as into his. He bid us *addio*, as we mounted our carriage, and I was almost sad at parting with him—so sad that I was silent. If I was in this condition, however, by no means were my companions like me ; and it was entertaining enough to listen to their remarks, a general comparison of notes ensuing among the rest of the party, on emerging into outer air. One was decidedly in favor of the men's department ; D——, as an American, stood up for the ladies ; John Bull told us, in the confidence of his heart, that he had all along thought that “ tongue dodge ” was a humbug, parchment, or something of that sort, but now he was convinced of his mistake, for while the monk was not looking, he had tried it with his penknife. Alas ! alas ! for our nature.

Urged by the sight of a *carlino*, held artistically between the thumb and fore-finger, our driver was fairly standing up to his work, and blows “ like wintry hail ” descended on the doomed beasts. We fairly skipped over the road, our horses doing their best, and their merciless tormentor still exacting more, and intimating that he was in earnest, not more by his whip, full six inches shorter in the lash than when we started, than by a certain short rabid shriek which from time to time escaped him, and distinctly told all listeners that the perpetrator was *wide awake*. Under such auspices we made great time, and arrived at our hotel in capital humor, to hear that we had fifteen minutes to dress before dinner, and would probably meet some agreeable company at that meal—a duplicate *greeting*, of course more pleasant when served by a landlord than a sheriff's officer. We accordingly paid coachey, who bowed till I thought he would break in two pieces, then mounted his box, gave utterance to the fatal “ *E-u-g-h*,” and when I last saw him, was applying the lash vigorously, getting headway on, preparatory to a turn round the corner.

The dinner at which we met again was a meal whose very smell would have crazed a Grahamite, and spoke volumes for either the natural productions of the island or the ingenuity of the cook, producing causes that are often confounded abroad by the young traveler, who knows “ all is not gold that glitters,” but has not yet learnt that all is not pheasant that has the head, legs, wings, and tail of that bird, nor doth all “ divide the hoof ” that is paid for as beef. It realized our anticipations, as well by what surrounded as what was upon the board. Our Germans of the breakfast were clustered in a group at one end, but with the added sobriety of dress-coats and a fast since morning ; next to them (for remember that the table d'hôte system prevailed at the “ Trinacria ”) came some Italians, who, being *at home*, appeared to deem that a sufficient apology for not *making* themselves so, and were polite and well bred ; then some Englishmen, and finally one of my countrymen and his wife. Thanks to their conversation and reminiscences of home, the eating hour passed rapidly and agreeably away. The decanters were refilled, the ladies (there was but one, but *non m'im-*

*porta quello*), retired : cigars began to glow between lips as well beardless as moustached, and our Anglo-Saxon party settled down to *hobnobbing*, and a discussion of the Italian opera.

The styles of Bellini, Rosini, Donizetti, and Verdi, the new composers, whose productions were at that time creating quite a sensation throughout Italy, had all their peculiar champions, and snatches from the works of each one were sung from memory. Anecdotes of the composers were told, and a range of conversation introduced, which brought out the information, the wit, the memory, of each one. Honest, good-natured merriment, was at its height, when our host interrupted us by the information that a *prima donna* of considerable reputation was that evening to perform at *il teatro Cecilia*, and should by all means be heard. We, of course, jumped at the proposal *en masse*, and calling our *valet de place*—for these gentlemen are as indispensable to the proper seeing of a town, as currant-jelly to the proper eating of a shoulder of South Down—made all speed towards the opera-house. To obtain a box was out of the question ; so we modestly took seats in the pit—a very different place though from the shilling Hades of the Bowery or Walnut street,—and, until the curtain rose, amused ourselves by gazing at the occupants of what we were unable to procure, priority being of course given to what some one has ungallantly styled “the softer sex.” The ladies of Palermo have, I doubt not, had their *Frauenlob*, or if they have not, it must have been for the reason that the rose finds no painter ; and while I admit that the women of the lower classes, not only here but throughout the island, are, on the whole, not very handsome, with, however, some notable exceptions ; still, to me, the expression of some dozen faces in the opera-house that night, would atone for a nation of frights. *Veni, Vidi*—the crash of some hundred instruments in the opening overture of “*la Somnambula*,” was all that prevents my writing *victus fui*. Throughout the house all was in a moment silent, till the appearance of the star drowned even the music with applause. She was a fine, a very fine singer, a good actress, and a pretty woman, and went through her part with much effect, though she scarcely merited the rank of a first rate *prima*. I saw her again, on the following night, and liked her better, though the second time only in selections.

With her final bow we made our exit, and then discovered, for the first time, on leaving the door, that our *valet* was nowhere to be found. We called till we were hoarse, shouting every name that we thought a Palermitan father could decently give his son, but all in vain. We accordingly had nothing for it but to lock arms, bear in mind the old truism, “*vacuus viator*,” &c., light a cigar, and follow our noses. The mere sensation of being lost in a strange town, more especially if it happens to have a reputation none the best, and streets none the widest or best lighted, is a disagreeable one at first, but it becomes from frequency the very opposite. I had lost my way in Marseilles in the day time ; in Genoa at night, in a snow-storm ; in Rome at least twice a day during the first week ; at Leghorn the first morning, and at Naples the first afternoon ; so that losing any thing but property or reputa-

tion at this late period, had all the fascination of an old habit, with the additional zest of being enjoyed in company.

How long we had wandered I can by no means accurately state, perhaps two hours and a half, to be within bounds, when a halt was called. As a wanderer in the pathless forest, with the first snow-flake spitting in his face, draws close to his bosom his only hope, the tinder-box; so our first impulse was to gather together, into one case, the few cigars that still remained to us. A light flashed across our path as we were thus engaged, and when our eyes saw through the glare, we perceived that we stood upon the very brink of a—small *café*. To enter, to demand coffee, and our way home, was the work of a moment: not so speedy was the satisfaction of our demands. Coffee there was, but no sugar; the way doubtless existed, but no one knew it, or, as one of the party after rescue maliciously observed, no one knew how to ask it in the vernacular—but that's slander; so out we went again, and tramped on as before. All things terrestrial, of which I consider walking the streets at night most decidedly one, have an end, saith the philosopher; so had we, and my end was to find the feather bed of No. 6 positively delicious, just as a small mantle clock struck the second of the small hours.

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SONG.

SET TO MUSIC.

I.

I LONG for thee! I long for thee!  
 From morning until night.  
 I pine to meet thy sunny glance,  
 As a prisoner pines for light.  
 All night, till morn, I dream of thee,  
 In strange, enchanting dreams,  
 Which glow as bright, and fade as fast  
 As morning's rosy beams.

II.

I SIGH for thee! I sigh for thee!  
 Amid the joyous throng,  
 Where mirth and music join their hands  
 And lightly dance along.  
 No mirth is glad, no song is sweet,  
 No form is fair to me;  
 For oh! my thoughts are far away—  
 I sigh, I sigh for thee.

III.

I WEEP for thee! I weep for thee!  
 At twilight's dewy hour,  
 When thought keeps holy Sabbath, in  
 Her lone and stilly bower.  
 A sadness stealeth o'er my soul,  
 Like a soft and viewless spell,  
 That moveth me to bitter tears  
 I strive in vain to quell.

IV.

Oh, tedious time! Oh, weary heart!  
 The hours are days, the days are years;  
 Each moment seems a long, long life  
 Of thanks, and hopes, and fears.  
 Oh, blest the time which brings again  
 The loved and absent back to me!  
 Till then, adieu! adieu! till then  
 I LONG, I SIGH, I WEEP for thee!

## DANIEL BOONE.

(Concluded.)

WE left Colonel Boone pursuing his favorite pastime in the woods of Kentucky. But he longed to be with his family, and determined that they too should have a home in this Eden. Having chosen a spot for their settlement, on the banks of the Kentucky river, he and his brother turned their faces homeward, and after an absence of nearly two years, reached North Carolina. After a brief period, with five families besides his own, Boone set out a second time for Kentucky. The party was soon joined by another, consisting of forty men. They traveled on in high spirits, but, alas! a sad fate awaited this happy band. On the tenth of October, while passing through a narrow gap of the Alleghanies, the shrill war-cry of the savage suddenly burst upon their ears. The work of destruction commenced. Six of the whites were slain, among whom was the oldest son of Daniel Boone. The party was now dispirited, and when the last sad office for the dead had been performed, they retraced their steps to the nearest settlement, which was forty miles back, on Clinch river. Boone remained here with his family eight months, and then accepted an appointment from Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, to conduct a party of surveyors into the country which he had discovered. The duties of this mission were performed with such unexpected success and safety, that His Excellency was induced to repose still more confidence in our pioneer, and therefore appointed him, with the rank of Captain, to take command of the garrisons. These garrisons had been raised to protect the Virginia frontiers from the incursions of the Shawnees, whom, it will be remembered, the wanton butchery of the friendly chief Logan, by Colonel Cresop, had driven into a bloody war. Thus, in spite of himself, the fame of "the man of the woods" was beginning to spread abroad, and we soon find him acting in a more dignified capacity. At the solicitation of a company of North Carolina gentlemen, of whom Colonel Richard Henderson was the principal man, Boone attended an Indian council, at Watauga, and purchased from the Cherokees a tract of land, lying on the south side of the Kentucky river. Having furnished him with an armed band of brave and prudent men, and having given him discretionary powers, the company next solicited him to make a road to the Kentucky river. While performing this laborious task, four of his best men fell victims to savage cruelty, and five were wounded. No sooner had he reached the destined point, than he commenced a fort. While this was being constructed, he was attacked several times by the Indians, but only one of his men was killed. In honor to the great and fearless pioneer, the party called this first settlement in the western wilderness Boonesborough.

Boone returned, as soon as his business would permit, to Clinch river, and removed his family to this place. His heart's desire was



now attained—he had a home in Kentucky. “My wife and daughter,” he tells us with pride and exultation, “were the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky river.” The settlers were soon gladdened by the arrival of Colonel Calaway and family, from North Carolina. It was now spring, and the men were busily engaged in clearing land and planting corn. Colonel Calaway’s two daughters and Boone’s were accustomed to walk out around the fort and gather flowers to adorn their humble homes. One pleasant afternoon in July, while rambling through the woods, they were tempted, by the beautiful flowers, to wander away farther than usual. They were spied by a party of Indians, suddenly made captive and hurried away. Night came, but the young ladies did not return—perhaps they were lost!—they might be prisoners! The alarm was given and Boone, with eight chosen men—of whom Col. Calaway was one—instantly set out in pursuit. The savages had adopted every precaution to prevent the whites from tracking them. But the girls, no less cunning than their captors, had the presence of mind to drop (not “scarfs, laces, and furbelows,”—trappings of modern date, but) shreds of their handkerchiefs and pieces of their garments by the way. This enabled the pursuers to find and keep the trail. At the close of the second day, on reaching a slight eminence, our hero sees in the dim distance the Indian camp-fire. The plan for rescuing the girls is left entirely to Boone’s judgment. He selects Colonel Calaway from the party, to accompany him, and stations one other at a favorable position for giving the signal. The remaining six he conceals under the brow of a neighboring hill. With noiseless tread and in breathless silence the two anxious parents approach the camp. About twenty Indians are seen sleeping. But where are their children? On creeping a little further through the bushes they espy another camp, and in it their daughters “sleeping in each other’s arms.” Two able-bodied warriors guard them,—one apparently asleep. Calaway is to shoot him if he awakes, while Boone seizes and strangles the other. But most unfortunately, our hero had for once made a miscalculation. The guards were both wide awake; and as he approached they suddenly sprang forth, and the keen savage war-hoop echoed and rang through the forest. Boone and Calaway were instantly seized and their hands tied behind them. An Indian council was immediately called by the blowing of a horn, and it was resolved that the prisoners should suffer the penalty of death. But as to the manner in which this was to be inflicted, the Indians disagreed. Some were for burning them at the stake. Some for blind-folding and shooting them off the block. Others thought they should be made to run the gauntlet; while others still proposed hanging them, and were even stripping bark off the trees, and making ropes with which to consummate their bellish intentions. But such a death was thought too ignominious for the daring fathers of beautiful maidens. It was therefore unanimously agreed that they should be tomahawked. In pursuance of their plan the Indians now lash the helpless prisoners to trees. Two “big warriors” with tomahawks in hand are stationed before them, while the rest are singing

their war-songs and dancing, as is their custom. At length, the critical time arrives—the signal for execution is given, the tomahawks are playing about their heads, and death seems at last to have arrived. At this instant the crack of rifles rings through the forest. The two warriors fall dead. Another and yet another rifle is discharged, and as many more Indians fall, while the remainder are put to flight. The cords are loosed from Boone and Calaway—the young ladies are rescued and soon in their fathers' arms. At the expiration of another forty-eight hours we find the happy company around their own pleasant fire-side at Boonesborough.

The Indians now seeing houses built and the forests cleared, suspected that the whites intended to drive them away, and became more violent in their animosities than ever. A series of conflicts more or less bloody ensued, and in the spring of 1777 a party of one hundred savages attacked Boonesborough. Though repulsed on their first assault with considerable loss, they retired only to reinforce their numbers and make a more determined attack. A constant fire was kept up for forty-eight hours; but finding all their efforts fruitless, they suddenly raised a yell and departed, having suffered severely. In the fort, but one man was slain and two wounded.

It was shortly after this that an incident in Boone's history occurred which has been deemed worthy of a distinguished memorial. Having gone with a party to the Blueicks, (a spot nearly opposite the present site of Cincinnati, and now frequented by the burghers of that city as a fashionable watering place,) in order to replenish the supply of salt at the fort, he strayed alone into the woods with his rifle, and suddenly encountered two Indian warriors armed with muskets. Retreat being impossible, the keen hunter sprang behind a large tree. As the Indians approached he exposed himself on the side of the tree, and one of them fired at him, but he dodged the ball. The other was induced to discharge his musket in the same way and with as little effect. Our hero then stepping from behind the tree shot one of them down in the act of reloading; but seeing the other almost ready to fire, he drew his hunting-knife, sprang forward, and with his left hand warding off the blow of the tomahawk, with his right he plunged the blade into the heart of his infuriated foe. The two Indians lay dead at his feet. No one who visits Washington City, fails to notice over the southern door of the rotunda of the Capitol the memorial of this daring deed.

Our hero, however, was not so successful in all his encounters. A day of captivity was at hand. Early the next year, while out on a hunting excursion, he was seized by a party of Frenchmen and Indians, and with him a number of his men. They were carried first to Old Chillicothe—an Indian town situated on the Little Miami—and thence to Detroit; where they were kindly received by Gov. Hamilton, the British commander at that post. All the prisoners were released for a small sum except Boone, but for him the Indians would receive no ransom, whether it was that they had become attached to him or that they feared him as too dangerous an enemy. The party who had charge

of him soon commenced their march back to Old Chilicothe. In the suburbs of the village they halted, showed the head of their prisoner, painted his face with their war-paint, and placed in his hand a long white staff ornamented with the tails of wild animals.

In this half-savage attire he was led into the village and conducted to a dirty hut, where sat a squaw bewailing the death of her son, a young brave of the tribe. According to a custom of the nation, it was her province to decide the fate of the captive. She was propitious—adopted him as her son, and his life was saved. Having now by Indian custom become one of the tribe, he exerted himself, from motives of policy, to secure their respect and confidence. He soon rose to a seat in their council, and as they were assembled one morning he heard with surprise a plan proposed for a general attack on Boonesborough. Determined now to escape at all hazards, though entering with apparent zeal into their preparations, he was, in a few days, with a large party of warriors, in full march for his devoted home. In vain did he watch for an opportunity to effect his purpose, till one morning a deer dashed across their path, and our hunter, true to his nature, gave chase. He was soon out of sight of his savage companions, and by forced marches reached Boonesborough soon enough to put the fort in readiness for the intended attack. The Indians, after delaying a few days for reinforcements, appeared in front of the fort, under the command of twelve renegade Frenchmen, of whom Duquesne was the principal. They demanded of Boone, in the name of His Britanic Majesty, to surrender the station; and their summons was backed by a formidable array of five hundred chosen warriors. To his comrades Boone said, "death is better than captivity;" and to the enemy he firmly replied, "we shall defend our fort while a man of us lives. We laugh at your preparations: we are ready for you, and thank you for the time you have given us. Try your shoulders upon our gates as soon as you please—they will hardly give you admittance." Having failed to terrify, the enemy attempted to deceive the garrison. An Indian chief advanced under a flag of truce, declaring that since it was impossible to make them prisoners, as Governor Hamilton had ordered, they were willing to make a treaty for peace, if nine of Boone's men would come out for this purpose. To this Boone agreed, on condition that the conference should be held within rifle shot of the fort. He suspected some treachery; so having selected eight men, distinguished for their strength and activity, and having instructed those who remained to fire upon the foe if necessary, he sallied forth to meet the thirty Indian chiefs. After a friendly interview, the terms of the treaty were agreed upon, papers drawn up, signed, and delivered. "And now," said the chiefs, "it is customary with us, on all such occasions, for two Indians to shake the hands of each white man that signs the treaty, as a token of the warmest friendship."

The shaking of hands commenced, but the gripe of friendship proved a grapple to make them prisoners, and a swarm of savages rushed upon them. Some of the assailants were shot by men in the fort—others

were thrown off, and amid the confusion produced by random firing and savage yells, our little party of nine rushed through the crowd and succeeded in gaining the fort. Boone was slightly wounded.

A brisk fire commenced on both sides, and was kept up nine days. The Indians, now despairing of success in open warfare, with the advice of Duquesne, set themselves about digging a trench, in order to turn the current of the river, let water into the fort, and thus drive out the occupants. Boone, soon apprized of their movements by the discoloration of the water, cut a counter trench to interrupt their design. At length, on the thirteenth day, sick of a game so unprofitable, they suddenly disappeared. We are told that the Indians lost two hundred, among whom were thirty-seven chief warriors; while the whites had only two men killed and four wounded. One can judge with what perseverance the Indians prosecuted this siege, when told that the whites gathered one hundred and twenty-five pounds weight of bullets that had been shot at them.

During Boone's confinement at Old Chilicothe, his wife, having given up all hope of ever seeing him again, returned to her friends in North Carolina. He followed her thither, and moved a second time to Kentucky, a younger brother accompanying him. Soon after their arrival, (Oct. 1780,) as they were returning from a scouting expedition, they were fired upon by a party of Indians. Boone's brother fell dead by his side. He shot the foremost Indian, then seizing his brother's rifle, leveled another and ran. His only chance of escape was to distance them. They trailed him with a dog three miles. Meanwhile, he reloaded his rifle and availed himself of an opportunity to shoot the dog. Thus he made good his escape and reached Boonesborough in safety. The history of the savages for the next six months is a tale of stratagems, burnings, captures, and murders, all of which we omit, and come to speak of the attack made upon Bryant's station, a strong hold near Lexington, by five hundred Indians under the command of the villains Girty and McKee. When these wretches had matured their plans, the Indians were summoned to Girty's cabin, who spoke to them of their once beautiful hunting-grounds, filled with buffaloes and deer, the intrusion of his white brethren, the blood of the red man that had stained the earth, and the vengeance which they must have. He then gave them instructions as to their march and the mode of attack. His harangue was answered by yells from hundreds of savage mouths, and the dead march was begun, "Simon Girty with ruffled shirt and soldier-coat taking the lead."

On the night of the fifteenth of August they commenced the attack. Boone was never caught napping—he was ready, and gave them a warm reception—so warm that they soon retreated with a heavy loss. The next morning Girty approached the fort near enough to be heard, mounted a stump, and with a flag of truce in hand cried, "if you surrender promptly no blood shall be shed; but if you will not, know then that our cannons and reinforcements are near at hand. We will battle down your pickets as we did at Riddle's and Martin's station; every man of you shall be slain." Here he was in-

terraptured by some one crying out from the fort, "shoot that rascal." "I am under a flag of truce," replied Girty; "do you know who it is that speaks to you?" Whereupon our hero answered, "know you? yes, we know you well. Know Simon Girty? Yes; he is the renegade cowardly villain who loves to murder women and children, especially those of his own people! Know Girty? Yes; his father must have been a panther. I have a worthless dog that kills sheep; instead of shooting him, I have named him Simon Girty. You expect cannons and reinforcements, do you? Cowardly wretches like you, that make war upon women and children, would not dare to touch them off, if you had them. We expect reinforcements too, and a sufficient number to give a short account of the murderous crew that follows you. Even if you could battle down our pickets, I, for one, hold your comrades in too much contempt to shoot a rifle at them. I would not waste powder and lead upon you. Should you ever enter our fort, I am ready for you. We have roasted a number of hickory switches, with which we mean to whip you and your naked cut-throats out of the country." Amid the shouts of the Indians and the jeers of the whites, Girty descended from the stump. After another fruitless attempt, the savages departed, leaving thirty of their number slain.

Boone, with a force of one hundred and seventy-five men, under the command of Colonels Todd and Trigg, Majors Harland and Bulger, Captains Gordon and McBride, pursued and overtook them at a remarkable bend in Licking river. The savages at first fled precipitately. The pursuers crossed the river where the enemy rallied, formed in line and waited the attack. They joined battle. The contest continued only fifteen minutes. Boone was compelled to retreat with a loss of sixty men. He was the only officer surviving, and his second son was among the dead. They suffered severely during the flight. Some were killed as they entered the river, others as they swam, and others still as they ascended the opposite bank. Col. Logan, with a large force, reached the place of action, but too late. Had he arrived a little sooner, the defeat might have been a victory. Boone, in company with Gen. Clark, again commenced the pursuit. The Indians, apprized of the superior force of the whites by their runners, fled in confusion. The whites hurried through their towns, killed a number of the enemy, took a few prisoners, destroyed their provisions, and swept the country with desolation. The Indians now gave up all hope of successfully contending against the colonists.

With the return of peace, Boone betook himself again to his darling passion. But a cloud came over his happiness. American enterprise pressed upon him, and he was defrauded of his lands by some trick of the law. Fired by stories of grizzly bears, buffaloes, beavers, and otters that were to be found in Missouri, he resolved to remove thither. It was a matter of surprise to see this aged veteran, whose locks had grown white in his country's service, wending his way to a new country. The ferryman, as he set him across the river at Cincinnati, asked him why he was leaving the comforts of home for the wilderness?

"Too much crowded, too much crowded," said he; "I want more elbow room." He reached Missouri and settled about fifty miles above St. Louis. Here was the "paradise for a hunter." The people lived in primitive simplicity. The country was then in possession of the French and Spanish. Boone's character for integrity and courage was soon known. He received a grant of two thousand acres from the Spanish authorities, and was appointed commandant over the district of St. Charles, which office he held until Missouri was purchased by our government. He complained of being again crowded, but was too old to move, nor was there any place to go to. He continued to be a hunter and trapper till the very day of his death. He died without a struggle, with no disease but old age, in his eighty-eighth year, full of sylvan honor and renown. It is related that he was found dead in the woods, with his wife in his arms. Such an end was equally appropriate and natural to the life of a man, whose adventurous name will live forever in the annals of border civilization.

After the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century since the hero of our sketch rested from his labors, the remains of both him and his wife were brought back to his own beloved Kentucky. On the thirteenth of September, 1845, myriads of human beings crowded upon the beautiful eminence, from which about seventy years before he had looked in upon the promised land. The thundering tread of buffaloes no longer resounded at its base, but the busy hum of industry had filled the silence. No longer over a boundless prairie

"The wild grass waved in long and lofty billows,  
Tossing white flowers like foam on many a crest:"

but works of art and taste, the homes of enlightened men, beautified the great plain below. Still was there an atmosphere of solitude about the spot selected for the final resting-place of the great pioneer. Nature had here been allowed to retain her own charms, and the spirit of the departed hero could easily be imagined to be hovering over so lovely a place. And as we can believe that the tastes and desires of men are exalted when freed from the contaminations of a sensual world, would not his pure soul rejoice in the prospect of human happiness, now visible there, more than his earthly hopes had brightened at the same scene when it was but a hunter's paradise? There was the harvest of the seed he had sown and nourished at the expense of his blood and the loss of those most dear to him. The solemn crowd who were present at his second interment, were only his children, for he had provided for them this home of theirs. His wife was with him. It was indeed fit that the devoted, courageous, enduring wife of his bosom should sleep at his side. The dead march sounded. The long train moved on. In front with its military escort was borne the hearse that contained the dust of the noble dead, drawn by four white horses. Flowers and evergreens, fit emblems of one who loved them well, were scattered profusely over it. Men, renowned for bravery, for

eloquence, for station, and for character, walked as pall-bearers to the illustrious departed. The Sabbath Schools poured the bright faces of childhood along the crowded paths. Women, in the charms of dignity and loveliness, were also there. The orator arose. The virtues of the illustrious dead were unfolded, dwelt upon, and extolled. Prayers and praises went up to heaven for the gift of great and good men, who had honored and blessed their race. The coffin was lowered, and thousands of his posterity united in casting the tokens of their last farewell upon all that remained of Daniel Boone—"earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." He has returned—HOME.

So Napoleon returned to France; but it was the warrior returning to the toy of his vain ambition. Boone returned to the land he had discovered, defended, and almost created. Napoleon came back to those whom he had deprived of fathers, brothers, and children, amid the silent curses of factions and the enthusiasm of national vanity. Boone came amid the tearful gratitude of thousands, with one accord invoking benisons on his name and memory. Napoleon came *dead*, where he could not have been received living. Boone was a voluntary wanderer, brought home under his pall by those who would gladly have welcomed him living with festal wreaths and shouts of joy.

#### FORMS AND FORMALISM.

"ABOVE the reach of time or storm,  
Playmate of the blessed ones up yonder,  
She amid the flowers of light doth wander,  
Godlike 'mid the Gods, undying FORM."

SCHILLER, translated by DWIGHT.

THE Spiritual, in this world, is inseparably bound up in the Material. Mind is encased in matter. Every thing that affects the case, affects likewise what it contains. If the body is gratified, so is the mind. If the body suffers, the mind suffers too. If the body is diseased, and battered, and broken down, the mind also becomes shattered, its energy and vitality destroyed. It must go where the body goes—stay where the body stays—come in contact with whatever surrounds the body. The soul has not the power to abstract itself from the matter in which it is enveloped. It cannot be everywhere, and see and hear every thing, as spirit, unfettered spirit, must and does. Even if at times it is able to transport itself away from the flesh, and commune with things invisible, it is soon called back by corporeal desires and feelings, and forced to attend to the actual and present. Thus mind and body have an absolute and unconditional union—a union which can never be dissolved so long as life continues.

Mind is not only shut up in matter, but each individual mind has its own prison-house, in which it is closely confined. Each stands alone

and isolated, and would remain in solitary confinement for life, if it could not communicate with other minds by means of outward signs. There can be in this world no such thing as intercourse of spirit with spirit. The mind is entirely dependent for the power to make known its thoughts, choices, volitions, upon the material creation around it. Of itself it is utterly helpless. If it has an idea which it would share with others, it must endeavor to indicate this idea by embodying it in some physical and personal act, or look abroad over the natural world to find some form which will express it. Hence the forms of the material creation, and the forms of outward and personal action, become the necessary expressions of thought. The mind must employ these or none. Spiritual signs have no existence. Matter must furnish all symbols. The world of inward thought has a necessary connection with the world of outward form. In the one is found the essence, in the other the sign. The one produces ideas, the dictates of that invisible power, the soul; the other affords the means by which these ideas are brought out into the actual and visible world, are made known to all minds, and stand imperishable for all future generations.

Yet, though man is compelled to resort to the external world for forms under which to express his ideas, it will be found that nature has furnished a far better supply of these than might at first view be conjectured. Man is not obliged to look out among a chaos of forms—mere arbitrary creations of matter—and pick out one by which, with much trouble, and twisting, and turning, he may, perhaps, be able to communicate a thought. If it were so, the Anti-Formalist would indeed be right—the more we spiritualized the better, and we could not do too much in trying to make the mind independent of the body. But it is not so. Every thing in the outward world is adapted to express some particular idea. Man has only from a multitude of signs to select the one he requires. That thus matter and mind have a real and definite connection, and were created with express reference to each other, is no new or visionary notion. It has been the impression of the greatest intellects, and is supported by strong evidence. “Metaphors,” says Richter, “are proofs of the fundamental unity of the intellectual and material worlds.” These figurative expressions of abstract truths are not arbitrary, but are founded upon some real resemblance between the thing that signifies and the idea that is signified. What can be the nature of this resemblance between an abstract truth and an external type, we cannot tell; but that it exists, we know. For example, we can conceive of no connection between spirit and a *blast of wind*, expression and a *squeezing out*, comprehension and a *taking hold of*; yet there must be a real connection, for all the terms expressing the conceptions and operations of the mind are, in like manner, derived from external objects and physical acts. These forms of expression, too, are not conventional, hit upon by caprice or accident, and adopted by mutual consent, but are found in all languages, are common to all tribes and peoples upon the earth, as though the result of some great and general law governing both mind and matter. If a new metaphor, a new idea under a new figure, be presented to our minds, we understand it at



once; it does not appear forced and strained, but the natural and appropriate symbol of the thought expressed. This form must have been originally fitted to convey the idea it imparts, since nothing but such an adaptation could lead us to choose it in preference to others. All this shows conclusively that matter and mind are adapted to each other—that, in the language of Richter, “they are fundamentally one,” and though apparently so different, are yet subject to one general law, and work together to produce the same results. Under this view, the present life and the present world are far better than many would have us believe. It is not a life, nor a world, where all is imperfect—where the flesh contends against the spirit, and the mind is clogged and fettered by all that is vile and earthy. The spiritual and material elements are not antagonists, ever clashing and warring against one another, each asserting its own supremacy; but they together combine, together act, to form and perfect the being Man.

Man, then, is surrounded by a vast creation of forms. Placed in the midst of a world of symbols, he is compelled to think and to express. Of these signs nature has afforded a vast supply, and it is in the power of man, by new and natural combinations, to multiply them to an infinite extent. Hence the world of outward expression is as unlimited as the world of thought, and no idea ever crossed any intellect which it is impossible to convey in a distinct and visible form. But though thus bountifully provided with types and signs, man has still something left for him to do. He must know how to apply them. From a multitude of forms he must be able to select the best and most appropriate. This choice of expression requires great mental activity, and strong imagination. The ideas of most intellects are vague and indistinct; connected with no definite symbol, they make little impression, soon pass away, and are forgotten. Not so with those of strong and imaginative minds. A thought presents itself before them. They look abroad into the outward world, and discern at once what form is most appropriate for the expression of that thought. After the form is once fixed upon, the mind has something definite to start from—a point from which to look at the idea in all its relations, turn it over and over, observe it in every possible light, and yet always be able to trace its way back to the place from which it set out. If in this process some new bearing, some new application be discovered, this can be indicated by its proper sign and embodied in the original expression. Thus it is that great ideas are by great minds brought out into the actual world, are made to assume a form which will force the mass of men to see and feel them, and act by them. When we read any production of genius, or look upon any work of art, it seems to us not an utter stranger, but as though there was something about it with which we had long been acquainted—as though the ideas it embodies had long been before the mind, flitting about like shadows in the dim twilight of undefined thought, and had now first assumed their veritable and natural shapes in the clear light of open day.

It is evident, from what has now been said, that if we would convey an abstract truth, we must do it by means of some form, and of all the forms of nature and of human action, some are better fitted than others for

its expression. These it must be our endeavor to choose. We must select the best we can. It is, indeed, a work of no small difficulty, and constitutes one of the highest exercises of the mind. But because attended with trouble it is none the less important. A man has no right, in communicating some far-reaching and soul-concerning truth, to take up with an inadequate expression, to use the wrong sign, merely because it is most convenient, or ready at hand. It is his duty and his interest to try for the best. Since, then, their selection is such a difficult matter, when distinct and appropriate symbols have once been determined upon, they ought to be perpetuated. And even if those employed are not the best possible, they acquire, by long-continued use, a peculiar appropriateness and significance. That this is true not only of representative action, but also of verbal statements, will appear from a brief consideration of the nature of language.

Language may be generally defined to be a collection of sounds, which indicate external objects and physical acts. It is often, perhaps, conventional and arbitrary, for we cannot always see any connection between a natural object and the name given it. Yet though we cannot trace it, the fundamental unity of matter and mind creates a probability that such a connection does really exist. Names of abstract ideas are merely signs of signs; not they themselves, but the forms which they suggest, communicate thought. A regular and systematic collection of such words in a sentence, is nothing more than a contrivance for bringing before the mind, in rapid succession, a variety of forms. Hence, even if the words are conventional, mere arbitrary and accidental inventions, the things and acts which they signify, stand in the same natural relation to human thought, as though these words did not exist. When language is used with reference to sensible objects, the sounds uttered suggest at once whatever they are associated with, and the designed impression is immediately conveyed. But when employed for the expression of abstract truth, the mind goes through two operations. One of these is the passing from the sound uttered, to the natural object or action of which that sound is the name. The other is a following out the connection of that object or action with the abstract idea which it symbolizes. The former of these may be arbitrary. We can conceive it possible to associate an external type with a thousand different names, each of which would equally subserve the design. Not so with the other. It is founded on a natural connection between a representative form and an inward thought; and usage, therefore, cannot regulate or change it. For example, the act of grasping might perhaps be as well indicated by some other word as by comprehension. Yet when this has once been established by usage, it becomes the natural expression of the mental state, to which the act of grasping is analogous. When such a word is originally employed to express an abstract truth, it points first to the type, and then presents the idea. But after long-continued use, it suggests at once the thought, without leading the mind to the intermediate form. As with individual words, so with sentences and formulas. When spoken merely of external objects, they dart upon the mind a rapid succession of images.

Form after form appears, until the group is completed. Almost in a moment of time, a picture is painted, and held up before the vision. But when employed to express abstract truths, the mind has not only to take in the meaning of this cluster of images as a whole, but also to trace the connection of this whole, this compound representative form, with a mental state or phenomenon. Long-continued use, however, brings us to associate the idea with the mere expression, a picture no longer intervenes, but the thought at once flashes upon the mind, clear, distinct, perfect. If, then, certain forms of expression have been found adequate to convey abstract truths, let them be continued; by long and constant use they will become familiar terms, household phrases, ever bringing before the mind, clearly and vividly, those great ideas which must guide and govern us while we live upon the earth. We should, therefore, carefully guard the perpetuity of forms—forms of representative action and forms of verbal statement—so shall we cause art, habit, nature, to combine in giving permanence of expression to thought, and almost bring spirit into union with spirit.

There has been in the world much partial philosophy. It generally arises from too exclusive attention to one thing. Long and careful consideration magnifies any subject. New parts continually appear, details multiply, the whole subject grows upon the mind, until, perhaps, it nearly fills the intellectual vision, and all else dwindles into insignificance. Hence arise many one-sided systems. Men and things are looked upon in a narrow and contracted view. The importance of some one particular is magnified until it overshadows and hides every thing beside. Some one element of human nature is fastened upon, all the rest overlooked, and that made supreme. This is what has been done by those who advocate and strive to practice an excessive spiritualism. They regard the mind as all that in this life is worth attending to. The spirit, with them, is every thing—the body nothing. Matter is a mere clog upon mind, dragging it down to the dull forms of the material creation, and forbidding it the freedom of a spiritual existence. The aspirations and emotions of the soul are hampered and fettered by the desires and passions of animal life. Thus, in their view, the body is a mere prison-house for the spirit. Mind and matter are antagonists; the one striving to maintain the supremacy of all that is vile, earthy, and sensual, the other of all that is noble and spiritual. It becomes then man's duty to free himself, as far as possible, from this yoke, to subdue animal appetites and passions, and abstract the mind from outward objects and dull matter.

Such is the philosophy of spiritualism. To a certain degree, every one should believe and practice it. It affords an excellent rule of life and a wholesome restraint upon bodily desires. But when carried too far, it seeks to destroy the natural dependence of mind and body, and to bring them into an unnatural state of antagonism. It then becomes Anti-Formalism. Forcing the mind back upon itself, and endeavoring to make it evolve abstract truth from abstract truth, it dries and withers up all those faculties which enable the man to derive ideas from the external world. The imagination is impaired; the power of associating

outward forms with inward thoughts is lost. Indeed, the Anti-Formalist looks upon the symbol as distracting the mind from the idea. He thinks that the sign and the thing signified cannot subsist together. If the one is present, the other must be absent. To use forms, with him, is to be formal. He confounds Formalism with Formality. Thus he rejects all that appeals to the senses; he shuts his eyes to the significance of everything in the material creation. It is to him a collection of mere mechanical contrivances. The beautiful and appropriate in action he cannot see; all that cultivates and refines the feelings he flings away. Divested of the power of imagination and of associating abstract ideas with sensible objects, his mind loses its elasticity; it becomes dull, prosy, and stationary. Seeking to quicken the spiritual life, he almost destroys what he before possessed. Striving to make the mind independent of the senses, he renders it inactive and torpid. The few ideas he has, become less distinct and vivid. Every thing loses its freshness. The whole man grows prim, stiff and angular. Abstaining from forms, he is yet formal. Thus this spiritualizer defeats his own end. Following a false philosophy, he is led round and round in the same circle, but brought not a step in advance.

It often happens that a form, after long use, becomes unmeaning. This may be owing to a variety of causes. Sometimes other expressions arise, which better convey the idea intended. In the progress of mind, there may be discovered a closer analogy of this abstract truth with some other material form, or, perhaps, it may become associated with, and suggested by, a shorter and more convenient expression. The original sign then loses its significance. The symbol no longer symbolizes. When it becomes useless, whether in this or any other way, it should be discontinued. To continue it longer, is to keep up form without spirit, to preserve an external type which does not typify. Thus in the natural course of things, many forms must pass away; they lose their meaning, become burdensome, and are flung aside. But because its original expression has ceased to convey it, the idea must not be left without a sign. If it is not thus brought before the minds of men, and forced upon their attention, it will lose its distinctness and vividness, and finally be disregarded or forgotten. All great truths, which should govern human life or conduct, must be imparted and revived by frequent and ever-recurring symbols, and constantly brought out into the actual and visible world. What if the forms of social intercourse should be universally disregarded? How long would men continue to cherish kindly feelings towards each other? How long would women be treated with tenderness and respect? How long would distinctions of class or rank be preserved? How long would individual rights be regarded? How long, in a word, could society remain refined and cultivated? Yet these forms are nothing more than signs of such feelings as respect, gallantry, deference, equality,—mere mental states and impressions. But when brought out in common life, forced upon us in our daily occupations, meeting us in every place, we are compelled, if not to feel their significance, at least to yield to their constraint.

If then it is thus necessary, by means of forms, to stimulate man to

feelings, which, from his close contact with others, are most likely to arise, and are most naturally cherished—how much more necessary is it, to use the same means, to excite in him right and proper feelings toward his Creator! Intimate intercourse, immediate interests, every thing would seem to conspire in suggesting and reviving those ideas which should govern social life. On the contrary, there is nothing in his common occupations, in every day's routine, to remind man of religious truths, of his relations to his God. The things of this world are near and present; the things of the world to come, distant and unseen. Yet we are still obliged to indicate social relations by external types—signs which shall force themselves upon the senses and make their meaning felt. Why is it not equally important to symbolize religious truths, to represent them by forms, which shall appeal to the bodily organs, and through the animal, reach the spirit? In all else we acknowledge the power of form. In material symbols and in artistic combinations of material symbols are found the means of quickening and cultivating mind. We look to the appropriate and beautiful in nature for every thing that shall ennoble or refine. Even of many religious truths, all allow that the natural world affords the best and highest ideas. Where can we read better lessons of the greatness and power of the Creator, than in the vastness and magnificence of his creations? "The heavens declare the glory of the Lord, and the firmament sheweth forth his handiwork." But if some of the Divine attributes can be impressed upon the mind by external types, why cannot all? If some great religious ideas are expressed by the forms of nature, why are not all? At least, if there are symbols for some eternal truths, let us make use of those we have. Let them be gathered in from the material creation; let them be skillfully arranged in forms of artistic beauty,—forms that shall represent—forms that, through the senses, shall leave upon the mind strong and vivid impressions; so shall the body be made to aid the soul, and the material be brought into real subjection to the spiritual.

During the last century, the old forms of religious worship were thrown aside. It was a utilitarian age, and it could not see their utility; it was a prosaic age, and it could not understand their significance; it was an age of novelty, and it would have nothing old. In truth, it was one of those periods when the human mind seems as it were to turn back upon itself, to review its past progress, to doubt and pry into all its old beliefs, to reject old forms and usages, to unmake the world that it may build it up anew. But that period is past. The reaction has commenced. Recovering from the withering influence of doubt and unbelief, the spirit is taking new life. Men are turning from their recent scepticism, and begin to cherish more faith. They are fast falling back into their former habits of belief, and resuming their former creeds. Old associations return, old forms and ceremonials are revived. Thus the people of France are resuming their old religious worship and ritual. In the Church of England, too, there is seen a similar movement. These and like indications have struck terror and alarm into the Anti-Formalists. Already are they organizing and preparing to wage unrelenting war upon forms. In some quarters, even,

the attack has begun. Sabbath after Sabbath, anathemas are hurled from the pulpit against them. Creeds, litanies, symbols, and ceremonials of every kind, are denounced as unspiritual. Those who use them are decried, as neglecting the inward life, and minding only external show. Every means is taken to destroy the few existing rites and symbols, and to prevent the revival of others. Yet, however great the efforts of the Anti-Formalists, they must all be in vain. They are striving to oppose the advancing progress of the age, and sooner or later they will be swept along with it. All things are hastening on to the final consummation, to the days of millennial glory, when all the elements of human nature shall combine in the expression of religious truths, and the material and spiritual worlds be united in the worship of Jehovah.

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TRANSLATION FROM KÖRNER.

### THE THREE AGES OF LOVE.

On thy mother's bosom softly sleeping,  
 Thou canst feel no grief to mar thy rest :  
 And thy dream knows nought of wo or weeping,  
 For thy world is on thy mother's breast.

*Thrice*, thrice in this life to man 'tis given  
 On Love's arms thus sweetly to repose ;  
 Thrice in life to taste the joy of heaven,  
 Bliss that from no earthly fountain flows.

With her blandest look sweet Nature meets him ;  
 See in joy the blooming infant dress'd !  
 And the world with smiles of welcome greets him—  
 Love still holds him to his mother's breast.

When the heavens with threatening clouds are laden,  
 And the youth for brighter paths doth pine,  
 In the arms of some fair, gentle maiden,  
 Love a *second* time doth him entwine.

But the storm-wind smites each tree and flower,  
 And the proudest heart in death must lie :  
 Love, Death's angel, cheers man's dying hour,  
 And in glory bears his soul on high.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A CAMPAIGN IN FLORIDA.

(Concluded from page 80.)

WHILST active preparations were making to carry the war into the heart of the enemy's country, runners were sent to the principal chiefs and warriors, to proffer once more the olive-branch, and in case of its rejection, to threaten the most vigorous measures. In consequence of these messages, Micanope, the principal chief or king of the Seminoles, together with Cloud, Coa Hadjo, and other chiefs and braves, to the number of about twenty, with their families and slaves, surrendered themselves at Fort Mellon, and expressed their willingness to migrate to their new home west of the Mississippi. They were probably led to this step, by a knowledge of the vast preparations making for their capture, and a consciousness that their destiny could no longer be averted. Of a peaceful and quiet disposition by nature, Micanope had been forced into this war, contrary to his wishes, and against his better judgment; but, like a brave man and true patriot, being involved in the struggle, he had kept the field as long as there was a glimmering ray of hope for success; when resistance could at best but defer the evil day, and eventual capture or death was inevitable, he wisely resolved to throw himself into the hands of a foe whose generosity he well knew.

This fallen chieftain, with his little band of faithful followers, as they wended their way in mournful silence, to lay at their conquerors' feet the last and dearest remnant of their former power and greatness—their personal liberty—presented a spectacle which excited, at once, admiration of the bravery and skill that had so long defended this priceless jewel against great odds, and pity for the misfortunes which had deprived them of it. Long and faithfully had they fought for their country; freely had shed their blood in her defence; now, for the last time, they tread her soil as freemen; a moment more, and they are conquered slaves. Their approach to the camp was unheralded, and the first intimation of it was a white flag borne by Micanope, who, in person, led his little retinue. In addition to the warriors, he was followed by a motley train of squaws, negroes, and children, who seemed glad to escape from the horrors and frequent starvations of war, to share the well-known kindness of their foes. Among the female followers of the chief, were the two wives of Osceola, who was as famous for his gallantry in love, as for his bravery in arms.

Besides his own family and those of his followers, there were with him the families of several braves who were unwilling themselves to surrender, until they had tried once more the fortunes of the field. This game was frequently played during the later campaigns of the war, and it was no uncommon sight to see a single warrior, often old and crippled, with a useless rifle and empty powder-flask, present himself before our lines with a white flag, and demand protection for himself and convoy, consisting of the wives, children and negroes of his whole band. So pressed were they by the troops, and so straitened for provisions, that they were compelled to adopt this policy to avoid cap-

ture or starvation. It is a sufficient commentary upon the character of the war, so far as the whites were concerned, that they were thus willing to commit to their care these dearest of all pledges.

While Micanope and his companions were at Fort Mellon, they were treated with perfect kindness, and allowed unrestrained liberty within the pickets, during the daytime. It was during this period, that news reached us of the death of Osceola at Charleston. I was standing near the chiefs, upon the wharf, when the intelligence was communicated to them, and felt curious to know what effect it would have upon them. On being informed of the fact, Micanope simply turned to Cloud and observed, "Assin-ya-ho-la is dead!" Whatever feelings may have been excited by this news, they exhibited none. Whether this was the result of Indian stoicism, or whether they really cared much about it, is questionable; for Osceola was never regarded with a favorable eye by the legitimate chieftains, and was looked upon by some of them as the principal author of their misfortunes. We have already seen that he was the first to take up arms.

About Christmas, the main body of the army, under the immediate command of General Jessup, with a heavy train of stores and provisions, left the encampment, and commenced their slow and wearisome march towards Jupiter Inlet, on the Atlantic coast. Encumbered as they were by a heavy train of wagons and artillery, the troops made slow progress in their journey over hammock and swamp, and at the end of a week were not more than fifty miles distant.

In a few days after the departure of the main body, our little battalion of infantry was ordered to proceed to the upper part of the St. John's, and establish a post on the western bank of Lake Harney, ninety miles south of Fort Mellon. The battalion consisted of one hundred and seventy men, about one half of whom were veterans, inured to the service, the rest recruits. Our journey was to be performed in open boats of light draught, and we were encumbered with a large quantity of stores and provisions. On the first day we made about thirty miles, through a level and uninteresting country, and in the evening encamped in a grove by the river's side, after managing to lose our way in a large lagoon. While the men were busily engaged in securing the boat and preparing a place for the encampment, Lieutenant C. and myself, taking our muskets, passed up the shores of the lagoon in quest of ducks, with which, in the winter season, every lake and river in the Peninsula abounds. Having passed out of the hammock, and gained a small eminence beyond, we were suddenly surprised by the sight of a solitary horseman, rapidly approaching us. Whether he was a friend or foe, the dimness of twilight rendered uncertain. Throwing ourselves behind two palmetto trees, we waited the issue: in a few moments more the horseman was abreast of us, and in answer to a hurried challenge, replied, that he was Colonel Harney. He had left his men on the opposite bank of the river, and had crossed it in search of a fording. The meeting was equally unexpected by both parties; we supposing him to be fifty miles distant with the army, and he supposing us to be at Fort Mellon. Returning to the encampment, we spent the night beneath the branches of the over-



hanging trees, and early next morning pursued our onward course. The St. John's, as we proceeded, grew gradually narrower, and its banks became more barren and elevated. The hammocks which skirt the banks of the lower St. John's, here give place to pine barrens and prairies, dotted here and there with clumps of palmettoes. Occasionally, the banks assumed the shape of sandy bluffs of considerable eminence.

As we passed between two of these bluffs, where the river contracts itself to about thirty yards in width, our guide, a young negro who had been with Osceola in some of his warmest fights, raised himself upon the prow of the boat, and pointing to a clump of palmettoes, which crowned an eminence some twenty feet above us, said, "There, last winter, Osceola, with his band, waited fourteen days for the white man to pass; and if he had come," said he, raising himself to his fullest height, while his bright eye flashed with the exciting recollection, "they would have seen fighting." It was a glorious place for an ambuscade, and a few well-directed volleys from the impending banks, would have left but few to tell the tale. Osceola, however, was now in his grave, and his warriors scattered, or employed in other parts of the Territory, so that we were safe from the dangers of an ambuscade.

On the evening of the third day after leaving Fort Mellon, we entered Lake Harney, and just as the sun was setting, landed on its western bank. The traces of Indians were so numerous and recent, and the hour so late, that it was judged best to pass the night on board the boats, out of reach of danger from the shore. Early next morning a site was chosen for the new post, and such was the activity of the troops, and the abundance of the material, that before sunset Fort Lane was considered in a defensible state.

This Fort is beautifully situated on the banks of a lovely sheet of water, some five miles in length by three in width, which bore the Indian name of "Wea-poluxa," or "water in a round hole." It had been discovered during the previous year by a party engaged in exploring the St. John's, and by them named Lake Harney, in honor of the brave Colonel of the second Dragoons.

About two miles in rear of the post was the town of Philip, a large village of some fifty well built lodges, strongly situated between three little lakes or ponds of excellent water, and inaccessible to an attacking force except on two sides. Hither, Philip had withdrawn with his people at the commencement of the war, and being unmolested for several years, had made from this unsuspected retreat those bloody forays, in which he was wont to carry death and destruction to the settlements. The situation of this town was never known until discovered by our troops in their scouting expeditions. It then bore many marks of recent desertion, and was probably abandoned soon after the establishment of Fort Lane. It was surrounded by extensive clearings of well cultivated land, and seems to have been the main storehouse from which Philip had drawn his supplies during the later campaigns of the war. Its central position between the Atlantic and Gulf shores, rendered it a place of great importance to either party, and its

occupation by our troops materially embarrassed the operations of the Indians during the campaign that followed.

After a few weeks of activity in building the Fort, and perfecting its arrangements, varied with an occasional scout after the Indians, our life began to grow monotonous, and we eagerly desired some kind of excitement. To be cooped up in the narrow limits of a Fort, in a country whose mid-winter resembles a New England June, and where every thing conspires to invite the idler to stroll over its green, grassy plains, or to pluck the fragrant flower, is no pleasant condition to those accustomed to an active life. A soldier's life, to be enjoyed, must be interspersed with the stirring scenes of the battle-field, the toilsome march, and the listless inactivity of the camp. Each of these serves as a condiment to the others, and the dish thus served up, is by no means unpleasant.

We were not suffered long, however, to remain in idleness. One morning, before day-break, an express arrived from the army in hot haste; the drums at once beat to arms, and the troops hastily assembled, eager to know the cause of this new and strange movement. Orders were then given for a detachment of a hundred and fifty men, to equip themselves within an hour as light infantry, with fifty rounds of cartridge, and ten days' provisions, prepared for the march. As the movement required the greatest dispatch, the troops were ordered to leave their knapsacks behind, and to carry nothing more than was absolutely necessary to sustain their own lives, or, which was equally important, to take the lives of the Indians, if they should find any.

At sunrise we set off in a southwesterly direction, and marched onward with a rapidity and constancy exceedingly wearisome to the uninitiated, until noon, when we halted, for the first time, by a large spring of fetid sulphur water. It was the first water of any kind we had seen since morning, and to our parched tongues it tasted really delicious, though its smell was any thing rather than pleasant. After halting a few hours, to allow the stragglers to come up and refresh themselves, we again set out upon the march. Our route was through an open pine barren, where the sand lay so loosely as to yield at every step, so that the march was exceedingly painful. We suffered much also from thirst and the heat. Not a spring, or even a stagnant pond, was seen during the afternoon. At sunset we prepared to encamp for the night, in an open pine grove, about twenty five miles from the Fort, and sought to shelter ourselves as best we might from the cold, piercing dews, beneath the branches of the lofty pines. Our situation promised to be no ways comfortable; but I found that a long and fatiguing march was more potent than the fabled waters of Lethe, in producing oblivion of life's ills and discomforts. With my head upon my cartridge-box, I slept as soundly as ever upon a couch of down.

Next morning, at daylight, we renewed the march, through a country of much pleasanter aspect than that traversed on the preceding day. The pine barren had given place to prairie, interspersed with hammocks and occasional orange groves, loaded with blossoms and fruit, and intersected by numerous small streams of the purest water, which, with the juice of the sour oranges, made excellent lemonade. In the eve-

ning, having marched about thirty miles, we encamped in an open prairie, in front of a formidable looking hammock of several miles in length, which, we were told, was supposed to contain the celebrated Ca-Coochee, who had recently escaped from St. Augustine, and gathered together his scattered followers in some of the great hammocks between Jupiter Inlet and Fort Lane. A party of Indians having been seen by the express rider between these two posts, was the cause of our sudden movement.

Under these circumstances the greatest caution was necessary; no fires were allowed to be kindled, and the strictest silence was enjoined. As the darkness of night came on, our situation was rendered extremely unpleasant by a heavy storm of wind and rain. In the whole detachment there was not a single blanket or guard-coat, and we were obliged to pass the night as we could, under a torrent of rain. As on the preceding evening, nature was too much wearied to allow of long complaint on account of the weather, and taking off our coats and wrapping them around the cartridge-boxes to keep them dry, most of us soon forgot the rain and cold in sweet and refreshing sleep. Early in the morning we were roused from our slumbers, and ordered to prepare for the charge. The sun was just rising when the detachment began to deploy at thirty paces, preparatory to entering the hammock. The plan of operation was this:—two small bodies were sent to post themselves on the opposite side of the hammock, to prevent the escape of the Indians; the remainder of the detachment was then formed into two ranks, faced to the right, and ordered to march, leaving a file of men at every thirty paces, until the whole line should be deployed; then, face to the front, and charge, converging as they advanced, so as to meet on the opposite side of the hammock. The manœuvre was rapidly completed, and we set forward with a quick step towards the hammock, which consisted mainly of palmetto and live-oaks, interwoven with vines and shrubbery of every kind, so as to render it almost impervious. The troops advanced slowly and painfully until they had reached the centre, where the ground was more free. At this moment the report of a single musket was heard in the direction of the extreme left, within a few files of where I was. The whole line halted for a moment and listened, expecting to hear the shot returned; but all was silent as before, and the word was passed from file to file to “advance, and keep a good lookout.” In about an hour we were once more on open ground on the opposite side of the swamp, having spent more than three hours in traversing less than a mile. The shot heard had been fired by the second file on my right, and its victim was the only Indian seen during the charge. The poor fellow was sitting at the foot of a large cypress-tree, eating his morning meal of parched corn, utterly unconscious of danger, when the fatal bullet found its way to his heart. It seemed like a cruel and barbarous thing thus to hurry a fellow being into eternity, without a single warning note to apprise him of his danger. But it must be recollected, that he was supposed to be one of a band of cruel and treacherous foemen, whose suspected lurking-place we were searching, and the measure was one of necessity. He was brought out of the hammock and buried in the edge of

the prairie, with as many expressions of sympathy as if he had been a comrade.

The object of the expedition having been accomplished, we now set off on our return to the Fort. The briars and bushes had made woful ravages on our wardrobes, leaving scarce enough on many to deserve the name of clothing; and the rain of the second night had not been more lenient with our provisions. These, consisting principally of hard bread, had become thoroughly soaked, and a few hours of warm, sultry sunshine, rendered them unfit for use. This circumstance obliged us to take a more direct route than had at first been intended. The loss of our bread confined us to rather short rations of boiled bacon, and we began to anticipate an unwelcome fast for the next two days. During the second day's march, however, some of the party shot an Indian cow, which was considered as a lawful prize and a lucky godsend. We at once encamped, though it was little beyond mid-day, to enjoy the unwonted luxury of fresh beef. Large fires were soon built, and the cow, divided into one hundred and fifty shares, was distributed by lot among the men. Using our bayonets for spits, the savory morsels were soon roasted, with no other condiment than the smoke of a pitch-pine fire, and in a little while it had gone the way of all (cow) flesh. On the fifth day we reached Fort Lane, having killed an Indian and eaten a cow!

As the Indians were now pretty certainly known to have removed from our immediate proximity, we were allowed more liberty during the remainder of the time spent at Fort Lane, and our days and nights were passed very agreeably, in fishing and fire-hunting, though in the latter we generally met with little success. The long continuance of the war had compelled the Indians to subsist mainly by the chase, and in consequence, the larger kinds of game had grown very scarce. Occasionally, however, the hunting parties would bring in a deer, and sometimes, though rarely, a bear.

On the opposite shore of the lake stood an Indian town, which, like the one in rear of the post, had been inhabited by Philip. It had been seen by our boatmen from the lake, but the foot of a white man had probably never pressed its soil. Having a great desire to examine the village, I one morning took my musket and ammunition, and set out on a tour of observation. As it was on the opposite shore, I was obliged to make a circuit around the head of the lake, and crossing the river near its mouth, in an old canoe usually kept there, I made my way for the village, about six miles distant from the entrance of the river into the lake. A pleasant walk of two hours brought me to the town, and a lovelier spot my eyes never rested on. It stood upon a plain, sloping gently back from the lake, and commanding a full view of its clear bright waters. The huts or lodges, about fifty in number, were built beneath the shade of a grove of the noblest live-oaks, whose spreading branches, festooned with a drapery of long gray moss, afforded a canopy from the summer's sun, and a covert from the wintry blast. The whole grove was free from undergrowth, and the spaces between the huts were occupied as gardens, whose weedless appearance gave good proof of the industry of the Indian women.

I wandered about the deserted village, peeping curiously into the interior apartments of the dwellings, and examining with pleasure, not unmingled with pity, the many obvious proofs of the comfort and happiness of the unfortunate inhabitants, before the bloody gripe of war had snatched from them their country and their all. As I rambled around the precincts, my attention was attracted by a tall pole, standing in the midst of a well-beaten circle some fifty feet in diameter. It was the pole around which their dances were celebrated. Here, doubtless, when peace and prosperity smiled upon the little community, the idle hours of eventide were whiled away by the young men and maidens in the festive dance: here was chaunted the song of love, and here, too, the wild, thrilling war-song raised its husky voice, to drown the gentler lay of peace and love.

As I stood and mused upon the varied scenes enacted on that spot, my attention was attracted by something attached to the pole, and playing in the breeze. I approached and removed it. It was a lock of female hair, whose softness and color too plainly told its origin; it had probably been torn from the scalp by a splinter on the pole, upon which it had been placed when the horrid scalp-dance was performed. My heart sickened at the sight, and I turned and left the spot, feeling little regret for the fate of wretches who could bury the hatchet in the brain of helpless infancy and unoffending age, and whose bloody hands could tear the reeking scalp from the head of the murdered mother. The fountain of sympathy was suddenly dried up, and I know not but that I rejoiced in the fate that has swept the monsters from our land.

So much had my thoughts been engaged with the scene around me, that I had not noticed the lateness of the hour until I reached the shores of the lake. The sun had then already set, and the shades of evening were gathering rapidly around. The Fort was about ten miles distant by the route I must traverse, though I could distinctly hear the evening drum, as the breeze bore its notes directly across the lake. The night soon set in, dark and threatening, so that it was with difficulty I could find my way. Keeping close to the shore of the lake, however, I succeeded, about eight o'clock, in reaching the mouth of the river. Here a new and unexpected dilemma arose. The boat in which I had crossed in the morning was nowhere to be found, after a search of half an hour! The only alternatives were to remain where I was all night, or swim the river. To do the former, under circumstances so suspicious, was, to say the least, fool-hardy; to swim the stream, encumbered as I was with my arms and clothing, promised to be no easy task. The stream was about thirty yards in width, and fordable perhaps one third of that distance. After some hesitation, I resolved to swim it, and fastening my cartridge-box to the top of my musket, to keep it dry, I breasted the stream, and soon found myself on the other side, with less difficulty than I had anticipated. About ten o'clock I reached the Fort, where I found a small detachment preparing to go in search of me. The canoe was found next day at the lower side of the Lake, whither it had probably drifted, without any assistance from the Indians.

The winter was now wearing rapidly away, and with approaching

spring the dysentery, and other diseases common to the climate, made their appearance among the troops, to such a degree that it became necessary to recall the army from the field and remove it to summer quarters, at St. Augustine and other healthy posts. One after another the advanced stations were abandoned, until Fort Lane was left the only post on the St. John's south of Fort Mellon. To retain this post was an object of considerable importance, from its situation in the very heart of the hostile territory, and on account of the extensive clearings around it, upon which the Indians might, with ease, raise enough during the coming summer to supply them in the next campaign. It was accordingly determined not to abandon it, if it could be held without too great sacrifice of life, and preparations were made to render the troops as comfortable as possible in summer quarters.

About the beginning of March, however, the waters of the Lake began to rise rapidly, without any apparent cause, and to assume a brackish taste, so that in a week they were utterly unfit for use. Owing, perhaps, principally to this cause, the dysentery, though in a mild form, made its appearance in our midst, and in a few days nearly one fourth of the whole garrison was unfit for duty.

Being without a surgeon, the whole care of the sick devolved upon myself—a responsibility which an older and more experienced man might well shrink from, particularly in diseases where whatever is done must be done quickly. Applying the little knowledge I had gained in six months' familiarity with the diseases most common to the troops, and referring to the prescription books, written by myself from the mouths of the different surgeons, I was providentially enabled to check the progress of the disease, so far, at least, as not to lose any of our number by death. I was not slow, however, in recommending an abandonment of the post; and a certificate of the health of the garrison, signed by the officers, soon brought the required permission, and about the 25th of March we turned our backs upon Fort Lane, where we had spent many days of pleasant idleness, and still more pleasant service.

Owing to the rise of the river, we were enabled to descend it in steamboats, carrying with us every thing portable, and leaving the Fort we had built, with its large block and warehouses, to the mercy of the Indians. Whether they were destroyed by them or not, I never knew.

When we arrived at Fort Mellon, we found the body of the army there, worn out with fatigue and sickness. The service of the campaign had been arduous in the extreme, and many whom we had seen in vigor and health when we parted from them in December, were now sleeping their long sleep, in the hammocks and prairies of Southern Florida.

The campaign was now closed. Its history and results, so far as other portions of the army were concerned, are written elsewhere; with them I have nothing to do. I have endeavored to give a plain, unvarnished account of what I was personally concerned in, and if the narrative is barren of personal incident or thrilling adventure, be pleased to recollect, courteous reader, that I profess to give an account, not of what I did, but of what I saw.

\*2\*.

## THE LAST SILVER SIXPENCE.

'Tis the last silver sixpence  
Left shining alone;  
All its once dear companions  
Expended and gone;  
No coin of its kindred,  
No poor bit is nigh,  
To reflect back its brightness,  
Or gladden mine eye!

I'll not keep thee, thou lone one,  
To mock at my wo;  
Since the rest are at *Gorham's*,  
There, too, shalt thou go.

With a fragrant Havana  
I'll whiff away care,  
While halos of beauty  
Shall float on the air.

Ah, then would I perish,  
My purse growing lean,  
And the ghosts of old term-bills  
All haunting my dream!  
When friends will not trust one,  
And duns only come,  
Oh! who would then live here  
With sixpence alone?

OBSCURITATIS PLENÆ QUÆSTIONES, CUM NOTIS COPIOSIS AD  
EXPLICATIONEM.

Euclidius, Newtonius, multique pariter insignes, olim floruerunt: qui omnes, addendo et deducendo quædam mira faciebant. Opera quorum ingenii, Novunculos herbaceos, nuper a mammâ disjunctos, aut nunc, (ut verius dicamus,) anxii matribus desideratos, in lacrymas solvunt. Sophomoros verò, inani labore fatigatos, exacerbant, penitus obfuscant, cruentèque laniunt. Juniores etiam, quamvis alicui diras imprecari foedum sit, illos scriptores antiquos et venerabiles, conviciis contumeliisque blasphemiter laceant.

Seniores autem, his morosis adstantes, incedunt per ora inagnifice, et, naso ita pollice adjuncto, ut iis stomachus moveatur, benigne arident, auremque præbent malitiosam. Accedit etiam ironice blandiloquentia multa.

Hoc quidem est gravius, quam ut tolerari potest. Sed tamen sunt, quos miseret illorum. Igitur, quidam artium fanatici mathematicarum, artificia permulta excoGITAVERE; quibus omnes, etiam stolidissimi, loca in his libris obscura, perspicere possent: unumque librum (Euclidium) *illuminare* et *perforare* solent. Sed frustra. Haec nihil valent. Inanum est *perforare*; nam *cæco*, solidum est foramen. Ridiculum est *illuminare*, atque supervacaneum. Profecto nocte oppressis, nihil sole oriente jucundius; at verò, quibus *Dies* perpetuus ante oculos versetur, ut quomodo *lucis* egeant? De quibus præter Novos et Sophomoros hoc mirum dicere possumus? *Medio Die, in mediâ nocte sunt*; et *mediâ nocte, in medio Die* sunt. Hoc tamen est tam verum, ut nihil sit verius. Ex hoc *Dies nocturno* fiunt, oculi humore fluentes, cordis palpitatio, cani, rugae, tabes cadavera, horrendus Ephialtes, atque *functi stupendissima*!

Sed ne longus sim, pauca nunc de me ipso dicam. Non cupio famam: pecunie non mihi opus est; nec animi cruciatu afficere volo. Quamobrem *Anglicè* problema mea scripta sunt. Tamen sunt (pro pudor!) qui, quas ne attingere quidem debebant, in his rebus maximè occupantur. Tales ita de me dicent; "aliquem se putat;" "suum cuique pulchrum est;" "laudis gratia scribit;" "deficit illum *pecunia*." Quicumque haec verba in medium proferet, athenus mendax et impudentissimus. Curaque est etiam diabolo, et si mihi usquam aut unquam occurrat, hanc vocem "peccavi!" naso colliso exhalabit. At verò, *Latine* scribendo, colligere pecuniam! Ha! ha! ha! Eheu! Eheu! Mihi pretio, erunt dum Yalenses Magazine! Sed meo patre vivente, flumen est argentum perenne. Pauci forte dicant, (et non malo animo) "Newtonium æmulari studet." Mortui nomen illius mathematici, non maledictis increpabo. Hoc tamen (si fas est dictu) piissimè dicitur et reverentissimè; Newtonius felix fuit scientiâ, qualis si mihi esset, in *vespore*, paucis diebus, evanescerem. Quam me causae quidem impulerit, ut has quæstiones ederem? Hoc meum responsum est; "Tra-

hit sua quemque voluptas." Ego, *Scientiæ amore* ardeo, flagro, deflagro! Insaniam mathematicam insanio! Nunc itaque Yalenses! tua capita scalpatote! frontes contrahite! oculos claudite! tum has questiones subjunctas excogitate!

## QUESTIONS.

1st. If three men work ten days on a fertile farm, what is the Logarithm?

2d. If three men, one of them a colored man and the other a female, set out simultaneously, which'll get there first? Required also from these premises, the time of starting, starting point, destination, and the "Natural Number" belonging to the other.

*Explanatory Note.*— $X=O=B$ , the probable age of the parties multiplied into the distance traveled.

3d. Of what use is a compass without a needle, and which way does it point?

*Note.*— $X$ =supposed use.  $S$ =South.

4th. What is the required length of a limited steel wire which runs the other way?

*Note.*— $X+X+X$ =other way.

5th. As a general thing, which will do the most good?

*Note.*—Supply the ellipsis " $X$ =the former;  $y$ =the latter." In the solution of this problem, which, if correctly stated, is extremely simple, the following Alligational Formula is employed.

$$\begin{array}{l} \text{Snag} \\ \text{Stump} \end{array} \times \frac{(1+2-3-4)}{\frac{4(0)0}{4(0)4} \cdot 33 \cdot \frac{1}{2} \cdot \frac{3}{2} \cdot \frac{20}{20}} - \frac{000}{000} - O = \left( \frac{\begin{array}{c} \textcircled{O} \sim \Pi : \Delta : + X - \nabla - X \\ \sqrt{y^2 + o^2} \text{KNO} \text{NOTY} o + \\ \textcircled{S} \textcircled{S} \textcircled{S} \textcircled{S} \textcircled{S} \textcircled{S} \textcircled{S} + - \\ + \cdots \textcircled{S} \text{EFHQ} + \\ + \sqrt{x} = + + \times + \sqrt{x-b} \\ \pm + + + + + \end{array} \right) = \text{Snagged} \\ \text{root of } X.$$

*Note.*—EXPAND the Formula, and proceed by rule.

6th. If three watches don't keep time with either of them, which will gain?

*Note.*—The first was an English watch; the other a French *Lépine*, having seven holes jeweled.

7th. Given—The complexion, age, and height of a middle-sized man. Required—The nature of his business, his annual gains, and prospects in life.

8th. In a large household neither father or mother knew any thing. How was it with the family?

9th. Is a man ever justifiable in either case, and if so, which? *Note.*— $2C$ =Both.

10th. Does it really make any odds in the Long Run?

*Note.*—Long Run= $xy^{200} \times xy + xxx^{200} yyyyyy^{40}$ .

11th. Given—John Randolph. Well, what of it?

*Note.*—Explain the different steps minutely.

12th. If a man stand upon the sea-shore, with his eye elevated 4 feet  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches, which way will he look, and what will he see? What is his name? How long will he stand there? Which way did he come from? Where will he go when he gets through looking? How long will he be on the road, and what will he do when he gets there?

*Note.*—The solution of these questions will require some study.

13th. Who did what? And how did he do it? *Note.*—"Did what?"=B.

14th. Given—The whole length and part of the breadth. What's required?

15th. Two men unable to travel set out on a journey, at different times, in company with a third in the same condition. For three hours the first two kept ahead of each other, when, a violent snow-storm arising, all three lost their way. What's required?

*Note.*—? See Dnnnegan's Lexicon.

16th. Required—A series of factors expressing the relation of father to son.

17th. Required—In terms of  $X$ —the relative situation of any two country villages, with the population of the former. *Note.*—Massachusetts.

18th. Required—The nature of the curve described by the stone which smote Goliath.

*Note.*—Vide "Newton's Principia" 397—bdc—Y. V. X. Soc. Phil.; etiam, "Con-fusus de Parabolico," et "Metaphysices de Obfuscatione" 84—xd—margin.

19th. If a hard knot be tied in a cat's tail, which way, how long, and with what success will she run after it? Also, who tied the knot?

*Note 1st.*—The cat was dark colored, and howled o' nights.

*Note 2d.*—The conditions of this problem are extremely vague.

*Note 3d.*—In that celebrated Treatise "De Caudis in Nodis Complicatis Collectis,"



Monsieur Rattillon, of the French Academy, proposes the following "Caudonial Theorem" for the physical incapacitation of rats. It is at once ingenious and philosophical.

Take ten, fifteen, or twenty rats, as the case may be, and tie their tails together in one secure, complex, and comprehensive knot. Thus conditioned, drop them on the middle of the cellar bottom. They will immediately conglomerate into a circle, of which the aforesaid knot is the centre, and, all pulling with equal force in different directions, the entire squad will, in accordance with established mechanical principles, remain stationary, and consequently harmless, "*nisi forsitan, per desperationem, caudæ radicitus evellerentur.*"

In thirty-eight experiments, however, performed with exceeding care by Rattillon himself, this unfortunate *termination* occurred but once. There is, therefore, no slight ground for believing that this ingenious application of mechanics will eventually supersede the use of cats.

Indulging a faint hope that his own account of the accident may throw still further light upon the problem, we subjoin it; premising, by way of explanation, that sixteen enormous rats had been left in his cellar to starve on the above mechanical principle.

"*Repente resonat vagitus terribilis. Ego terrore percussus, meum caput tranquillo. Comæ stant. Albesco. Genua labant. Tum pariter igni, præceps in cellarium irrumpo. Dii desque! Prodigium! Silentium regnat. Rattæ non sunt. Caudæ solùm jacent sexdecim, tot rattarum curtarum reliquæ. Nunc risu dilabor. Flaccidus labasco. Fio quasi linteolum.*"

20th. Required—The erratic course of a flea affected with strabismus.

Note.—Vide "Ringelbergius de flitigaribus Insectarum;" etiam "Cyclops de Oculorum Distortione;" et "Scrutinarius de Muscularum Twistificationibus."

21st. A couple of fools both of them insulted each other. One pulled t'other's nose and t'other pulled his nose. The two both of 'em pulled each other's nose, and each other's nose was pulled by both the two. But the nose of the one was pulled by the other, and the other's nose was pulled by the one. Both noses were pulled by each other and each other pulled both noses; and when one was pulling, t'other was pulled. Nobody nose how bloody both noses were; but neither pulled the *same nose*, and of course neither pulled his *own nose* as everybody nose. Is there anybody nose how it was about the noses?

Answer—*Nose-sir.*

All these problems, except the first twenty, are solved by the same rule, and so of the others. Should any confusion arise in the *statements*, (and here is where all the difficulty lies,) reverse the natural order and adopt that which is easiest or most convenient. Then say, as clearness is to obscurity, so is endless reflection to the fourth term.

PLAYFAIR.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

HERE we are, dear Reader, proud to know how anxiously you have waited for us. We "shall always think the better of" ourself and you for this "during our life;" of ourself, for having had the honor to be waited for, and of you, for your complimentary impatience in waiting. We might apologize; but that would be to insult your politeness. Fancy us excusing ourself; *us*, the pink of modesty, all covered with blushes, trying to explain to you one of our fifty sufficient reasons for a little tardiness. You, standing there, *with your two dollars ready to pay down on the receipt of this number*, put on, at first, a frown most magisterial. But when, through excess of bashfulness, we begin to stammer, your sweet good humor suddenly bursts out into a most glorious, radiant smile all over your benevolent countenance, the kind tears come into your eyes, you thrust your money into our vest pocket, seize our hand, and almost shake it off. "Nonsense!" you shout, "nonsense! not another word. Glad to see you any time. No excuses. Sorry you didn't wait *a month longer*; (*here you poke our ribs and wink.*) College Literature, though 'often dull and tedious,' you know (*another poke and another furious wink*) is always acceptable whenever the Powers drop it down to us, and always punctually paid for; don't lose that bill: good morning,"—and away you go. So, dear Reader, our blessings on your noble heart; and as for apologies, why, since you *won't* hear them, what can we do?

A thought strikes us. "Money"—(we soliloquize, Reader; you are not supposed to overhear us)—"Money is the principal thing." And yet, "who steals our *paræ* steals

trash." What a sublime conception! The idea that any man could think of coveting, much less of stealing, three cubic inches of empty air done up in brown paper to look like a bank note! What a figure of speech! Magnificent! To talk of painting a dying groan is nothing to it. We'll sell that thought to Dickens, and out of our vacuity coin funds. But while the wingéd winds waft o'er the wide and wildly waving waste of the Atlantic ocean, this heaven-born, golden thought—how shall we pay the *printer*? How shall we satisfy the "devil," whom, for dunning us yesterday, we incontinently kicked down stairs, and who still groans over the twinge of the bruised part. "Aye, *there's* the rub." We must have our dear Reader's dollar. Without *that* to grease the machinery of existence, what, for us, were life! Like the thievish boy suspended by his trow—from the pike of a garden fence, we should only present the splendid, but evanescent spectacle of a genius struggling against *insurmountable* difficulties. Yes, Reader, though we indulged our imagination a moment ago, so far as to dream that you had paid; that was, we confess, rather a bold flight. We *are* a little too brilliant sometimes. We own "the soft impeachment." But now, rubbing off the quicksilver from the magic mirror of Fancy, we look right through the glass and behold the world as it really is. In truth, you have *not* paid. Your time has come. Now is "the hour," and you are "the man." Do not affect surprise. Do not pun a bad pun upon Shakespeare, by inquiring "who is it from the *press* that calls on me?" You know who calls; and should you not answer the summons we shall venture to call upon you in *propria persona*, as soon as we find out your den. Meanwhile, read these extracts from our journal.

\* \* \* \* \*

7 o'clock, January.

For a few days after the appearance of the last number, the Literary market was dull. Not more than twenty-six pages of poetry, and fifty-three of prose, had accumulated within the space of forty-eight hours. Under these circumstances it was thought best to postpone the regular meeting one week beyond the usual time. An alarming increase in the flow of genius, however, becoming instantly visible, the order for postponement was forthwith countermanded. At seven o'clock, Bardolph, the Secretary, slowly entered the sanctum, followed by a porter bearing on his shoulders a large clothes-basket, like that from which the jolly old knight of yore was tumbled into the Thames. The said basket was overturned in the middle of the uncarpeted floor, and an indefinite quantity of closely written paper left there by the astounded porter, who instantly decamped. Presently the door opened, and Lean Jack stalked in. The Secretary, who had seated himself by the fire, turned in his chair, looked up, gazed significantly, first at the paper mountain, and then at Lean Jack, (who returned his glance with a most down-trodden expression of countenance,) and, sighing heavily, bent his eyes again upon the fire, leaned over and composed himself in apparent reverie, with his hands clasped between his knees. All was still. The flame flickered upon the hearth, and the Secretary was losing himself in gloomy anticipations. Directly he heard a slight movement, as if a chair had been carefully raised from the floor and as carefully set down again; and soon became aware of Lean Jack's proximity to him, by observing the dark outline of his (Jack's) nasal organ protruding itself between the retina of his (Bardolph's) right eye and a very bright coal which had been for some time winking sidewise into the right edge of said right retina.

A quick step—a push against the door and somebody was heard to burst into the room. "How are you, boys? How are you? Glad to—" roared Hotspur, and that was all he *did* roar. A "sucking dove" could not have murmured out, "too bad! too bad!" more gently or more mournfully than did the fiery Hotspur, as he halted himself in mid career. Another seat was quietly taken, another nose obscured another coal, and once more silence reigned. During the next fifteen minutes the door was twice opened, two well known voices failed in attempting to articulate "good evening," checked in the effort apparently by sudden terror; the number of noses, not including that reserved by the Secretary for his own peculiar accommodation, was increased to four, and the Secretary was enabled, by furtive glances, to count ten boots around the edge of the hearth. Long-drawn sighs and the creaking of the chairs as their occupants gently awayed themselves to and fro, alone disturbed the solemn repose that brooded over the devoted Five. \* \* \* \* \* "The Secretary stood *alone*! Modern degeneracy had not reached him." He of them all had remained firm at his post. One by one the groans had ceased, and, startled at the sudden pause which had followed the last burst of anguish, the Secretary had sprang from his seat and found himself "*solitary and alone*."!!

With an involuntary shudder, he gazed at the prostrate yet towering mass of genius on the floor; thence his eye wandered to the candle, which, like the illustrious body who had clubbed together to buy it, had dwindled away almost to utter dissolution; then its glance lit on a dark object near by, which the departed great had noiselessly drawn from its depository and placed in that conspicuous position, before taking their flight. It was the coffin. Bardolph, quick to comprehend the mysterious intimation, "took it for a sign." The occasion seemed to demand a funeral oration. Bardolph, being the only person in the room, thought himself specially pointed out by the Fates to officiate. Turning toward a fragment of looking-glass and bowing low, he opened his mouth and spoke, with a theatrical voice and manner, as follows:

"Mr.—*Speaker*.—It is with no ordinary emotions that I venture to address you. I am no orator; (*a long pause*.) I repeat it, sir, I am no orator; (*another portentous pause*;) but, sir, my feelings being 'too big for utterance,' I cannot refrain from *expressing* them—(*pause*)—on the present occasion. (*Pause*.) And, sir, however difficult it may be for me, in my present state of excitement, to surpass the great orators of antiquity in fluency and precision; I have no doubt, sir, that in comparing my humble efforts with theirs, you will make every allowance for my unfortunate condition, and at least award me a respectful attention, even though I should not succeed in my expectation of winning your applause. (*Here the speaker stamped furiously upon the floor*.) Encouraged, Mr. Speaker, by the slight token of approbation which you have just given me, I proceed at once to say—(*long pause*)—to say, sir, that, in my opinion, you, sir, have signalized yourself, sir, by your fortitude on the *present occasion*, sir. (*Here the speaker stamped again for two or three minutes*.) I am gratified, sir, to find that you are able to appreciate the compliment which the recent exhibition of your intrepid character has forced me to bestow upon you; and, sir, if you will pardon the digression, I would suggest the propriety of your lighting a cigar. (*Tremendous applause, during which the speaker lights a cigar and kicks over the great chair*.)

"It is a painful thing, sir, to stand here as I do, a solitary mourner over the cold remains of those who—in their day and generation—have been called upon, sir, to—to—*to give up the ghost*, sir. (*Cheers*.) Sir, I feel awfully—(*pause*)—the responsibility of my situation. In the extremity of my grief I have been abandoned, cruelly abandoned, by those who were bound, by every tie that can hold man to man, to aid me in performing the last sad rites over my *devoted* friends; and, sir, if you will pardon another digression, permit me to suggest, that this is a capital cheroot. (*Loud cheers*.) But, Mr. Speaker, modesty alone prevents me from intimating that I am equal to the task. I repeat it, sir, I am equal to the task. When called upon to discharge the painful duties which I have been—(*pause*)—*been called upon to discharge*, I am ready to answer the—the—*call upon me to discharge them*. (*Cheers*.) I will do it, sir; yes, hard as the duty is, I will do it. Yonder expiring taper shall light the funeral pile, these hands shall gather up the ashes, and these hands shall deposit those ashes in that urn—figuratively so called; and, Mr. Speaker, if you will pardon still another digression, may I be hanged if these hands ever do such a thing again, without that assistance to which they are emphatically entitled. (*Reiterated cheers*.) Before I proceed with my purpose, permit me to indulge in a few reflections.

"I would not compliment you, sir, on any account, if I did not feel it my duty so to do. I know your sensitive, shrinking disposition, and am perfectly certain that you seldom listen to your own praise. Nor do I wish to make any invidious comparisons between you and your companions in office. But when I think on *your* conduct, I cannot help comparing it with *theirs*. They have fled. Like thieves in the night they have suddenly 'cut off, and that without remedy.' Like the wild beasts of the forest, they go where they list, and I know not who shall gather them. They have deserted their posts, and posted off on the wings of—or rather, I would say, in *different directions*. I pronounce them a set of *dissipated* characters. (*Cheers*.) By slipping down stairs in that cowardly way, they have *lowered* themselves in the eyes of—(*pause*)—of the individual here present. They should have remained here, sir, to chaunt an Ephraim over the unburied dead. *Not* an Ephraim, sir; I mean a *requiem*. Ephraim, Mr. Speaker, was, if I mistake not, a Midian, possibly an Israelite. If I am wrong, you will please correct me. I am open to conviction on this point. I scorn, sir, to make a mis-statement on any subject, and especially on—the *present occasion*. A *requiem* then, sir, over the dead; instead of which, like the dead themselves, 'they rest from their labors!' Where are they, sir? Echo answers, where? This room does not echo much, but that makes no difference.

I am speaking figuratively. I often do. As treasurer of this Club, I am compelled to do it. I would respectfully submit to you, sir, whether this room would not echo more if it were larger. You are a philosopher, Mr. Speaker.—(*Here Bardolph cried out several times, hear! hear! and then proceeded*)—and I am happy to observe that your opinion on this point evidently coincides with mine. Echo answers, where. If echo would be more distinct in her answers, I should be profoundly gratified. No matter; I have no desire to track them out. In one sense they may be said to have tracked themselves out. Let them go. I have at least one satisfaction. For the first time in my life, I constitute a *quorum*. Yes, sir, I am a *quorum*. I can pass any vote I please through this Club, as easily as this Club can pass itself through that door. I can do it unanimously. I can elevate any individual here present to the Chair, or rather, as the chair seems horizontal just now, I can elevate the chair to any individual here present. This is a great privilege. I never possessed it before, and I thank those fellows—(*Here Bardolph interrupted himself by crying out—order! order!*) Why am I interrupted, sir?—Fellows, I say, fellows—(*order! order! no ungentlemanly language!*) I beg pardon, Mr. Speaker. In the heat of excitement I may have used an improper epithet, though I have often seen it applied, in the catalogue, to President Day and other distinguished gentlemen. I thank those '*humble individuals*,' then, sir—(*very sarcastically*)—that they have given me this opportunity of passing a vote of censure on their conduct. I notify you, sir, that before I sit down, a resolution, embodying my sentiments on this subject, *may be expected*. Mr. Speaker, I have a personal grudge against Lean Jack. Passing along the street with him the other day, I happened to say that the day before I had been taken for So-and-so, naming a certain distinguished literary man. '*Taken!*' exclaimed he, in pretended astonishment: 'why, what did So-and-so suspect you of? Nothing criminal, I hope.' I explained, Mr. Speaker. Told him I had been thought to *look like* So-and-so. 'Oh! quite a *mis-apprehension*, wasn't it?' said he. 'But what had So-and-so been doing? *Forging*, I suppose.' I explained again, and having elucidated my meaning, asked him with surprise, how he came to think it possible that such a distinguished man as So-and-so could be guilty of *forging*. '*Distinguished*,' said he, 'why, I thought he was a *blacksmith*.' A pun so detestable as that, was more than I could bear, Mr. Speaker. I was enraged. I told him he had overstepped the bounds of politeness. Glancing down at his long legs he coolly replied that he 'was sorry for it, but thought himself excusable for *overstepping* almost anything.' Mr. Speaker, I cannot endure a punster. He disregards the decencies of society, he is a perpetual infliction, he is a public nuisance. I may even go so far as to say, sir, that he is—is—is—*very disagreeable*. (*Cheers.*) So much for Jack. I think, Mr. Speaker, I hear a noise at the door. (*Grandiloquently.*) Let some one be immediately dispatched to ascertain the fact, if fact it be; and the cause, if cause there be. Not yourself, Mr. Speaker: (*Here Bardolph moved toward the door;* not yourself, sir, I pray. I have too much respect for you, sir, to permit it. (*Moving all the while, bowing and waving his hand.*) I'll go; pardon my impoliteness, but really, sir, you must not expose yourself to the night air. Besides, (*coughing;* I perceive you have a bad cold. (*Opens the door, looks out, shuts it, and returns.*) Nobody there. As I *supposed*, Mr. Speaker—a false alarm. I *thought* the gentleman who suggested the idea was mistaken. His ears deceived him. They are too sensitive, owing to their length, I suppose. But if any body really *was* listening, sir, I don't wonder he ran away. The account which I was giving of poor Jack's witticisms, must have been too much for him. Let him run. His impudence has been sufficiently *punished*.

"Mr. Speaker. I come now to Hal, and the rest. I speak of them, sir, I solemnly assure you, just as I should, if they were present. Hal, sir, is a scapegrace. I regret to say, sir, he has no respect for the sex divine. I'll prove it to you. First, observe, how he mangled our records in the last number of *Maga*. He distorted them shamefully; and for what purpose? Transparent, Mr. Speaker, as glass; we all saw through his design at once. Only to ridicule the tender passion. How he quizzed '*Love*, a tale of the imagination.' How unmercifully he garbled that speech of Jowl, in defense of Cupid. Now, I abominate Jowl, sir, as much as I do Hotspur, but I must say Jowl did himself immortal honor in that speech. It was spontaneous, original, *survial*, touching, grand. Jowl has been a lover. Jowl is a lover. I have no doubt of it, sir; nobody could doubt it after hearing that speech. You remember, sir, the speech with which he alluded to a young gentleman who had '*recently*—' (*Here Bardolph paused, and then, with a sudden change of countenance, he said—*

and his final *dissolution* of the ties that had bound him to college. All this *Had* left out of the reported speech. He did it from disrespect to the sex. More, *sir*; he had the unblushing impudence the other day, to tell me, on his honor, that he had rejected, during the past year, eighteen proposals of matrimony from as many lovely damsels. 'Think of that, Master Brook.' As for Hotspur and Jowl, they are bores of the first water. I should weary your patience, Mr. Speaker, and that of my audience, if I were to go into a discussion of their characters. (*Bardolph here cried, go on! go on!*) Beg pardon, gentlemen, I shall *not* go on. Having recently risen from a bed of sickness—being indeed, at this moment, as I may say, (*pointing to the coffin*.) almost at *death's door*—exhausted nature stops my gushing tongue. Jowl is a miserable sinner—he's in love. Hotspur's modesty is about an equal balance for his conscience—he cannot be mitigated. (*A noise outside was heard, but as it instantly died away, no notice was taken of it.*) And now, Mr. Speaker, I proceed to my last agonizing duty. (*Low murmurs of grief, from Bardolph.*) I wonder not, *sir*, at those tones of anguish which strike my listening ear. (*Groans again.*) Poor innocents! How it rends my heart of hearts thus to consign you (*seizing the candle*) to—by the way, Mr. Speaker, that resolution of censure. (*Cheers himself.*) I said it might be expected before I should sit down. I do not intend to sit down at all. I shall finish this business, and then adjourn myself. The resolution, therefore, *may continue to be expected.*"

Bardolph here applied the light, and, as the blaze flared up, began to stamp and cheer vociferously. *He cheered not alone!* A tremendous burst of applause, in full chorus with his own, echoed and re-echoed without. He sprang from the room, caught a glimpse of two very long legs and five or six short ones at the bottom of the stair-way, and that was all. He gathered up the ashes; stored them safely away, and put up the coffin in silence; meditating the while, on the somewhat free criticisms of character, in which he had been indulging. Recovering, however, from his momentary chagrin, he moved "that the Secretary be instructed to record the proceedings of this meeting in his journal;" and "that *this meeting* do forthwith adjourn to *his room*," both of which motions he declared to have been "passed," and, having received no reply to his inquiry whether the decision of the Chair was "doubted," added that "the vote was unanimous," and walked off.

\* \* \* \* \*

8 o'clock, January 29th.

Cigars ordered, and lighted. Hotspur arose, and, after a long whiff, begged leave to state that "an acquaintance of his had commissioned him to present an article." The Secretary read as follows:

MESSENGER EDITOR—It was at a dinner of pork that I fell in love. My sweet Sally is a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, country lass, and I am a country boy. We had served up to us, one day when I dined with her father, a "spare-rib." The name of the dish was *apropos*. I was witty upon it. Wit is my vein. Sally laughed, said I was a good-for-nothing fellow, and ran out of the room, carrying with her one heart more than she had brought into it. I came to college and have not seen her since. But as it was pork that brought me *into* trouble, so pork, if any thing, shall bring me *out*. I believe in curing yourself by "a hair of the dog that bit you." I have therefore provided myself with the extremity of a pig's curl. I have bent it into the form of a circle, as an emblem of eternal affection, and neatly decorated it with blue ribbon. I shall send it to Sally, as a Valentine, accompanied by the following lines, which you will, no doubt, be glad to publish. If I should prove successful in my suit, I will let you know.

Yours,

G.

Oh! Sally, there are seasons when the soul,  
Filled with the fervor of o'erflowing love,  
Superbly spurning aught that would control  
Her glorious vigor, bravely scorns above  
All clouds and shadows, fearless, gay, and free,  
Like strong-winged bird careering o'er the sea.  
But there are seasons when the heart is wrung  
With agonies of doubt and fierce despair;  
When the upspringing soul forever is flung

From her proud height above the midway air,  
Down to the *miry* depths of dire distress,  
Curtailed of all her hope and happiness.  
Curl not that ripe and rosy lip in scorn!  
Light not with wrath that black and lustrous eye!  
Too long this breast a hopeless grief hath borne,  
And I must tell my tale of woe or die.  
Gaze on this emblem of th' eternal flame  
That *cries* my heart, and pity while you blame.

*Voted*, That the lines be *rejected*, and Hotspur reprimanded for disrespect to the Club.

☐ Some typographical errors were passed over without correction in the first part of "Recollections of Sicily," which appeared in the last number. This was because the author, being in Philadelphia, had no opportunity to read the proofs. If we could possibly find room for a list of errata, we would insert one here. But we trust that this explanation will satisfy both author and readers.

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"Hinc cuncta grae nascuntur, hinc laudibus Tacemus  
Festinus Genuum, simulque Fides."

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GEORGE BERKELEY, D.D.

BISHOP OF CLOYNE.

FOUNDER OF THE BERKELEYAN PREMIUM-TALE COLLEGE.

*George Berkeley*



✓

## GEORGE BERKELEY, D. D.,

BISHOP OF CLOYNE, IN IRELAND.

THE family of Bishop Berkeley suffered greatly for their loyalty during the civil wars in the time of Charles I. After the restoration, William Berkeley, the father of the Bishop, enjoyed the patronage of the king, and obtained an office of some emolument in Ireland: George Berkeley, the subject of this biographical notice, was born in Kilcrin, near Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny, March 12th, 1684. At the age of fifteen he was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Dublin, and in 1707, a fellow of the same college; having sustained with honor the severe examination for that preferment. The first proof he gave of his literary abilities was a mathematical treatise, which he appears to have written before he was twenty years old, but did not publish till 1707, entitled *Arithmetica absque Algebra aut Euclide demonstrata*.

In 1709, at the age of twenty-five, he published *An Essay towards a new Theory of Vision*. In this work, among other things, he attempted to distinguish, for the first time, the immediate objects of our senses from the conclusions, which from infancy we are accustomed to draw from them. Thus he maintained, that although habit has brought together many of the ideas of sight and touch, so that they are called by the same names, they have originally no such connection. This publication greatly raised his reputation as a philosopher. In 1710 appeared his celebrated work—*A Treatise concerning the principles of human knowledge, wherein the chief causes of error and difficulty in the sciences, with the grounds of scepticism, atheism, and irreligion, are inquired into*. He here controverts some of the doctrines of Locke, and from others draws the conclusion, that the commonly received notion of the existence of matter is false, and inconsistent with itself; and that those things which are called sensible material objects are not external, but exist in the mind, and are merely impressions made upon us by the immediate act of God, according to certain rules, termed laws of nature, from which, in the ordinary course of his government, he never deviates. Two years afterwards, in further defence of these peculiar views, he published, *Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous*. These speculations brought their author into additional notoriety, not only from their novelty, but from the acuteness of intellect and the beautiful imagination with which they were exhibited. He was intimate with Sir Richard Steele, Dean Swift, and Mr. Pope, and was introduced extensively to the acquaintance of persons of rank and learning.

In 1713, he attended the English ambassador to the king of Sicily and other Italian states, as chaplain and secretary, and was absent from England several years. During his residence on the continent, he composed a tract *de Motu*, which he sent to the Royal Academy of

Sciences at Paris. In this discourse there are several amusing paradoxes. In 1717, he was elected Senior fellow in his college, and took the degrees of bachelor and doctor in divinity. In 1724, Dr. Berkeley resigned his fellowship, and was promoted to the rich deanry of Derry. The condition of the savages in the English American colonies now engaged his attention; and he conceived the benevolent project of converting them to Christianity, by means of a college to be erected in the island of Bermuda. The scheme was viewed by some as visionary; but it was favorably entertained by the government, and a parliamentary grant was made to carry it into execution. Private subscriptions were likewise raised to promote the undertaking. In the prosecution of his purpose, in February, 1729, he arrived at Newport, Rhode Island, with his family, and with several persons, fellows of Trinity College, who were to be assistants in building up the new institution. The Dean now met with various disappointments and discouragements, and after a residence at Newport of about two years and a half, returned to Europe, having expended, in his enterprise, a great part of his private fortune.

In 1732, soon after his return from America, he published the *Minute Philosopher*. This work consists of seven dialogues, written on the model of Plato, and in which the free-thinker is met and his opinions shown to be unsound, through the various characters of atheist, libertine, enthusiast, scorner, critic, metaphysician, fatalist, and sceptic. The *Minute Philosopher* was written during the residence of the author in Rhode Island, and is perhaps the most useful as well as entertaining of his works. While he resided in Ireland, he engaged in a controversy with the mathematicians of Great Britain on the subject of Fluxions, and published his *Analyst*.

The writings of Bishop Berkeley, however, were not limited to subjects of science and of metaphysical and theological disquisition. At several periods of his life he issued political tracts relating to the topics of the day, in which he discovered great knowledge of mankind, and of public affairs, and an ardent zeal for the good of his country. In early life, he is said to have been fond of works of fiction and romance; and "The Adventures of Signior Gaudenzio di Lucca" have been generally attributed to his pen.

The metaphysical speculations of Berkeley have been adopted by numbers, including individuals of the greatest learning and talents. Others have viewed his philosophy with a dislike bordering on abhorrence, as tending to universal scepticism. Mr. Hume, himself the great advocate of doubting, says of the arguments of Berkeley, that, though otherwise intended, they are in reality merely sceptical; that they admit of no answer, and produce no conviction.

In 1733, he was promoted to the bishopric of Cloyne, in Ireland, and henceforth devoted his time and attention, in an unusual degree, to the discharge of his Episcopal duties. Towards the close of his life, he found some relief from infirmities to which he was subject, from the use of tar-water. It was to be expected from one of his disposition and temperament, that he would endeavor to extend the knowl-

edge of a medicine which he considered highly useful. Many of his friends and acquaintance were, by his representation, induced to make trial of this potent remedy, and extraordinary cures were reported. Accordingly he published a treatise entitled, "*Siris, a Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning the Virtues of Tar-water*"—a work highly characteristic of the peculiar genius of the author. The reader of this disquisition will find himself gradually conducted from recipes for the preparation of this medicine, and a catalogue of cures effected by its use, to inquiries in physiology, the consideration of final causes, the subtleties of the Platonic philosophy, and the sublime mysteries of the Christian trinity. The author is said to have declared, that this work cost him more time and pains, than any other in which he had been engaged.

In 1752, he removed to Oxford, where he died suddenly, January 14th, 1753. His remains were interred at Christ Church, the Cathedral of Oxford, where an elegant marble monument was erected to his memory. When the news of his death was received in New Haven, a Latin Funeral Oration was pronounced in the college chapel, by Ezra Stiles, senior tutor, afterwards president of the college.

Few persons have been held in higher estimation than Bishop Berkeley, by those who knew him. Said Bishop Atterbury, "So much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but angels, till I saw this gentleman." The well-known line of his friend Pope, was thought hardly to contain an exaggeration :

"To Berkeley every virtue under heav'n."

While Dean Berkeley resided in Rhode Island, he became acquainted with the Rev. Jared Eliot of Killingworth, one of the trustees of Yale College, the Rev. Samuel Johnson, Episcopal missionary at Stratford, and other gentlemen of Connecticut. He had likewise a correspondence with the Rev. Elisha Williams, rector of the college; and became well acquainted with the character and prospects of the institution. While in America, he made a donation of all his own works to the College library; and after his return to Europe, sent to the trustees a deed of his farm in Rhode Island, of about ninety-six acres, to be held by them for the encouragement of classical learning. The conditions of the deed are, that the rents of the farm, after necessary charges are deducted, shall be appropriated to the maintenance of the three best scholars in Greek and Latin, who shall reside at the college at least nine months in a year, in each of the three years between their first and second degrees; that on the sixth of May annually, or in case that shall be Sunday, on the seventh, the candidates shall be publicly examined by the president or rector, and the senior Episcopal missionary within this colony, who shall be then present; and in case none be present, then by the president only. If the president and senior missionary shall not agree in their judgments, who are the best scholars, the case is to be decided by lot. All surplusages of money, which

shall happen by any vacancies, are to be distributed in Greek and Latin books to such undergraduates as shall make the best composition or declamation in the Latin tongue, upon such a moral theme as shall be given them. In 1733, the Dean sent an additional present to the library, of about a thousand volumes, which President Clap says, was then the finest collection of books that ever came at one time to America.

The portrait of Dean Berkeley in this number is from a painting executed by Smybert, an Italian artist, who came with the Dean to America. There is a tradition, that the outline was sketched on the passage from Europe. The painting exhibits a group—the principal figure in which is the Dean, in his clerical habit, and his hand resting on a copy of Plato, his favorite author; his wife with a child; another lady, who has been said to be her sister, but more probably is a Miss Handcock, who accompanied her to America; Sir James Dalton, acting as the Dean's amanuensis; a Mr. James; Mr. John Moffat, a friend of the artist, and the artist, Smybert himself, complete the picture. This painting was presented to the college in the year 1808, by Isaac Lothrop, Esq. of Plymouth, Mass. It had been preserved in Boston, in a room occupied by the Smyberts; certainly by the son, and probably by the father. It was purchased and transmitted to the college by Mr. Lothrop, through the agency of the Hon. John Davis, Col. Joseph May, and Isaac P. Davis, Esq. of Boston. Mr. Lothrop died at Plymouth, July, 1808, aged 73. He was one of the earliest members of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

While Dean Berkeley was residing at Newport, he wrote the following "Verses, on the prospect of planting Arts and Learning in America."

The Muse disgusted at an age and clime,  
Barren of every glorious theme,  
In distant lands now waits a better time,  
Producing subjects worthy fame:

In happy climes, where from the genial sun  
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,  
The force of art by nature seems outdone,  
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,  
Where nature guides and virtue rules—  
Where man shall not impose for truth and sense,  
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,  
The rise of empire and of arts,  
The good and great inspiring epic rage,  
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;  
Such as she bred when fresh and young,  
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,  
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;  
The four first acts already past,  
The fifth shall close the drama with the day;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

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INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

WHETHER that exclusive homage which is everywhere paid to science, literature, and mental discipline, is in accordance with true expediency and conducive to man's best welfare, is an inquiry of no ordinary interest, and one that may well arrest the thoughts and claim the careful consideration of every well-wisher to his race. It may even be questioned whether the ambition of the age is not directed so much towards these as often, in many respects, to defeat its own aim. By seeking too soon to mature the mind, we suppress the rich play of fancy, wither the early blossoms of affection and hurry the intellect itself to death like a breathless stag. True, genuine culture disappears under the mechanical process of learning by rote mere forms and grammatical niceties. The dead letter is exalted over the living intellect, and a hackneyed memory preferred to the spontaneous gush of rich, native feeling. Winged Genius is bound to books, and even in the short flights her chains permit, she is languid and weary and shows little of that elastic, energetic power, that she displays in freedom. The mind made a packhorse during the period of youth, and only valued for the burden it can bear, will seldom in after life present worthier traits than became the drudgery of its earlier years. It is thus that natural endowments are stifled, while the frivolous attainments of education soon decay, and its deceived devotee is left too late to mourn the acquirements of such habits of mind, as altogether disqualify for vigorous, independent exertion on untrodden paths, or for struggling manfully with the difficulties of life.

But whatever may be the effect of a too ardent pursuit of intellectual culture in counteracting its own end, this is not the point of view from which we propose at present to consider it. The disposition everywhere manifested to regard it as a substitute for morality, as an instrument which of itself alone shall promote virtue and suppress vice, seems to us to be a far more dangerous feature of the mistaken zeal which is expended upon it. Knowledge, not divine, but emphatically



human, if we may judge from the actions of men, is considered the only thing requisite in meliorating and bettering their condition. Parents seek it as of the utmost consequence to their children; philanthropists speak of it as though it alone was the source of all the humanizing results of civilization; and governments claiming to depend for their permanency and well being upon the virtue of their people, rest satisfied with their condition and their prospects, if they are only assured that the "schoolmaster is abroad." Now so far as it is sought as a means by which to improve the outward circumstances of men—as a stepping stone to individual success and prosperity, or by which to increase wealth, comforts, and luxury in the aggregate, perhaps there can be no reason for complaint. With this end in view, if kept subservient to, it may be made essentially to assist the cause of morality. But when the intellectual faculties are made synonymous with the moral; when it is considered that mere intellectual knowledge is productive of all the humanizing influences of education upon man's natural rudeness and perversity; when it seems to be thought that a comprehension of the order and harmony that exists throughout the universe shall open the fitness of good actions and conduct, and lead to their practice; when all these things, if not openly asserted, are at least tacitly assented to, and the whole tendency of the age based upon them; we beg leave to dissent and express some of the reasons which have guided us, as well as some of the dangers to which such suppositions must inevitably lead.

No truth can be plainer than this—both intellectual and moral culture perform a distinct function in man's education. Each has a separate end in view, and a separate class of faculties upon which to act, but which lie nearly or quite dormant till developed by external influences. Since the moral powers are undoubtedly the direct agents in perfecting our better nature, the understanding can only tend to that result by its indirect influence upon these. But how shall they influence these, if they have not been previously excited, or itself supplied with moral precepts by which to excite them? Can it electrify them by induction? Will the most luxuriant growth of one plant, throw life and vigor into another by its side? or can the coin bear an impression different from its mould? No more can mathematical discipline bring into exercise those impulses which lead men to embrace virtue and shun vice. Latent heat in ice or latent water in a rock are not seen before they encounter the chemist's skill, nor can a moral culture be produced without the precepts of morality. What kind of a moral decalogue, the most vigorous study or the most perfect comprehension of Euclid's propositions might lead one to form, we shall leave it for others to decide!

It may be supposed that this is an extreme case. Other departments of knowledge may be thought more favorable to elucidate moral truth. Some may contend that the fiat of the intellect can deduce it from the premises of scientific facts. But comparatively few, if any, we think, will be found who can frame rules of morality by an *a priori* conception of reason from these. However extended its knowledge of nat-

ural laws, the intellect cannot, unaided and unassisted by previously drawn moral conclusion, derive therefrom one precept of virtue. There is no analogy which would lead us to conclude that all the discoveries of science in the outer world can exorcise from man those demons, appetite and passion,

“ Which impair

The strength of better thoughts ”

It is true the mind has a more direct connection with the heart, and you suppose perhaps that an acquaintance with its powers and faculties will afford a basis on which to build. But here also we conceive you will be found in an error. Sensation may instruct us with proofs as palpable as its own impressions, in what mysterious manner it communicates itself to the mind ; reason may demonstrate the modes of its operations till they are all as evident and clear as its own conclusions, and imagination may paint with its own bright beams of light, the way of its workings, without conveying to us one deduction of morality. Even our utmost study of those faculties upon which the moral feelings depend, though it forward us in learning their nature, will not in their practice. In analyzing the emotions with which mankind contemplate virtue and vice, we only find union in disunion ; “ the fair body is presented in dismembered conceptions ; the living spirit in a mauger skeleton of words.” What wonder then, that the innate feeling does not recognize itself in such a copy, or that its utmost scrutiny fails to discover one familiar lineament ! What wonder that one may wander through the whole labarynth of thought, association, and passion, when thus expressed, without finding means by which to shoot one ray of moral light into the dark chamber of the heart ; while virtue, on the other hand, tannen tree like, is often seen growing most vigorously, when rooted in intellectual barrenness !

Morality is so interwoven with those other departments of knowledge, which come under the general name of literature, that they cannot be studied without unraveling some of the moral threads. Yet the estimation in which they are held is based upon their intellectual, not their moral excellence, and for this very reason, we believe, they are often found evincing so little of an ennobling influence. Hence that class of individuals who make this province of learning their especial study, are not those generally, according to all accounts, whose conduct has been most irreproachable. Whether it be owing to errors in the present system of education, or be its own inherent quality, or whatever else be the cause, the fact is undeniable, that the evil propensities of those who are, *par excellence*, literary men, are lessened only in deformity, and not in grossness. The suppression of the few more palpable atrocities is more than made up by the fruitful crop of smaller vices. The unfolding of the mere intellectual faculties educates new wants and renders men more fastidious. It adds a new impulse to the lightning shafts of passion which are ever operating in the mind. It gives a keener relish for those enticing pleasures which throw a splendor around the glittering summits of society—

pleasures that have a fair outside, but within are filled with the most rotten selfishness ; and the pursuit of which will silence the noblest dictates. While we admit then that the general influence of mere intellectual culture may polish the manners, refine the taste, and, in many respects, render the character nobler and better, we deny that the utmost of its refining process can extract from the heart truly kind affections ; and though it changes the form it does not the nature of man's evil desires. All his vices appear again, modified in the severer attributes of Cynic brutality, or under the more enticing cover of Epicurean voluptuousness.

Such then we consider the general influence of those studies that appeal only to the understanding. If our inferences are correct, we think we can see in the over-refined intellectuality of our age, the source of that increasing lawlessness and profligacy, in both public and private life, which fills the breast of the philanthropist with sorrow and fear. Yet it is because it is sought as an end that we object to the morbid desire with which intellectual culture is pursued. It is the mind which, unguided by a well-directed will, seeks to search knowledge with saucy looks that is blinded, or finds it a treacherous meteor of delusion. It is only when the springs of learning flow unblended with the waters of a pure heart, that scientific enlightenment is to be feared. The intellectual lumination that streams through the dark house

“ In which the soul is pent,”

when used as a means, both facilitates and is in some degree the indispensable accompaniment of morality. The improvement of the powers of apprehending truth, enables us the more readily and firmly to lay hold of moral truth. Under the benign influence of religion and morality, what was before a dismal waste, frigid and forbidding, becomes fresh, bright, and beautiful. Science, instead of corrupting the heart, becomes a precious visitant, and whatsoever we deeply drink from the soul of things, cherishes and feeds our moral faculties and fixes in firmer seats our moral strength.

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#### THE MELANCHOLY MAN.

It is one of the loveliest evenings that surly old Winter ever brings. Snugly ensconced in my little *sanctum sanctorum*, I look out at the window, and all Nature seems to invite me forth to enjoy her smiles. The stars laugh and twinkle in their deep expanse of blue. A pure virgin mantle of snow rests lightly upon the earth, and its frosty flakes, sparkling in the playful moonbeams, impart a splendor, such as would all the diamonds of Tejuco or Golconda, if strewed around with lavish hand. The sleigh-riders too are brisk and gay. Their voices

sound clearly, and their bells jingle merrily through the still air. I turn my eyes within. The glowing embers of the grate send forth their cheerful rays, and the old arm chair, without an occupant, sits invitingly by. On the table are lying choicest morsels of fancy, poesy, and wit. There are Carlyle's vivid sketches of Heroes in History; Burns' more humble though humorous pictures of Tam O'Shanter, and his Auld Grey Maggie, and Dickens' last chirp, chirp, chirp! of the Cricket On The Hearth. But from all these pleasures of sense, or even of the imagination, my mind turns away, and, by very contrast, is led to contemplate the sad condition of him, who, though placed in the midst of this world of happiness, enjoys it not: I mean the Melancholy Man—of all God's creatures the most pitiable, and yet the least pitied.

As our own life glides so cheerily along, we are ever prone to forget that any other person is less happy than ourselves, or than the busy crowd around us. We forget that beneath all this glitter, and noise, and hilarity, apparent upon the surface of society, there are those who spend each live-long day in the gloomier shades below. Even like dark shadows, they pass noiselessly around among their fellow-men, and on their countenances not one single ray of hope or joy ever gleams. Philosophers they are not, who professedly shut themselves out from the empty vanities of life, the better to commune with Nature and with Nature's God. Hermits they are not, who bury themselves in solitude, because disgusted with the crimes and follies of their race. Monks they are not, who think by a course of stern and sullen asceticism, that "this spiritual can put off the carnal, and this corruptible put on incorruption," even though God hath ordained, that in this world it shall never be so. But the vanities of life they do despise; its follies and crimes they hate, and of all its sensual pleasures they are heartily sick.

Hence the Melancholy Man of the present day, though he does not bear the romantic name of abbot, monk, or hermit, serves to identify those mysterious personages with actual life and blood. In common with them, he has a just appreciation of the awful reality of life, and if he seeks retirement at all, like them he seeks to commune with Nature in her grandest forms. His feelings are deep and sad, and find harmonious expression only in the gloomy and profound. The music that most delights his ear, is the deep-toned thunder that rolls and reverberates from cloud to cloud, and from mountain side to mountain side. The paths he delights to tread are by the deep blue sea. There the constant murmur of the breakers lulls his mind to meditation, and in the mighty ocean that rolls at his feet he loves to behold

"The glorious mirror where the Almighty's form  
Glances itself in tempests; the image of Eternity,  
The throne of the INVISIBLE."

His favorite retreat is in the woodland glen, or on the mossy mountain side. The temple in which he most delights to worship is beneath

the solemn arches and lofty domes of the forest trees. There, the deep swelling music of the waterfall, and the bolder notes of the raging winds, unite and tune his heart to the CREATOR's praise.

The most singular example we have ever heard, of any one who has actually led a hermit's life in America, was told us of him who took up his residence on Goat Island, at the very brink of Niagara. In the selection of this place of hermitage, he manifested a taste so noble and refined, that we cannot but allude to him as a most happy illustration of the subject before us. If there is any one spot in the Universe where, above all others, beauty and grandeur are seen, both single and combined, it is on that little island. There, through its sacred groves he wandered silent and alone, now beneath the tall, majestic trees that vie in grandeur with the mighty cataract itself, and now along the banks of the river above, by the foaming rapids, where the wild flowers spring in rich exuberance, and by their tempting beauty provoke the kisses of the glistening spray. Many a time was he known to steal along by moonlight to some craggy rock projecting over the dark abyss, and there recline to gaze upon the eternal Flood, until his soul was filled with grandeur, and arose from the solemn scene around, "to HIM who pours these waters from His hand." When oppressed by the heat of summer, he was wont to bathe his fervent limbs in a quiet little cove, formed by the whirling eddies. But at one such unfortunate hour, he was drawn too far into the rapid stream ever to recover his hold upon the shore, and thus

"He sunk into the depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknelt, uncoffin'd, and unknown."

Such was one of the melancholy men of our own age. It may be difficult for us to conceive, that his feelings should have gained so complete ascendancy over his reason. Yet who has not perceived something of this same influence creeping over himself? For one, we confess, that at times of serious thought, the world has seemed unattractive; mankind cold, ungenerous, and base. Not that this feeling ever took permanent hold of our existence. For too many warm friends have grasped us by the hand, too often have their eyes spoken sincerity to ours, and their hearts extended freely the rites of hospitality, to permit us long to cherish such a belief. Yet, perchance the evening twilight falls silently around, and finds us musing by the lonely fire. The stillness of the hour, and the vanishing forms of all things, remind us that we too are

"Such stuff as dreams are made of."

How strange our being, how mysterious our destiny! Now a strain of sweetest music falls upon the ear; it may be the low, soft breathings of a flute, or the plaintive voice of some dear friend, whose touching, pensive notes, remind us that she, alas! is already the fading victim of Consumption. Now our fancy finds delight in the fantasies, which it conjures up, in the burning embers on the hearth. A sweet sense of

rest steals over us, and for a moment we desire never again to mingle with the tumult of the world.

Such a reverie, however sad, affords a melancholy pleasure that is often sought. Indeed, there is a class of vain and giddy persons, to whom meditation is never welcome but in such an hour, and even then, their thoughts but ill-directed prove their own worst foe. Yet none the less does it behoove us all, and at all times, to be thoughtful ; and thought, when *properly* directed, will sometimes lead to sadness. A sorry sight it is, to behold human actions and events stripped of all their specious names, and the human heart laid bare before our view. The miseries and follies of mankind are full enough, to draw a sigh from the cold heart of the veriest Stoic in the world. All the great men, who have ever accomplished great results for the cause of truth and justice, have had a vein of sadness in their nature ; their great souls have been always full of serious, earnest thought. Hence we know better how to sympathize with the melancholy man ; for he commenced his work in the only true way, first thoughtful and sad. But, unfortunately, his sorrow will not leave him, even after it has pointed out the road to some great action, and all its proper work has ceased. Despite his will, it still continues to prey upon him.

It is fair to infer from what has now been said, that HE is no ordinary man. He never was intended to be a mere "hewer of wood and drawer of water." Nature has given him a reflecting mind, and a most refined sensibility, for noble ends. He was designed to stand among the boldest advocates of justice and humanity, and to fight a valiant fight against the very follies, and deceits, and treacheries of the world, of which he so grievously complains. But by some unhappy stroke, these have triumphed over him—have driven his noble soul from its proper channel, and cast it a miserable wreck upon the shoals of life. It may be that so slight a cause as bodily pain, attended with derangement of the nerves, has turned the contest against him. But whatever may be the cause, let us be lenient in our judgment upon one whom the finger of God has so plainly touched. We have no sympathy with that uncharitable philosophy, which taunts his misery as the result of some silly vanity, that has been wounded, or of excessive pride, that has been mortified, or high ambition disappointed. No, Cowper had too long exposed the silly affectation of fashionable life ; his heart had too long been bleeding for the oppressed of every clime, at last to fall the victim of such ignoble causes. Burns had too long exposed hypocrisy and canting in every form, at last to let his heart be broken by their hollow praise or censure ; and Luther had too often bared his arm against wickedness and corruption in high places, at last to let it droop through want of any power which these could bestow. The melancholy of such men, truly, cannot be traced to one, nor all of these unworthy sources ; but it must be ascribed to that exquisite sensibility, by which every changing hue of life chases over their souls, like the cold shadows of a moonlit cloud over some sylvan lake.

When the Melancholy Man has once been cast into the gloom, how



## MY FOREST HOME.

BY G. C. H.

'Tis a *charming spot*—my forest home,  
Away in the woods so wild :  
Where the wild-birds soar, and the waters roar,  
And the stars look down so mild.  
Where a shaded bower receives my form,  
And the vine entwines the tree ;  
And the mellow call of the waterfall  
Invites so lovingly.

'Tis a *witching spot*—my forest home,  
When the moonlight hours come on ;  
And the little stream throws back its gleam,  
Then runneth merrily on !  
As it nestleth now in its grassy bed,  
Then creepeth slyly along ;  
Like a maiden so shy of the tell-tale eye,  
As if stars could hear its song !

'Tis a *quiet place*—my forest home,  
In the lagging summer hours,  
With its birds and bees, and leaves and trees,  
And the sweet perfume of flowers.  
Oh, how deeply still is the place at noon,  
Entombed from the noisy world !  
When the birds all creep to their noon-day sleep,  
And the zephyr's sail is furled !

'Tis a *glorious place*—my forest home,  
With its autumn glories on !  
It may look sad, but it seemeth glad  
To wear its golden crown.  
The nuts, they fall like a storm of hail,  
And the squirrels busily run ;  
And the scraggy moss has a silvered gloss  
In the mellow autumn sun !

'Tis a *holy spot*—my forest home,  
When winter reigns supreme ;  
With its robe of snow, and the smothered flow  
Of the frozen little stream !  
And the trees hold out their ice-gloved arms,  
And the cold winds howl and roam ;  
Oh, I'll never rove from the home I love,  
My happy FOREST HOME !



## AN INTERVIEW EXTRAORDINARY.

I SOMETIMES, of a leisure hour, amuse myself in imagining the social and domestic qualities of some one or other of the *distingués* of olden time. Indeed, so fond have I become of picturing in my mind how a favorite author, orator, captain or what not, would feel, look, and talk in the society of his family or in every-day intercourse with neighbors and friends, that it has grown almost to a passion with me. A friend of mine, knowing this to be the case, furnished me, not long since, with what purports to be a sketch of an interview between Virgil and Horace. It is attached to an unpretending volume, the preface of which would imply that it was written by a cotemporary. But why it has remained so long unappreciated and unknown, is a query. I presume, however, as my friend is something of a dabbler in the classics, he has thought to impose upon my credulity, even at the expense of my good nature. Be this as it may, I will inflict a translation of it upon my readers, trusting that the conversation of these two persons on casual topics, and the small additional ray of light it may shed upon their social intercourse, will be ample apology.

I may here acknowledge my obligations to better scholars than myself, and especially would I confess my indebtedness to certain lights and illuminations, (phenomena by no means rare in most works of the classical authors of antiquity,) which kept springing up as if by magic at either margin of the pages in the course of my labors and researches.

The author appears to be the hero of the sketch, and the sketch itself is quite as follows:

"Learning while out on a hunting excursion, with six or eight good fellows from the city, that we were in the immediate neighborhood of the country residence of Horace, or as the poet himself calls it, his 'Sabine farm,' I immediately determined to separate myself from my companions for the purpose of examining the premises.

"My curiosity was greatly heightened on learning that the poet was spending a little time at his villa, and also that he was daily expecting the arrival of his friend Virgil, from the delightful villa of the latter in the Campania Felix. I had frequently seen them in the bustle and gayety of the city, and had a tolerable idea of the striking characteristics of each. But I was exceedingly anxious to see them in the country, where they could converse familiarly, and be free from the embarrassing formalities of the Court. Leaving my Satureian in the care of a groom, thither I hastened my steps. Finally, after brushing hedges, (as the rustics say,) leaping streamlets, passing through orchards borne down with fruit, and vineyards literally clothed in purple, I found myself, with a whole head and a light heart, on the private grounds of the poet.

"As I hastened along to the villa, which stands in the central part of the grounds, I caught a glimpse of the poet's steward, whom I

knew of old, and who is, by the way, a most notorious character at Rome, and the one whom Horace addressed in an epistle which appeared in the last correction of his *Epistles*, published by the *Sosii*. Not wishing to be seen by the varlet, I dodged behind some lattice-work, upon which a thrifty vine had been trained, and thus ensconced I was able to see all his manœuverings, and a deal more besides.

“He was just turning away from two persons who were quietly seated on a rustic bench beneath the thick shade of a clump of sturdy old holms. They seemed to be engaged in easy conversation, leaving it off and resuming it at pleasure. These intervals were sometimes thoughtful, but more generally, I observed, their eyes dwelt upon the scenery which spread itself out before them in the form of charming landscapes. I should have said that I recognized, from my scone, in the individuals spoken of above, Horace himself and his distinguished and worthy guest, the author of the *Bucolics*, etc. etc. The steward had been the subject of conversation, as nearly as I could gather from a few words, spoken in that voice which the fair *Lalage* was wont to say was the only one in all Rome in which words distilled as they fell upon the ear. The observation I caught was nearly this: ‘He is a faithful fellow, for aught I know, but his discontented disposition renders him almost intolerable. When he is at Rome he importunes me to send him into the country, and, now that he is here, as you just saw, he gives me no rest that he may go back to the city. What to do with him I am at a loss to determine.

“‘But, my *Virgil*, we were talking, when he interrupted us, of the propriety of an author’s expressing himself as to whether or not his own productions shall stand the test of time.’

“*VIRGIL*. We were, most excellent Horace, but just at the time of the interruption, I think, we were conversing more particularly on the exceeding liability of authors to misjudge their own productions. I recollect our views very nearly corresponded, and I was about relating, as he came up, some remarks *Mæcenas* once made, partly because they referred to a previous subject of conversation, and partly by way of defending me from the Emperor, who had been rallying me because, forsooth, I had received the day before a volley of compliments from the populace under cover of a truckshop, whither I had betaken myself on the way to my house on the *Esquiline Hill*, in order to avoid the vulgar gaze. I mind the time well—we were at the Palace, in the anteroom of the great hall. It was a private sitting, there being only three of us present. They had both been rather taking me to task for my foolish diffidence; but when it was grown late, and after having drunk off our goblets, and being about to separate for the night, *Mæcenas*, seemingly an observer of my embarrassment, remarked that ‘nothing was more common than for men of genius to misjudge their own productions. This error of judgment,’ he continued, ‘arises partly from the inadequacy of the present means of expression, to convey the ideal, as it exists in the mind of the author. This inadequacy of expression, which arises mostly from the barrenness of language, is a serious inconvenience, which is felt by all writers, and especially by

the poet. To the poet, the ideal, as expressed, can claim no comparison with the ideal itself. The reader, judging of a work exactly as it comes from the hands of an author, without any reference to its being a part and parcel of a more complete one, with such means as his own observation and that of others afford him, pronounces it perfect and inimitable; while the author, keeping all the while in his own mind the original conception, if he does not really think the work an abortion, calls it at least weak and puerile. Thus we are easily enabled to assign as the reason why the author frequently gives his inferior productions the preference over his best, that in the former he has succeeded, from some cause or other, more to his liking in expressing the ideal.'

"HORACE. Delightful! Virgil, delightful! Were not Mæcenas a statesman, he would be poet and critic combined.

"The conversation here ceased for awhile, when it was resumed by Virgil asking Horace 'why it was that a mere point in etiquette was almost the only thing in the world on which they disagreed.'

"HORACE. Then you are rallying me again on my old failing?

"VIRGIL. Not at all! not at all! But you know we were really discussing, awhile ago, the propriety of an author's prophesying for himself to the world an immortality in his works.

"HORACE. So we were! Pardon me, my Virgil: I recollect it now. But to your question. I do not know why it is we differ both in theory and practice so much on so simple a point; unless one great reason be that it is my nature to speak out what your modesty, and perhaps better judgment, oftentimes prompt you to keep to yourself. Besides the influence which my peculiar temperament may have exerted in shaping my course of conduct in this respect, I early conceived the idea that the Poet's was a divine commission. And as to the Poet himself, why, I thought and still continue to think, he is the most honored of mortals. Nor is there any one who has been especially favored by the Muses, that does not feel a something within which tells him that his sun shall never set. When such an one has faithfully executed his commission, and awaits the time when he shall be called away by Fate, it appears to me that there can be no grander conception than when it flashes across his mind that he will not be entirely forgotten by his fellow-men, but that his works shall pass down from generation to generation, through all time, read, admired, and doing good to all. What theme more worthy to be sung than immortal fame! Or who more worthy to sing it than he who receives it as a reward for his labors and toils and privations!

"VIRGIL. I am delighted with you, my Horace, and heartily wish it were in my power to coincide with what you say. Yet I honestly think that where a man has reaped a fame that outvies the stars in constancy and brilliancy, let him even be conscious of the powers of a god, and let him follow your advice, though he be as simple-minded as a child, he would be called an egotist, a trumpeter of his own immortality.

"HORACE. And would you call me an egotist, a trumpeter, my Virgil?

"VIRGIL. Certainly not. But I do say that you run the risk, in after time, when you and I and all your coteremporaries shall have passed away, of being so called. As for myself, I believe no such thing, neither do those who know you most and love you best. Do not think I want to set myself up as a model of perfection, for no one knows better than yourself that I am anxious and solicitous for fame. No one certainly enjoys a liberal reception of his productions by the reading community more than myself. I even take great credit to myself for having first introduced Pastorals among my countrymen. And I have often been flattered in contemplating the good effects that have occurred from my work on Agriculture; but never, however exalted might be my hopes, will I sing of my own immortal fame. There is a step beyond which propriety forbids to go. A man may think many things, and yet not mention them for the world. Besides, however it may be, it is almost presumption for one to say that his works have earned for him an immortality: for Time is a stern critic, and often spares not that which cost much toil and was the object of high hopes. Think you that the great master, whom we both so ardently admire, was not conscious of immortality? He was, most unquestionably, yet I never heard that he declared it in so many words. But it is that delicacy which prompts one not to speak in too much confidence of himself, for which I contend. And, my friend, am I not really right?

"HORACE. You say many true things, Virgil; you say what you believe, and what you have practiced uniformly through life. But, what I have written, I cannot recall. Besides, Virgil, I have no concealment. What I know, I tell, and what I feel, I tell—this is what a true poet should do. I should be a poor follower of that philosophy, which is so peculiar to me—I should be odious in the sight of the immortal gods, did I not write all true things, even at the expense of being called an egotist. Tell me not, then, that this is unbecoming—that it is egotistical. It is not myself that I praise—it is the genius which the gods have instilled into me that I extol. My body shall indeed die, and return to dust; its particles shall mingle with those of your body, with those of the great Augustus, with those of our friend and patron, Mæcenas. But I SHALL NOT WHOLLY DIE! My divine productions, like your own, shall be read wherever the Latin tongue is known; they will live as long as the High Priest shall ascend the Capitol with the silent virgin, and as long as yon city shall pierce the blue sky with its towers and turrets."

## THE DRAMA.

ONE portion of our countrymen retain so much of the spirit of their Puritan ancestry, as teaches them to frown upon every thing which comes unrecommended by the sanction of priest and church. Another plunge so far into the opposite extreme as to disregard every subject of serious import, and seek, with the greediest zeal, avocations the most frivolous and absurd. It is therefore difficult for these opposite tastes to settle upon any one object which can unite their enthusiasm. Thus, while one part of our people have personated Sisyphus, tugging up the hill with his huge stone, and the other that force which is ever pushing it back, we are no nearer a refined liberality than we were two centuries ago. There is no subject which has excited a more virulent war of these characteristics, than the Theatre. While the older countries of Europe, pervaded by a more informed taste and (may we add?) morality, have bestowed upon the Stage an ardent patronage, American refinement has been contented to admire the enormities of the low Buffoon, or the lugubrious bombast of the mock Tragedian. The only glance we have got into the enchanted solitude of dramatic poesy, is when some foreign hack has condescended to fill his pockets from our liberality. A partial change seems, however, to have come over our opinions, and recent dramatic revivals authorize us to expect a better era.

May we be allowed, then, a glance at the Drama and its handmaid, the Theatre? The highest sphere of genius is that of the imagination, the highest region of the imagination is poetry. Science has, it is true, discovered theories for the practical service of mankind, but its ends have been reached by a just comparison and synthesis of facts, while poetry is an analysis of the source of facts. The scientific man deals with real entities, the poet discerns the harmonies in thought and nature. This quick insight into mind and sympathy with nature enable him, if not to "construct things made with hands," to serve in the more precious office of informing our hearts. The first age of a nation's morality is not fashioned by its schools, but by its poetry—Lyric and Epic. Dramatic poetry is the growth of a more polished age, when fashions and follies call for the rod. The Epic is inspired by heroism, either of action or passion, themes more akin to the poet's sympathies than the baser sources which inspire the Drama. The question seems, therefore, to have been settled by general suffrage, that Epic poetry is the highest sphere for genius. A part of this preference is owing, we think, to the impatience of poor human nature under the rod. Even the better portion of our kind object to this general *dismasquing* of humanity, from a consciousness that they are of the same flesh and blood, inspired by the same breath, as those whose backs are victims of the lash. The characters also of the Epic and Dramatic poem must be differently chosen and developed. / In the former, none but what may be called the heroic passions can be por-

trayed, while the Dramatist must wade through the jungles of humanity, and

“ Make Vice himself his dirty face display.”

The characters of an Epic may excite our hatred, but it is mingled with fear and admiration, such as we feel for Milton's Arch-fiend. The Dramatist holds a microscope to the heart, and detects all its covert sores. Buonaparte might be the hero of a Tragedy—never of an Epic. His vast nature possessed, it is true, all those vaulting characteristics essential,—the firm resolve, the prompt action, and, to a degree, the military integrity,—but the aim of his wonderful plans, the intrigue and chicanery which their execution required, would degrade the hero of an Epic. Its design is as a whole to act upon the whole man, and there must of consequence be nothing admitted to detract from the single intention. The Drama appeals to our passions as individuals, and strains them *singly* to their highest tension. The materials of the Epic poet are obvious. He seizes only upon the salient points of character, while the Dramatist's realm is universal nature; the good and bad, the mighty and the mean are his; even the spirits of the air and water “ nod to him and do him courtesies.” It is his by a mighty intuition to feel every passion, and, like the chameleon, to take the hue and shade of every thing he touches. At his command too,

“ Time yields his trophies up, and Death restores  
The mouldered victims of his voiceless shores,  
The fireside legend and the faded page,  
The crime that cur'd, the deed that bless'd an age,  
All, all come forth, the good to charm or cheer,  
To scourge bold Vice and start the generous tear;  
With pictured folly gazing fools to shame,  
And guide young Glory's foot along the path of Fame.”

We have thus attempted a parallel between the two highest kinds of poetry; but, as our subject concerns the Drama, we shall glance hastily at the history of the English Drama, and conclude with some thoughts in defence of theatrical representations, particularly as they appear in our own country.

One of the first principles of our nature is imitation. The child apes his father; the youth his senior, and the man his fellow. Consequent to this imitative trait, the rudest ages of every people witness dramatic exhibitions. Some current superstition or dark legend becomes a source of amusement to the popular mind. When community of interests gives birth to organized society, these exhibitions take a caste adapted to the improved manners. In this way these rude exhibitions gradually assume the form of finished compositions, and become a means to chastise and instruct, as well as amuse. This is the origin of the Drama. The birth of the English Drama, however, has been a theme of much and unsatisfactory dispute. Some derive it immediately from the Greek Tragedies; others say that it originated in the

exhibitions of the Jews and early Christians; while another party claim it to be a native growth. There seems little ground, we think, for the supposition that the English Drama is derived from the Greek tragedies, although some of the old "moralities" do resemble them in the choice of *dramatis personæ*. They were (if we may credit the descriptions which have reached us of these exhibitions) too characteristic of the age and religion to own a foreign birth. They were accessories of the Church, instituted in place of the more indecent sports in vogue, and, as many of their subjects imply, to enforce some religious dogma. The settlement of such questions, however, requires more research and ability than we could bring to the task. We shall therefore pass over these dark ages of literature, and indulge ourselves with a glance at the brilliant period of its resurrection in the "Age of Elizabeth." This age is the Ararat of English mind; the era to which we refer for some of the brightest names in the Republic of letters. Indeed, it is the only period which has left relics purely and entirely English. It presents a literature *homemade*, without tincture of foreign caste or manners;—the gigantic efforts of English mind before its *peculiarity* had been lost by fusion with the German and French; before union also, to any extent, with the classics. Those stout old Saxon thoughts, clothed in Saxon words, speak with a far more stirring force than when laden with the cumbrous riches of classical literature. The Saxon must be *natural*, must be *truthful*. Almost every word is the symbol of a thought, the type of an impression. Consequently, those writers who imbibed less of the soul than the body of ancient literature, want that intense and burning simplicity which goes to the heart. Ben Jonson is an illustration of this. His tragedies, although garnished with all the wealth of Grecian and Roman letters, are dumb, compared with the efforts of many who were far his inferiors in reach or depth of mind. The march of his tragedy is fettered by the pedantry of the schools, and for the warm glow of fancy and the stately enthusiasm of genius, we have the dead-level of tragical pedagogueism. Comedy will not brook such shackles to the same degree, and his comedies do not savor so much of the same leaven, but appear in the broad grin of genuine humor. Shakspeare might be cited as an example of the opposite kind. Although he too sometimes forgets nature and simplicity in the grossest pedantry, he yet seems to have worshiped Antiquity more as an *idea* than an *idol*. We are, however, anticipating, and have neglected to consider some of the causes which gave birth to this day-spring in the sixteenth century. The Reformation was the first great cause. This placed the light which had shone only in the cells of Monks, where it could be seen by all; crushed the hoary errors which had smothered a pure religion, and gave men the right to think and worship as they chose. The translation of the Bible opened to the Poet all the rapt visions of the Prophets, and poured into his ear the music of the "sweet singers" of Israel. The story of a Redeemer too, the manger, the life of tears, the bloody mount, the wounded side, the place of the skull, and the blessed promises they sealed; all shed a purifying influence upon the men of those

times. The literature and arts of other countries, particularly of Italy, were unlocked, and although they made no essential part, served to reveal the intellectual riches of that age. Added to these, were other influences, which acted equally, though differently. Chivalry was not extinct. Those days were gone indeed when "worlds were lost for ladies' eyes," but their nobler features still remained. The poet's description embodied not only "all he saw," but "part of what he was." He was not, like his posterity, placed upon a stand-point *above* mankind, where he could take in at a glance the whole range of human affairs, but mixed with them, and was of them. Hence the strength and truthfulness of his descriptions.

It were a bootless, and for us a dangerous task, to essay a minute critique upon any of the men who made the reign of Elizabeth great. The names of Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, have become household words;—and even the less familiar, such as Lyly, Marlowe, Marston, Webster Decker, &c., we will not abuse by criticism. Let them sleep—the dead who live. Our limits also forbid a close review of the English Drama down to our own day. The present dramatic literature of England and our own country is not the legitimate offspring of that which we have noticed. It claims no greater antiquity than the reign of Charles II. With the simple remark, then, that although Comedy may, high poetry cannot keep pace with the progress of civilization, we will hasten to consider the means by which these old days have been made familiar to us. And why is it that we no longer look upon this age as a vast Sahara of mind? Why do we bring fond and zealous minds to converse with those great old days? It is not that, stripped of their quaint old-fashioned guise, they have put on the mottled cloth of modern wear. No;—they are not changed; but we are.

A second Reformation has taken place, different in kind, it is true, but equally marked with the first. That learning which until within a few years was banned to all except the acute and drudging student, is now our common, our cherished property. Resultant to this, our authors in prose as well as verse have learned that the chastest models may be found in their mother-tongue, and that to write well is not to write fashionably, but from the "red-leaved tables of the heart." This end is the work of legitimate means, the Stage. It is impossible for the mind to *understand* a play without aid from the senses, the eye and ear. True, in the most simple, this is doubly so when a play is involved and introduces a wide range of character; above all, when it abounds in such anachronisms as we meet in Shakspeare. A Dramatist's object and excellence lie in so managing a *variety* of characters that they shall bear a distinct part in the action, and yet tend unitedly to the *denouement*. Notwithstanding our own emotions answer to the passions portrayed, they are indefinite, unless these passions be *seen* acting through flesh and blood. We cannot shift the scenes; at one moment in a field of blood, thrilled with the hot enthusiasm of battle, and at the next, dazed with the pomp and glitter of a court; the mind cannot make these quick transitions so as to realize its change of situ-



ation—there must be a bridge between our emotions. If such be the necessity where real existences are introduced, how far more feeble is our attempt to follow the Dramatist when he enters the invisible; when he brings before us in all their airy and spirit-array the shapes of Elves and Fairies! We make a more stupid figure in lands of such enchantment, than did the doughty Falstaff among his “moonshine revelers.”

And in this we may remark, the Epic poet has an advantage over the Dramatist. His spirit-machinery (if we may so speak) is of a less subtle kind. We can soar with Milton into the unknown, and tread with him the “sapphire walls of Heaven;” we can descend with Dante, and thrill while the shapes of “ugly hell” gape at us; but we may not follow Shakspeare in his flight to the enchanted Island; we may not mix with Prospero in the spirit-conclave, or couch with the Court of Titania, reveling in the golden bells of flowers. Into these gorgeous privacies of the imagination no unaided eye can pierce. The mimic circumstance of the Stage must introduce us to these “little ethereal people,”

———“as on the sands with printless feet,  
They chase the ebbing Neptune.”

Such, however, are lessons to the *mind*—that great mission to the *heart* which Nature has given the Poet is his nobler calling. And shall we ban him from the Stage because immoralities attend its representations? because low, debauched humanity trails its slime and venom into the place where Manliness and Beauty wait upon mind? The same justice would discard a play because vicious characters are admitted. Away with this *uneasy* virtue, which sits starched and puckered like a ruff on the cold neck of an old maid. Give us your stout, bold-fronted virtue, which fears no evil, because it knows none.

Immoralities are not, however, necessary attendants upon theatrical representations. When the good and pure give that patronage to the Stage which it deserves, the Theatre will cease to be the resort of the low. The truth of this was shown, to a degree, in the recent representation of Richard III. at the Park. Wit and fashion there usurped the places of ignorance and vulgarity. Similar testimony is given by the better class of English Theatres. Still, even granting that they are unavoidably the haunts of vice, we should contend none the less strenuously for their encouragement. Every large city is full of vice, in all its multifaced deformity. It does not walk the streets alone. It does not fester and rot only in the brothel. It crowds the gay and costly saloon, and lists to the rich lures of feasting and song. Every corner and nook holds out some snare to the unwary. Every window sparkles with some gay iniquity. Those then who would close the Theatre, from benevolence to the young and inexperienced, yield them either to scenes of more gairish wickedness, or to the cells of drunken and slimy vice. Let then the American public give that patronage to the Stage which it so eminently deserves. Let it foster dramatic genius, and some of our own glorious history may yet be “wedded to immortal verse.”

## ORIGIN OF THE ROBIN-REDBREAST.

(AN INDIAN FABLE.)

Following Indian tradition will be found in Mrs. Jamieson's "Winter Studies and Summer" for whom it was expressly translated from the Chippeway language. It is here done into all its allusions to the customs of the *Aborigines* of our country, are in the main correct.]

## I.

me since, ere the white man came  
ern wilds a seat to claim,—  
and towards the closing day,  
straits of Mackinaw display  
nooth-worn, bleak and rugged sides,  
l by three lakes' copious tides,—  
e Chippeway's tawny clan,  
ere dwelt a medicine man.  
ned was he for knowledge vast  
ic rites and annals past ;  
was thought so skilled to call  
dark from their spirit hall—  
was thought so skilled to heal,  
rms that roots and herbs reveal.

## II.

w his son, of robust form,  
ly limbs and manly arts,  
rt with courage thrilling warm,  
sthe bound whence manhood starts;  
h time there a practice was,  
he red men's accustomed laws,  
se lodge, with patience brave,  
trengthened limbs to wash and lave,  
long fasts and mien sedate,  
re their minds to meditate ;  
hen Wee-ny, the god of sleep,  
y should their eyelids close—  
ber wearied nature keep,  
ing vigor in repose,  
uardian spirit might appear  
or moon or bat or deer,  
ste'er shape the dream might show,  
said to guide their life below.

## III.

ice 't was thought this magic power  
led not on chance or hour,

But on faithful observance given  
To these rubrics derived from heaven—  
The son in wisdom's ways to make  
Far better than all others,  
Persuaded was more pains to take  
Than all his magi brothers.  
With more form was the water boiled,  
In steam his body longer toiled :  
Full many times the bath was tried,  
And many times the cloth applied ;  
A husky mat was smoothly spread,  
To form for him the dreaming bed ;  
And it upon the youth was laid,  
Assured his grief should be repaid—  
In mystic lore he should excel,  
And prophecy extremely well,  
If he bore all as did become  
The Magician's true-born son.  
He was to fast more than was deemed  
Enough by those who erst had dreamed :  
Not till twice six suns rose and set,  
And twice six nights their course had met,  
On grain or flesh or fruit was he  
His famished frame regaled to see.

## IV.

And at each morn the old man came  
Where his son in silence lay,  
To practice rites by which to gain  
Such gifts as magicians may.  
And now he shakes his magic wand,  
And now employs his sleights of hand,  
And brings the tools that a rude age  
Thought fit and useful for the sage,  
That their presence might inspire  
Powers which their feats require—  
Endurance in fire's scorching rage,  
And courage in battle's ire.

## v.

When nine of the twelve days were gone,  
 By craving appetite made long,  
 The son besought his fast to break—  
 Some other time a new one take.  
 "My dreams," he said, "are very sad,  
 And ominous of all that's bad."  
 But no—his sire would not permit  
 That he should touch or taste one bit;  
 Since one to gain the seer's high art  
 Must not from first intents depart.  
 When two days more their course had run,  
 Imploringly repeats his son  
 The request that before was sent  
 For aught to stay his languishment.  
 Denied again—the old man said,  
 That hope and courage him might aid—  
 "At morrow's dawn myself will bring  
 The food for which you are suffering;  
 'Tis hard by twelve short hours to lose  
 The gifts for thee that now I choose"

## vi.

By the first light the father brought  
 The food before so gently sought,  
 With expectations mounting high,  
 Of skill his child had gained thereby.  
 Already prided he upon  
 The future fame of his young son,  
 Which every wind should waft abroad,  
 And make far off a household word;  
 But stooping now to cast a look  
 Through cedar boughs into his nook—  
 Why starts he back with sore surprise?  
 Why stands he fixed with staring eyes?  
 No pleasing view does him delight,  
 But a vision strange meets his sight—  
 The child his failing years had charmed  
 To a bird being fast transformed;—  
 His arms to wings already turned,  
 Vermilion on his bosom burned;  
 There starts from him the plumage bright,  
 Which forms and grows upon the sight;—

Lessened down to astonished eyes,  
 His feet with claws he now supplies;  
 And swelling now his pliant throat,  
 Pitched and tuned to the robin's note.

## vii.

"My father refused to give me meat  
 When hungry much I wished to eat,  
 And now he sees I'm made a bird,  
 No more with human race to herd;  
 He alone suffers by the change,  
 The air now happy I shall range:  
 Manito\* to me has been most just,  
 And shown me mercy—go I must—  
 In gladness I mount to the skies."  
 "My son, my son," the old man cries,  
 "Do not me leave alone below,  
 Without thee life is full of woe!"  
 And rushing in, with intent rude,  
 His grasp the bird can just elude,  
 And rising up the trees among,  
 The robin sings a cheering song.

## viii.

"Forsaken, now, Oh! sir, you see  
 I take my course to love and glee;—  
 Yet be assured I e'er shall dwell  
 Nearest your wigwam, to dispel  
 Sorrow and sadness from your breast,  
 With cheering music lulled to rest.  
 Content and happy, day by day  
 Unceasing joy I shall display;—  
 And ages hence, when o'er the main  
 Come foes to your Indian name,—  
 The stars that guide them to these lands,  
 Ill-omened to your strongest bands,—  
 Their bark with such destruction fraught—  
 Such evils by their presence brought—  
 The air pestilenced by their breath,  
 Their very looks the shafts of death—  
 Then, e'en then, for the love I bore  
 To my red brothers on this shore,  
 I still will charm the ground they tread,  
 With songs so oft here warbled."

\* The good spirit of the Indians.

## IX.

Then looking up the sky upon,  
 The robin greets the rising sun,  
 His eye with pity beaming looked,  
 As thus the promise on he spoke:—  
 "And ev'ry day the summer long  
 I'll usher in this hour with song;  
 When morn's fresh air and pearly dew  
 Their wonted life daily renew,  
 My sweetest strains 'tis then I'll shower,  
 In honor of my natal hour."

## X.

Do not despise this tale so rude,  
 In it is found a precept good,—  
 That filial duty joy e'er gains,  
 And obedience reward claims:  
 Tho' nature's course it cannot stop,  
 It changes for a better lot.  
 It is by such untutored speech,  
 That simple men their virtue teach.

## GILES SCROGGINS.

I ALWAYS had an aversion to that species of practical jokes called hoaxes. To tell a man in sober earnest, that a thing is so and so, and then to laugh at him for a ninny, because he is fool enough to believe you, seems to me rather a proof of knavery and unblushing impudence, than of any of that keen shrewdness and wit, which the perpetrators of these deceptions generally arrogate to themselves, and that too, with the consent of a considerable portion of people who ought to know better. These deceptions are seldom carried out without more or less of downright falsehood, and what is rather singular, the individuals who are foremost in such undertakings, are always those who are ready to fly into a passion if their word is doubted, and consider the least imputation against their veracity as the deepest insult.

But I will leave homilies on that subject to the more capable, and go on with, or rather begin, my story. As I was saying, I always had an aversion to hoaxes—that is, in principle, but from long habit, in this quizzical world, I have become somewhat accustomed to them, and if I had not, I have seen some at which, in spite of my scruples, I could not choose but laugh. There is something so very ludicrous in the pertinacity and persevering obstinacy with which one of these victims of ridicule persists in making game of himself, that it seems as if they were sent into the world on purpose that the schoolmaster, Experience, should never be idle, but that he might have employment and wages the year round.

One of these unfortunate wights, in particular, is at present in my mind, who, after being made, for several successive months, a subject of these experiments, most perseveringly refused to grow one particle wiser, and at length left the place in search of employment, just as 'ready and waiting' to be hoaxed as on the morning when he first entered it in all the verdancy of youthful expectation.

Common jokes and quizzes were dull and perfectly disgusting when applied to him. The tales of the Arabian Nights, and Sinbad the Sailor, he would have believed as readily as he did the Spelling

Book ; and the most amusing part of the scene was the extent to which the operators were obliged to task their powers to invent something so absurd that there might be a remote possibility of his not believing it— for without this, of course there could be comparatively but little sport.

When I first saw him he had been in town some four or five days, and was already well known to "the boys" by the name of "Giles Scroggins." How he had so suddenly earned his title, I am sure I do not know, but it was firmly stuck to him, and during his whole stay he was neither known nor called by any other name—nor did he apparently care to be, but always answered to it, with as much readiness and freedom as if his own mother had given it to him "on that auspicious morning which first dawned upon his puerile existence." I know that he had another name, but if I ever knew what it was I have long since forgotten ; and indeed I think it doubtful whether he had himself any correct idea that he had any particular right to one name, more than another.

He was a lean, lank-looking genius, apparently eighteen or nineteen years of age, with legs, which you could see at a single glance were made for the express purpose of traveling. His coat, vest, and pantaloons had nothing very peculiar about them, except that the coat was gray and had an upright, military-looking collar. The pantaloons and vest were of that peculiar mix called "sheep's gray," made from the wool of black sheep and white, in proportions according to fancy. There was nothing peculiar, however, about his dress, and I only mention it as it seemed to make a part of himself. He had a thin face and a sharp nose which went slanting along down towards his chin in a quiet sort of way, as if to say, "any thing for peace." His eyes, like his breeches, were a light gray, with a knowing curve to the wrinkles which pointed inward from the temple to the visual organ, so that you would not have been surprised had he turned out to be a keen, hard bargaining, horse-jockeying Vermonter, instead of the verdant Massachusetts' boy, which he really was. Still, a close observer of physiognomy would have noticed a sort of laxity in the muscles which governed his mouth, and a peculiar slant to the cheek and jaw bone, which seemed to give him an equal facility for imbibing sweetened water and large stories, whenever they came in his way. Such was the outward man of "Giles Scroggins."

*"Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown,"*

the old song says, and perhaps it was from some fancied resemblance to the aforesaid Giles, that he received his name ; but upon that point I am sure I cannot say. He appeared suddenly in the village one bright May morning, nobody knowing exactly where from, and inquired for work ; this he soon found, and was at once marked by the hoaxers, as rare game.

About a mile from the village there lived an old cooper, who had in his shop several "horses," as they are called, though it is difficult to conceive why. They have four legs, to be sure, but are no more

like a horse than like any other quadruped in Natural History. The boys were in the habit of continually annoying the cooper by asking him for a loan of one of these horses for a ride. Now if the old man had a fault in the world, it was that he got mad very easily in the day time, and easier still at night. So one night about eleven o'clock, the boys persuaded Giles that it was a fine night for a ride, and told him that the old cooper had several horses which he sometimes let, but that he was a facetious old fellow and would not always let them go at first, but that the only way was to "hang on;" and with these instructions they packed him off to the cooper's for a horse.

"Hillo," said Giles, as he rapped on the window of the room where the cooper and cooperess were enjoying their repose. "Who's there?" said he, springing from a sound sleep into the middle of the floor. "It's me," was the reply. Now, though this answer was perfectly satisfactory to Giles, it was by no means so to his inside friend, the cooper, who, seizing a pair of tongs, repeated the question with considerable energy. "I want to get a horse," said Giles, taking this for a part of the old man's eccentricity. 'This was too much to be borne, and the enraged knight of the horse came toward the window with uplifted tongs. Prudence suggested a retreat, and Giles obeyed the suggestion. Up went the window, and out went the cooper, but Fate and long legs both favored Giles, and he saved his bacon, though he lost his breath.

I have room for only one more of his adventures. There was a worthy old farmer who was very deaf and very cross, and for some reason, which it is difficult to conceive, was generally known by the name of "Wummux," which title was by no means pleasing to him. To this man Giles was dispatched, in the month of May, with a bushel bag, to get *green corn*, being told that he always had it very early, and if he was very polite and called him Mr. Wummux, he would be sure to get some, but that he was very deaf. Thus instructed, Giles undertook the errand, but it liked to have been his last. He found the old gentleman, hoe in hand. Placing his mouth close to his ear he drew in all his breath for a desperate attempt, and yelled "Mister Wummux," at the very top of his voice. The old man's eyes flashed fire, but Giles had taken in a fresh supply of wind, and he added, "have you got any green corn," in a scream which that famous old town-crier, Stentor, would have died with vexation to hear. The rest of the matter he gave rather a confused account of. He saw the hoe handle coming straight at him, and he thought it hit him, and was moreover strengthened in his opinion by a sore streak across his shoulders; he made one leap to the fence, and as he went felt something from behind assist his flight; perhaps it was Fortune tugging at the afterpart of his pantaloons, and perhaps it was the old man's boot. Giles inclined to the latter opinion.

From that time his business increased wonderfully—his good nature knew no bounds, and the rascality of his tormentors was commensurate with it. Once or twice somebody tried to persuade him that the boys were imposing upon him, but it was of no use. He believed them when they told him, and believed the boys when they denied it,

and there was the end of it. Invention was racked to find him business. White lamp black, soft soap moulds, strap oil and doves' milk, fresh salt, pocket saw mills, salamander caps, and leather jewsharps, were among the various articles which he inquired for from house to house, and what was queer, he said, "Folks never let him have any thing, they were so afraid he'd *spile* it." The last I heard of him he was seen trudging over the hills with a stone of some ten pounds weight, carefully wrapped in brown paper, inquiring for Mr. ——'s house, whose *role*y-*bole*y he had been requested to carry home.

Poor Giles! I haven't heard of him for a long time, but if he is not engaged on some fool's errand or other, it is because he can find no one malicious enough to send him.

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#### THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

SPECULATIVE men do not coincide in their comparative estimates of the degree of civilization among different nations—of the social and moral condition of mankind at different periods of time. There are those who find in the present arrangement of society a manifest improvement upon the condition of men in all former ages; who believe that the spirit of change, now at work among the nations, tends upward—that the progress of mankind is onward. On the other hand, some have discovered a "golden age" in the past, and see in that an "order of things" by which the happiness and true interests of the race were more perfectly secured, than they are under the existing state of things; they say, "the present is a mechanical age—mechanical in head and heart, as well as in hand; its superiority is that of physical condition—of external relation—all is outward and deceptive."

They are comparatively few, however, who interest themselves either with the history of the past or the spirit of the present. To most men, nay, to all, the present is the most important, but to many it is the only time; the past to them is time no longer, and the future becomes present ere it reaches them; they want "that large discourse of reason, looking before and after," and are content to engage actively in the business of to-day, without asking what has given to society and to civilized nations their present diversified relations and pursuits—what causes have turned the energies of the present to the channels in which they flow—whence are derived the forces and influences now at work among men, and whither tends the activity, strife, and progress of the present. Few men are conscious of having any direct agency in producing the great changes that are continually taking place. Each one feels that he is borne onward by a current, whose velocity he does not increase, and whose direction he does not alter. On his entrance to the world, he finds society, with its laws and institutions, already established—the conduct and pursuits of men already marked out and regulated. In short, he finds the forces and organization of an advanced state of civilization in full play; his post is assigned him, and

he marches on in one of the thousand well-trodden paths of life. Who has effected all this? Not his fathers, for they in turn found all the springs of society in motion. True, things have somewhat changed since they began their course—how, or by whom, they cannot tell. Each generation feels, at the outset, that it has received the present from a former, and hands it down to the next, in an advanced state. Thus, the succeeding growing immediately out of the preceding, all are bound together by an unbroken chain, which reaches far back into the past. It is the object of this essay to glance at some of the more distinct and obvious outlines of this connection.

In contemplating the character and progress of ancient civilization, we are struck with the prominence of some one characteristic feature in each of the enlightened nations. Some single idea reigned supreme in the head and heart of the entire population, and has stamped its own image upon all of their productions. Each government seems to have been based upon some one of the fundamental principles of human nature, the gradual and perfect development of which constituted their advancement in civilization. The development and harmonizing of all the capacities and principles of human nature constitutes the highest and most perfect civilization.

The ancient Egyptians are the first, as a nation, who come before us possessed of a high degree of cultivation. Although their written history is meagre and obscure, giving us only here and there a glimpse of some great event, or distinguished character, during their long existence, yet they have left to all future ages mute, but impressive records, of the distinguishing traits of their character, and the character of their civilization. Their monuments are a history, as well as a wonder. We are at a loss to decide which excites the greater astonishment, the knowledge and physical power by which the pyramids were erected, or the feelings and sentiments which prompted to the undertaking; the former shows their attainments in science—their intellectual character; the latter, the principles which governed them—their moral character. This part pertains more directly to our subject. Reverence, the noblest feeling of our nature, must ever, in one form or another, be at the bottom of all organized society; no government can be powerful, nay, can, for any length of time, exist without it. An excess of this feeling, if we mistake not, was predominant among the ancient Egyptians—the animating and directing spirit of their civilization; making them in their worship—because the objects of it were unworthy—grossly superstitious. Religion was so inwoven with the state as to make them, towards the government, slavishly submissive. Their obelisks, temples, and pyramids are lasting monuments alike of their subjection and knowledge—in fine, of an almost omnipotent superstition.

Athens was founded by an Egyptian; and the Grecians received much of their learning and wisdom from Egypt. Among the Grecians too, we find reverence for the state, but also a clearer knowledge of the rights of individuals; they worshiped gods less terrible, than were the Egyptian divinities; their system of mythology was purer and more elevated. A love of the beautiful was the actuating spirit of



the Grecian progress; the *το καλον*, in art, in character, in every pursuit and relation of life, was universally predominant. This principle, although it has a strong conservative tendency in national affairs, yet its chief power is in stimulating to an individual development. Egyptian civilization was the energies of the nation actuated by one feeling, superstition, and directed by the rulers to the same great ends; consequently their remains—their monuments—are stupendous and national. On the other hand, the progress of the Greeks was the energies of all actuated by one sentiment, love of the beautiful, and directed by individuals to a thousand different pursuits; from them we receive the most perfect productions of individual effort, in some one of many different pursuits.

Rome was settled by Grecians, and drew from Greece much of her civilization; she united, in a measure, the characteristics of both Egypt and Greece. The Roman people were enlightened and possessed of a strong national spirit. The tendency of all their efforts was the extension and supremacy of the Roman name and nation. At all events, whether our views of the spirit and character of each of these nations has been just, or not, it will be admitted that in Rome was concentrated whatever of ancient influence is now in activity. She preserved the vantage ground, which former ages had gained in their struggles towards civilization; she gave still greater vigor to these forces, which had exhausted the energies of mighty nations, during long ages past. To them, was then added another and by far the most powerful civilizing agent—the Christian religion—an immortal principle of perfection, the only element which insures to human society constant progress—which proves its claim to an exalted destiny. These principles, as yet, had no power except among the Romans. What is now the most enlightened portion of the globe, was then, and had been for ages, in a state of chaotic barbarism; its inhabitants were free, wandering, hardy, and fierce. The Roman nation fell, scattering among them the “wrecks and fragments” of its civilization—it was the mingling of antagonistic principles. We do not regard the downfall of the Roman empire as the extinction of all light, nor the “dark ages” solely as the triumph of barbarism; but rather as the secret progress of the hidden embers of the Roman explosion. Ere long, we see feudalism springing out of the lap of barbarism, and advancing, at first, with slow and convulsive steps to absolute, then to limited monarchy, and finally, to republicanism,—as yet, the farthest point in the progress of nations to a perfect civilization.

There is a class of men who, wrapping themselves in the gloom of some particular evil, and looking back upon the brightest spots in the past, are wont to mourn over the degeneracy of the times. They can see nothing but evil upon all sides. Doubtless, there may be found in many former periods, some single quality which is not bettered in the present; but this is not an age in which some one principle greatly predominates; therefore its relative position or progress cannot be estimated by a comparative view of only one of its elements;—look abroad upon a thousand advanced points.

Never, at any former time, has so large a portion of the world been

enlightened as at present. The rays of a dawning civilization are not now confined to a single nation—a light shining but the more brightly for surrounding darkness—they illuminate more than two continents, peopled by very many different nations. Those arbitrary distinctions, which have so long shackled the energies, and bound a large part of mankind to a degraded condition, here, at least, are broken; and the deep-toned mutterings which are wafted to us from across the Atlantic, portend a storm, which will sweep away all traces of such distinctions, and place men there, as here, upon an equality of political rights and privileges. Already the mass of men, everywhere, are better off, politically, than ever before, and their condition in this respect is still improving. The paths of honor and distinction are open to all; success in every pursuit awaits the deserving. This state of things has given energy to every branch of industry, and is powerful in elevating the social condition of mankind; its legitimate effect may be seen in the highly cultivated and improved appearance of the face of the country—in the happiness and prosperity of the people. The means of education are not only within the *reach* of all, but by some nations, most backward in other respects, are *forced* upon all. Knowledge, through some of its many avenues, will find entrance to every mind; men can no longer be as ignorant as they have been in times past;—the present is eminently an age of mental activity. The religious and moral aspect of the present is such as is becoming to nations who worship the true God, and base their laws and government upon the Bible;—the innumerable churches and benevolent institutions, scattered over all lands, are true indices of improvement. A spirit of enterprise characterizes all the movements of the present, animating alike individual and organized efforts; it extends farther in every direction than the spirit of conquest with her sword, and is more successful than Roman legions, in opening the avenues of wealth, and binding “the uttermost parts of the earth” to the influence and prosperity of civilized nations. Christianity is coextensive with every other power, and possessed of the same indomitable spirit; wherever enterprising commerce may send her ships, or lust of gain can penetrate, there too will be found the Missionary, sowing the seeds of civilization, and dispensing the blessings of eternal life. These are some of the features of the present age, and they prove that it is one of general activity—of rapid advancement, in which all the energies and powers of man—all the resources and benefits of nature, are in progress of harmonious development.

It is common to attribute all great changes and improvements to this or that convulsion and revolution. We believe these to be rather the bubbles in the current of human progress, showing its rapidity, or the obstacles in its course. The superiority of the present has not been produced by the struggles and tumults of any particular age; nor is it the effect of any inherent quality, but it is chiefly owing to the combined advancement of all former nations; and its obligations are due to every period of the past, with which we have shown it to be connected. Could we, with chemical accuracy, analyze it, and examine

each separate element of which it is composed, we should undoubtedly discover many influences and agencies which had their origin in the first ages of the world, and having passed through an endless variety of combinations and re-combinations, are yet, in new combinations, active principles in the complex present—that every age has furnished some of the materials of which it is composed ;—still farther, that there is no day in the past seemingly the most unimportant—no thought or action, the most trivial, but that has had some influence in giving to the present its peculiar shape and direction.

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FAREWELL.

FAREWELL ! farewell !—oh ! how lonely and cold  
The heart from its fellow turning,  
While gathering grief, and sorrows untold,  
So wildly within are burning !

Farewell ! farewell !—'tis the lover's last word,  
So softly, so lowly spoken,  
While the lingering sob, and moan unheard,  
Are wrung from the heart-strings broken !

Farewell ! farewell !—'tis the mariner's glee,  
As over the waters dashing  
He leaves his home for the dark roaring sea,  
And the lightning brightly flashing !

Farewell ! farewell !—'tis the hermit's last song,  
The world and its sorrows leaving,  
As coldly his eye is glancing along  
Its beauties frail and deceiving.

Farewell ! farewell !—'tis the last heaving sigh  
Of brothers forever parting !  
While slowly and sadly in every eye,  
The tear of regret is starting.

Farewell ! farewell !—from the mother's fond heart,  
The last parting words are gushing,  
When forced from her long-loved idol to part,  
Stern duty her sorrow hushing !

Farewell ! farewell !—with the dying man's prayer  
'Tis a last fond token given,  
While angels unseen are hovering there,  
To carry the soul to Heaven !

Farewell ! farewell !—life's pleasures are few,  
For all things are bound to sever,  
But death shall destroy, and death shall renew,  
And parting shall cease forever !

## CLOUD-LAND.

"Plant divine, of rarest virtue."—LAMB.

DEAR, delicious Charles Lamb! "Poor Keats" himself must yield to thee in the "silver-throated harmony" of Nature. Purity and simplicity of soul are thine, and man is inspired from thee to strive for fresh Childhood of Heart. The blessings of that GREAT PLANT thou didst so wisely love, are emblematic of thy mission on earth. It was to mantle the heart with sweet influences against rude Poverty—to "pluck the fang from the serpent-tooth of Grief"—to rest the weary in soul. Then peace to thy ashes, Charles Lamb!

A trip to Cloud-Land! Who has not been there? Who does not love to revisit its scenes? Who has not striven to fix firmly in his memory its fleeting phantoms or portray its delicious sensations? And who has not partially failed? Yet the remedy is simple and sure. Write as you travel, and if you are thus hindered from seeing bright visions in their fullest glow, you may at least catch glimpses of some wandering forms before they pass away forever.

Prepare then for the journey. Take down your best meerschaum, and fill it from one of those open-mouthed packages hard by. From Scafarlatti, if you wish your fancy to speed with active foot—from German Meerschaum, S. W., if you would dream dreams. Already have you unconsciously assumed a luxurious position. Surrender yourself now to the guidance of those active little habitants of Cloud-Land—tiny elves of smoke, who seem to swarm from out the bowl of your pipe, or leap, chase, and tumble each other in hasty glee, from the corners of your mouth. You are in a strangely rising mood. With surprise, you find your feet, in obedience to the law, carelessly perched, level with your head, upon some table, or perchance, upon the top of that Olmsted, which blazes at you so fiercely with its single eye. An old traveler would now amuse himself in sending out delicate rings of smoke to eddy and wreath themselves away. In them he detects the dim, queer little faces of the Cloud-Land "boys," with intertwined bodies and strangely-writhing forms, dancing a joyous, elfin measure. But this trifling is soon ended. And lo! the smoker moralizeth. Encircled by snowy clouds, he looketh down with contempt ineffable on bustling, earthy mortality, and, for the nonce, firmly abjureth "the world's low cares and lying vanities." He beholdeth the pale student, striving for high rewards and immortal fame—rewards, "the wonder of an hour"—fame, which lasteth a brief, college generation;—one day, listening to the sound of his own eloquent voice and the momentary applause of his classmates, the next, lying silent in the grave; and the smoker meditateth sadly on the vain flower-wreaths of knowledge. Most unaccountably, he never considereth them as *grapes*. He looketh upon the dullard, poring over incomprehensibilities, or the witling, as he affecteth genius; and before him riseth up (alas for his

imagination!) the idea of a huge alligator, lacerating his own jaws in furious snatches at a bladder, filled with—air.

At last we are in Cloud-Land. Heavy banks of smoke hide us from the world and leave us alone with the shades that come and go before our eyes. We are monarchs—more, we are Autocrats, and over beings of our own creation! Our subjects approach to do us homage, and curl about our faces with reverential curiosity. 'Take care! Let them not come too near, be not too familiar, or you may chance to indulge yourself in a cough or an unromantic—sneeze.

Our subjects still throng around us. Myriads of twisted, bending forms unite and wave before our eyes. Their heads are inclined, perhaps in homage, and then they jerk themselves back, as if ashamed to worship a being of lower earth. But soon they float away and their places are filled by crowds of gigantic, shapeless monsters. Now our kingly fancy colonizes new regions. Shadows, dim and silent, toss in wild surges around. With half-closed eyes and still delight, we gaze upon the strangeness of Cloud-Land. We behold more horrible sights, wilder visions than even Robert Montgomery ever conceived; more wonders than Horatio ever "dreamt of in his philosophy." But suddenly they float away before a mightier one. He appears, almost enrobed in smoke: his vast limbs are dimly defined through the cloud. The expression of his face is hidden from us. By the long leaves wreathed upon his brow, by the roll in his hands, we recognize the Spirit of the GREAT PLANT. Is it Fancy or the Shade that speaks? His voice sounds in soft, sighing tones, like the gentle puffs which just part from lazy lips.

"I am the Universal Friend of Mau. I have come from the poet's lonely"—

Ah! what is this? Cloud-Land disappears: the Spirit makes a horrible grimace and vanishes, *without finishing his speech*. Ugh! Your mouth is filled with ashes! Your pipe has gone out!

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The Secundus, who perpetrated *that* fiendish pun on Tobacco, should be compelled to smoke "Anderson's" or "Yara" forever. He was lecturing to an unsophisticated Novus upon the manifold qualities of this Plant of *Peace*, (as he styled it,) and finally offered to demonstrate from Shakspeare, that Tobacco was musical. "How so?" cried astonished Novus. "Doth not Richard," replied the wretch, "mention this 'weak, *pip(e)*ing time of *peace*'?" Agonized, the Novus rushed, sneezing precipitately. Fact!

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It was the GREAT PLANT, which Raleigh, the scholar, the wit, the Epicurean, first introduced: which the clergy of Virginia accepted in payment of their clerical services,—the blessings of earth for dispensing the blessings of heaven,—to which Newton thought a lady's fin-

ger might not unworthily minister : which delights the sweet-mouthed Senoritas of New Mexico : which posterity links with the remembrance of Lamb. Well did he sing the pleasures of

—"a seat amid the joys  
Of the blest Tobacco Boys."

Let not the shade of Cicero blush while we quote : "Hæc (sc. *plan-ta*) adolescentiam alit, senectutem oblectat, secundas res ornat, adversis perfrugium ac solatium præbet, delectat domi, non impedit foris, pernoctat nobiscum, peregrinatur, *rusticatur*." Then, fill up to the brim your—pipes, (these are temperance days,) and smoke to a sentiment—TOBACCO! ΣΕ-ΓΑΡ φίλσω.

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#### UNCLE JOHN'S RULES FOR COMPOSITION.

MY Uncle John was a man of profound learning ; that is to say, he had been through college, had studied law, published a volume of poems, edited a newspaper, and written for reviews. Owing to the versatility of his genius, and the possession of a small independence, he never continued long in any department of business, but flitted about from one occupation to another, as he felt himself moved by the whim of the moment. He was always, however, a *literary man* ; he read voraciously every new book, as it came from the press ; he went to all the public lectures, and talked of hardly anything but authors, theories, works, and criticisms. His pen, moreover, was never allowed much of a furlough. He was perpetually in print, somewhere or other, as long as he lived. Among other things, he used to write extensive biographical notices of almost all the obscure individuals in his neighborhood, whenever they happened to die. It was perfectly surprising how many gigantic geniuses had, according to Uncle John's account, silently sprung up and flourished and passed away within the circle of his acquaintance, utterly unbeknown to the great mass of mankind. "Death, relentless Death, has snatched from earth another master-mind—Smith has fallen!"—such, when he had an obituary subject on hand, was the style in which he generally commenced his article. Few, I believe, besides himself and his little coterie of friends, ever read his productions ; consequently his ears were never pained by censure, while the compliments of those good-natured acquaintances, who knew his weak side, and were willing to take advantage of it, were liberally bestowed, and gave him inordinate satisfaction. It was wicked in me to trifle with him, for never beat in human breast a kinder heart than his, as none knew better than I. But I was fond of sport, and loved nothing so well as trotting him on his hobby. Of his literary powers, I professed the most exalted opinion. I flattered his vanity by the most exorbitant and open praise. I pretended to

discover new beauties in every thought and every word of his writings, and often, while reading them in his presence, (for I read them nowhere else,) asked the loan of his pencil to mark a splendid passage for insertion into my common-place book. As will be readily guessed, I was his prime favorite. He frequently discoursed to me at great length, and with no little grandiloquence, on his favorite themes. Once, in particular, when I had asked his advice about an essay which I was going to write, he gave me the outline of his own system of composition, in terms nearly as follows.

"Before you begin to write, my dear Charley, you ought to be familiar with certain fixed rules, which every author of the present day finds it absolutely necessary to observe. Literature is no longer, as it was of yore, the visible thought of great minds poured forth in the natural, easy flow of unconscious freedom. It has become an intricate art, a thing to be studied scientifically, and practiced mechanically. Genius is by nature like 'the wild ass, free;' 'the range of the mountains is his pasture;' but 'the spirit of the age' now gets hold of him as soon as he is born, tames him, puts the bit in his mouth, and turns him into an obedient, serviceable donkey. Those rude old authors whose boldness we are forced to admire, even while we despise their ignorance of the rules of composition, were like the early navigators, who, putting forth in their clumsy barks, upon unknown seas, and guessing their way, by the uncertain light of stars, to lands unvisited before, teeming with strange fruits and flowers and gems, used to roam about from one green island to another, in quest of adventure, to come back at last laden with the wondrous wealth of new and beautiful worlds. But mystery no longer overhangs the waves—no rich realms of Cathay remain to be discovered—old Ocean has become a common highway for all the plodding servants of commerce, and the author of the present day is like the captain of a steamer, who works for wages, and shapes his course with mathematical precision by the aid of chronometer, chart, and sextant.

"So much by way of introduction, to dispel from your mind all romantic notions of literary freedom, and to prepare you for taking a plain, matter-of-fact view of the subject before us. I would have you then regard the business of the author as a mechanical trade, requiring of him who would follow it, not so much the possession of capital, as of skill in handling a certain kind of *machinery*. My purpose will be to explain to you what that machinery is, and how it may be most effectively employed.

"First, in order to start fair, let me ask what you expect to accomplish by this essay of yours. I shall take it for granted that your object is simply to convey to your readers the idea that *you* are a very extraordinary man. A sensible person, like yourself, could have no other end in view. I commend you for it. You labor for your own benefit, not that of other people. You wish to make a grand *impression*; to have the public call you an 'original thinker,' a 'master mind,' or something of that sort. Very well. Now the way to effect this, is not merely to amuse or instruct, but to *astonish*. Therefore never let

your reader fully understand you. Play with him, lead him along pleasant paths, but never keep company with him long at a time. Soar above or sink below his comprehension, at suitable intervals. Remember that as 'no man is a hero to his valet,' so no writer can be a wonder to a reader who clearly sees the meaning of what he has written. Only contrive to make him believe there is something unfathomable about you, something altogether too deep for the sounding-line of his intellect, and your triumph is achieved; a triumph, which, by proper care, any man of tolerable industry may readily gain.

"Your success will depend somewhat on your title, somewhat on your subject, and somewhat upon your style. If you wished to try your hand at poetry, for instance, I would advise you to *entitle* your performance—'Translation from the German.' If you understand that language, make a *bona fide* translation from some poet with a hard name. If not, write a few mystical stanzas and give them the proper heading. Now, I don't know a word of German, except a few proper names, but I flatter myself that I have succeeded tolerably well in this species of poetry, notwithstanding. A friend of mine, as ignorant of German as I am, used to manufacture the originals and publish them side by side with his translations. The only advantage you gain by being acquainted with the language, is that you are thereby saved the trouble of throwing into your poem an artificial confusion of ideas. However, this difficulty is easily got over by practice.

"Next to the title just mentioned, the best, perhaps, is 'Fragment from an unpublished Poem.' There is something in this beautifully indefinite; bordering, I may say, on the sublime. For it suggests to the reader the idea of a *whole* poem, interminably long, of which he sees only a comparatively brief extract. Thus you get the credit of having written, nobody knows how much; and of course you are considered a very remarkable man.

"Another excellent description of title, is the affectedly simple. It matters not what your real subject is, provided it has no connection with the title. It is the contrast between the two which gives your poem an air of originality, not otherwise to be obtained. A passionate love song On an Old Broomstick, a sacred hymn addressed To a Fly in the Cream-pot, a tragic ode To a Piece of Packthread, or a string of pathetic verses about the 'Butcher of Boylston Market,' will often create considerable sensation. I have known at least one of the 'Poets of America' to make several decided hits in this way. You see how it works. When people perceive that a man can write tolerable rhymes under such absurd titles, they argue from what he has done, to what he can do, and 'hope he will be induced,' for the sake of his country's literature, 'to attempt some subject more worthy of his powers.'

"In prose, your *title*, by itself considered, can seldom be wielded as effectively as in poetry. In general, I would say, let it be, if possible, enigmatical, otherwise quaint, or else alliterative.

"The themes of poetry are numberless. I do not know that I can give you any rules for selecting them, which will not apply equally well to the subjects of prose, concerning which I shall speak directly.



"Now I think of it, a word on old ballads, which, you know, are generally metrical narratives of chivalrous adventure. Having written them frequently myself, I can assure you that they may be made with perfect ease. Your point, in writing such things, is to get up a reputation for antiquarian learning. The grand rule to be observed here, is to *spell* as badly as possible; next, besprinkle your verses well with 'goodde broadde swordes,' 'ladyes fairre,' 'I trow's,' 'I ween's,' and a few similar expressions, and your 'old ballad' will be perfect. I shall only add, respecting poetry, that the old saying, *poeta nascitur*, is now universally admitted to be absurd, unless you choose to construe it literally, in which case it is undeniably true.

"I shall now give you a few directions especially adapted to your present wants. If your object were less elevated than it is; if you were only desirous of giving entertainment or instruction to others, I should say, first hang your mind, like a compass needle, loosely upon its pivot, and it will turn to the right *subject* of its own accord; for it will settle on the one in which your feelings are most deeply interested, on which you have bestowed the most thought, and about which you can write most clearly. But in order to produce an *impression*, by creating a suitable degree of bewilderment and wonder in the minds of your readers, it will be advisable for you to hunt up some subject with which you are not familiar, or to fix upon one so broad and indefinite that neither you nor any one else shall be able to comprehend it. Of the former class, I will mention but one example. I suppose you have never read 'The Faery Queen'; I never knew anybody that had. You can hardly employ yourself to better advantage than by writing a critical essay upon it. Read half a dozen stanzas, nib your pen, and dash away. Begin, perhaps, by expatiating upon the delightful emotions with which, in childhood's sunny days, you used to drink in the flowing numbers of your favorite, Spenser. I once saw a capital article commencing, as nearly as I remember, in the same way. I certainly doubted the writer's veracity, yet I could not but admire the boldness of his imagination. Subjects of the second class, however, were always my favorites; they give so wide a range of reflection, and afford, especially to the beginner, so many opportunities for the display of learning. For instance, what think you of—An Inquiry into the various Systems of Philosophy, Ancient and Modern—The great Movements of the Past and Present Ages—The Influence of the Writings of Plato and other Eminent Men—Essay on Science and Literature—The Universe—Man, considered Physically, Intellectually and Morally;—I might mention a thousand subjects equally vast and interesting with these, but they will readily occur to you, or if not, you can find them in the index of the first magazine that falls in your way.

"Having chosen your theme, your next business will be to mark passages of various works for quotation. In doing this, you are allowed considerable latitude, under one or two restrictions. You must never fail to quote from Homer, Virgil, Dante, Cervantes, Corneille, Moliere, Goethe and Schiller, but you are not confined to any particular

portions of their writings. You may mark anything that you think you can *work into* your composition. You are also at liberty to make extracts from other authors. I believe you have a volume of French conversational phrases; if not, buy or borrow one, and have it always by your side; you will find it an article of the highest utility. Besides the authors I have mentioned, there are several others to whom you must always *allude*; but as they have written, for the most part, only in our own language, you need not quote them, unless you choose. I have in my desk a list of their names, of which you can take a copy. Among them, as you will see, I have set down Shakspeare, Jonson and Milton. Whatever you write, never forget to speak of these three. Call the first 'sweet Will,' and the second 'good old Ben;' it looks familiar, and implies that you love them like brothers. I ought to have told you before, that you are always to go into ecstasies when you mention Homer. *That* will prove that you know him by heart.

"I have now brought you to the starting point. You are a literary mechanic, with all your tools about you, and I have already incidentally told you how to use them. The nicest part of the work, after all, is the finishing off. Respecting this, I can give you a few useful hints. Style is a matter of fashion, not, as some suppose, of taste; and Fashion is as capricious and tyrannical in literature as in dress. You have observed the prevailing mania for old Saxon words, a rage lately sprung up, and now become universal. When first I saw it coming, a few years ago, I began to tremble. I thought to myself, 'Othello's occupation's gone;' for, knowing the transparency of pure old English, and supposing it impossible for any man to use it without making himself understood, I feared that, as I could not overthrow the fashion, the fashion would overthrow me, and with me every other writer who had made it a cardinal principle to avoid perspicuity. Happily, the bane is not without an antidote, and I can never sufficiently admire the ingenuity of those men who have demonstrated the possibility of using the plainest monosyllables in such a way as to render their meaning utterly incomprehensible. The process, to be sure, is perfectly simple; and so is the working of a steam engine, when you have once studied it out; yet the glory of an inventor is rather increased than lessened by the simplicity of the principles which he was the first to discover. You have only to transpose your old English, twist it into rough, misshapen sentences, then hack these up into disjointed clauses, sprinkle in plenty of capitals and italics, and your workmanship will be pronounced the very perfection of modern style. So you can follow Fashion, and still, in spite of her, gain your point. You will have your 'Old English,' but then you will have his honest head so turned and dizzied that, like a drunken man with thickened tongue, he will not be able to speak an intelligible word.

"Again, in accordance with the usage of our best writers, and for the sake of rounding off your periods handsomely, I would have you make frequent reference to 'the importance of an independent National Literature,' 'old English Literature,' 'the Augustan age,' 'the age of Leo Tenth,' 'the Elizabethan age,' and 'the age of Louis the Fourteenth.'

"One thing more. There is at present in vogue a particular set of poetical and philosophical notions, which, like the image on a coin, must be imprinted upon every literary production, to give it currency. These ideas are embodied in certain technical terms, which I have taken pains to note down for my private use. You will find this list in my desk, with the other, and you had better commit it to memory, as it will come into constant requisition. Some of the expressions contained in it you will have to harp upon incessantly. Take, for example, the following:—'Humanity'—'inner life'—'social organization'—'the good, the beautiful, the true'—'mission'—'earnest'—'the dignity of man'—'cant'—'the ideal'—'the masses'—'the outward'—'work'—'man is so constituted,' and so forth. I believe I have about ninety of these phrases written down, and am adding to the number every day. One great idea remains to be mentioned; if you get hold of that and learn how to manage it well, you will need nothing more, I was about to say, to establish your reputation. Force of Will; always bow down to that, and worship it; make that your constant theme of panegyrick, and only test of nobleness. It needs but half an eye to see that a great portion of our modern literature is nothing but the production and reproduction, under a thousand different forms, of this single idea. Amid the numberless traits of character which now display themselves in the hero of fiction, one only seems essential to his perfection. He may be, and commonly is, a robber, seducer, or murderer, but it is not necessary that he should appear in either of these characters; for the particular form through which his heroism shall be manifested, will depend on the judgment of his maker. A lump of clay in the hands of the novelist or poet, he may be shaped in 'the likeness of any thing in heaven above or in the earth beneath or in the water under the earth;' he is a hero still, for he never fails to possess the essence of all heroism, 'force of will.' He is bold, inflexible, successful, and therefore noble. The same disposition to exalt this quality above those better ones, through which alone it can work out good, to which it ought to be subservient, and without which it becomes either the dogged obstinacy of a brute, or the sullen determination of a fiend,—this same disposition, I say, pervades the philosophical essays of our times. It runs through them. You meet it everywhere. Let a man have been distinguished in history, no matter how low his appetites, no matter how gross his crimes, no matter whether he has figured as an impostor, a tyrant, a bigot, or a murderer—only let his dark form *stand out* in the background of the past—it is now the fashion to worship him as the embodiment of that sublime idea of which I am speaking; and it is by no means uncommon for a generous liberalism to babble of such heroes and the Son of Mary in the same breath, and challenge, for all of them, the homage due to men of splendid genius and unconquerable will. As I have counseled you to follow the fashions generally, so, in regard to this last, do I especially enjoin the observance of the same rule. Neglect it, and you will be neglected yourself. No man can fall 'behind the age' with impunity. To be 'suspected of being suspected' of such treason, would ruin you forever."

My uncle finished his remarks with some suggestions applying exclusively to myself, which I shall decline reporting to the reader. I hardly know whether the above directions were all given in earnest or not. I am inclined to think they were. I shall not venture to question their propriety, as I find myself daily more and more confirmed in the opinion that, whether Uncle John's notions be sound or unsound, they are sanctioned in practice by some of the most popular writers of "the present Age."

B.

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#### A DAY IN WALES.

"REALLY, you must not leave Wales till you have seen the Pass of Llanberris." She was very pretty, that daughter of our hostess, and had a soft, sweet, musical voice, and a way of "stating the case" that was certainly quite convincing. Our departure for Ireland was indefinitely postponed. In less than half an hour, Harry and I were comfortably lounging on a jaunting car, and rapidly rattling over the pavements of the long and narrow street of Bangor.

A queer, quaint old place is Bangor, with its antiquated, sleepy looking shops and houses, drawn up each side of the straggling street, like files of drunken soldiers; and its gray, heavy, moldering old cathedral, which has stood so long, in spite of the vicissitudes of war, the ruthless assaults of an impious soldiery, and the ravages of time. It was a market day, and the country people were coming in with their produce and manufactures, to sell or to barter. Here was the stout and sturdy yeoman, the man of substance and consequence among his humbler neighbors, with his strong, sleek horse and well-laden wagon; a little further on, came the rough, sorry-looking, much-enduring donkey, bending under his bulky panniers, while his master walked slowly at his head, and looked down on him with a sympathizing, kindly fellow-feeling; and then a farmer's daughter, ruddy and buxom and gay, came trotting along on her lusty little pony, the odious black hat of the Welsh women exchanged for a jaunty little bonnet, and her light wicker-basket hung gracefully over her arm. She smiles pleasantly as she passes, and looks as though she would drop an equestrian courtesy, if any way could be invented for accomplishing such a feat.

Nothing strikes the traveler so forcibly as the continual variety, the ever-changing aspects, the novel and surprising effects, of the scenery in Wales. In this consists its principal charm. It is this that gives it such a bewitching enchantment, that exerts such a powerful and irresistible influence over the mind, keeping it constantly under a wild and pleasurable excitement of surprised and delighted emotion. A ride of a few miles transferred us from the quiet streets of Bangor, to the stern, romantic valley of Nant Frangon. Here we were ushered into a scene the most solitary, wildly beautiful and magnificent. Bold and rugged mountains rose on every side around us.

Huge masses of rock, which had lost their hold on their native beds, had rolled down the steep and craggy cliffs and lay strewn around in shapeless confusion. Deep and black gorges in the sides of the mountains, marked the path of the fierce and impetuous torrents, as they had rushed madly down into the lakes below. A few sheep were browsing among the mountain passes, or looking down upon us from the brow of some lofty and ragged precipice. A solitary angler was dropping his line in a little stream that came tumbling through a defile among the hills, while at a little distance a pedestrian artist, reclining under the shadow of a cliff, was making a pencil-sketch of the scene; and these were the only signs of human existence in all that wild and savage region. The iron hand of modern improvement had made no impress on those wild old mountains, and they remained undisturbed, in their grand and solemn majesty, just as they stood on the birth-day of the universe—just as they had come from the hand of their Creator. Tradition too had thrown around the spot the spell of romance and superstition. The hardy mountaineer walks hurriedly and timidly by the place where the young prince Idwall fell by the hand of his infamous guardian; they tell strange tales of the ghost of the murdered man, which they think is still hovering around the hollow, and fancy they still hear the wailings of the unappeased spirit above the howlings of the storm. There is a strange sort of fascination about terror, and most people love dearly to be frightened. I jumped from the jaunting car to pluck a flower that grew by the roadside, and pressed it in my note-book for a friend across the water. Harry worried our honest driver, who clung with fond pertinacity to a belief in the supernatural, with questions and observations about the ghost;—he begged him to try to stir him up, for his particular benefit; he never had the pleasure, he said, of meeting with a gentleman of the ghostly profession, and hoped he might be induced to depart from his usual rules, and meet a few friends, in a private way, in the daytime. He couldn't of course be expected to show to quite so good advantage as he would against a darker background, but he was willing to make any reasonable allowance.

Reluctantly we left Nant Frangon behind us, and rode rapidly forward to Capel Curig. The road presents many singular and diversified views of rock and valley, deep woods and mountain torrents—wild sublimity contrasting with quiet beauty. A sudden turn affords a distant view of the rural and picturesque bridge over the Llugwy. It was midsummer, and the water was low in the deep, caverned bed of the river; still the shaggy and shivered rocks, the leaping stream, and the sombre, overhanging woods, formed an assemblage striking and peculiar; while in the background rose the wild cliffs of Moel Siabod in dark and gloomy grandeur.

Soon the vale and lake of Capel Curig opened before us; and what was more to the purpose, just then, more attractive, I must acknowledge, than lakes or vales or mountain torrents, a neat, comfortable little inn came into view. There is no need of stopping to prove that a ride of a dozen miles before breakfast, in the cool, bracing air of the hills, has a direct tendency to give one an appetite. The sight of the inn brought

and rapturing visions of cakes and coffee, and eggs and trout, and are in a mood to be

——“thinking of scenery,  
About as much, in sooth,  
As a lover thinks of constancy,  
Or an advocate, of truth.”

anks to our provident host, we were soon in a state of mind to be  
ted with every thing; and feeling very much as Scrooge did on  
mas morning, I strolled out to the rude, rickety little wooden  
, which crosses the quiet stream behind the garden. A stranger  
nt me a fishing-pole, with all the paraphernalia of an angler, and  
ped my line into the water. The stream was full of fish, but they  
ot in a mood to be caught; so the little rascals would sport around  
ok, and dart up to the surface of the water, and wink hard with  
re, and if they had only had noses and thumbs, it is easy to guess  
saucy things they would have done. From this little bridge is  
sted a vast panoramic view, unsurpassed, if not unequaled, in  
s, in all that is majestic and grand. Lofty mountains, bold and  
yet rich in varied and picturesque beauty, rise on every side  
l it. On the one hand are frowning the gray hills of Glyder; on  
her rises the dark, lofty peak of Moel Siabod, while directly in  
are seen in the distance the misty and cloud-capped summits of  
don.

m Capel Curig the road gradually ascended, as we approached  
ss of Llanberris. We rode along under the shadow of beetling  
and on the edge of lofty precipices; while below, green and fer-  
eadows were spread out, in delightful contrast with the bleak and  
l cliffs that towered above them. Looking down from some lofty  
ion, we could discern the neatly thatched, white-washed cottages

Welsh peasantry, dotting the landscape, and presenting an ap-  
rice of cheerfulness and home comfort, which their internal aspect  
very likely have belied. In a wild and solitary spot, just at the  
ce to the Pass, stood a miserable looking inn, bearing the eupho-  
name of ‘*Penygrudyd*.’ Our attention was called to the word as  
mological curiosity; for strange and dissonant as the Welsh lan-  
is, this certainly puzzled me more than anything I had previously  
ith. How singularly a nation’s language seems to be affected by  
ternal characteristics of the country—an influence or correspond-  
which can be clearly and distinctly traced all the world over,  
he gruff and grating gutturals of the home of the grizzly bear, to  
t, mellow tones that fall on the ear like the strains of sweet mu-  
um the regions of orange-groves, spices and palms.

rildness, sublimity, and gloomy grandeur, nothing can exceed the  
f Llanberris. The hills seem to have been reft open, in some  
convulsion of nature. Bare, bleak precipices rise thousands of  
ch side of the narrow defile. Rough, craggy rocks jut out over  
riage-way, and look down frowningly on the traveler below.  
, massy ridges raise their natural barriers against the sky, and the

steep, indented cliffs, gray and time-worn, cast their gloomy shadows into the valley. A world of solitude stretched out before us, stamped with startling and majestic characters by an omnipotent hand. And this deep and rugged pass, where all was now so still and peaceful, had been the scene of many a wild and thrilling adventure, of many a dark and bloody crime. Here too, the fierce warriors of feudal times had mingled in wild and desperate conflict, and here, among these very glens and mountain-passes, the brave old Britons had mustered their forces against the Norman, under the banner of the great Llewellyn.

For seven miles the road winds through this dark and savage region, a scenery ever varying in form and appearance, yet ever the same in its chief characteristic—a sublime, imposing, almost terrific, grandeur. At length, a turn in the road brought in view the end of the Pass. On the terminal cliff rose the solitary tower of a ruined castle; while beyond lay the green, fertile vale of Llanberis. The eye, wearied with the rough and rugged sterility of the rocky crags, dwelt with delight on the opening prospect, as it faded into distant and softening vistas; the wild sublimity of the mountains melting into the gentle beauty of the valley. The driver snapped his whip, and in a few minutes we stopped at the little yellow inn at the foot of Snowdon. Every thing about the place had a quiet and domestic look; you might easily have mistaken it for a country farm-house. A hen, with a little brood of chickens, were picking up the crumbs about the door, and a vain cock-comb of a peacock was spreading his dorsal glories in the sun. Bundles of fagots were piled up around the yard; fishing-poles leaned against the garden wall, and the garden itself, with its rows of marigolds and tulips and roses, and a bright little stream rippling among them, lay smiling under the parlor window. The great white house-dog came fawning round, with the air of an old acquaintance; and, indeed, I have noticed that large dogs have always, as a general thing, seemed to have a kind of fellow-feeling for me. I found an old thumb-worn guide-book lying on the table, and looked to see what it could tell me of the old castle of Dolbadern, which, centuries ago, had guarded the entrance to the Pass. I always had a fondness for ruins, those inspiring old memorials and venerable relics, which link the busy present with the dim and dreamy past. Time seems to have flung around them a kind of hallowing beauty, as if half relenting the ruin he has wrought. I had determined to visit the dilapidated and picturesque old tower, when I first got a glimpse of it, in the opening of the pass; and I asked Harry to accompany me. But he had other business on his hands just then, and he begged to be excused. He had been out on a little exploring expedition on his own account, he told me, and had discovered that there was capital fishing in the streams around the house; and, moreover, the landlord had told him there was a juvenile Niagara at the base of the mountain; so, if I had a taste for old castles, and such rubbish, I must be content to enjoy them alone. On the whole, I was glad that he had determined to investigate the water-power of the valley, for I preferred to go alone; and with a happy consciousness of superior judgment, I started for Dolbadern castle. It was farther than I at

first supposed. I asked a ragged little urchin, who I met on the road, if he could guide me by some shorter path, across the meadows. He stared at me, and shook his head, and I saw that he could not speak a word of English. With what a strange tenacity these Welsh cling to their rough and strong old language ! The boy fumbled round among his rags, and thrusting his hand down into a deep, labyrinthine pocket, pulled out some beautiful specimens of spar, from the mines. I gave him a shilling for the lot, and he scampered off in great glee, leaving me alone again. Soon I met a hoary-headed peasant, toiling along under a burthen of fagots, looking very like the pictures of Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress, tottering under the weight of his sins. With that civility and courtesy which uniformly characterize the lower orders of the country, the old man directed me to a narrow path across the fields. It led directly to the foot of the cliff on which the now solitary tower was standing, and clambering up the steep acclivity, I sat down to rest among the ruins.

Dolbadern was the strongest of those fortresses which in feudal times had guarded the mountain-passes into Anglesia and Caernarvon. The situation was singularly picturesque. It stood on a bold and lofty rock on the borders of the beautiful lake of Llanberis. Rude and craggy mountains towered on every side around it, while the green and peaceful valley lay slumbering below. The ruins were spread over the entire summit of the steep, projecting cliff. A single tower, nearly a hundred feet in height, was all that now remained of the once impregnable fortress. It was in this tower, in its deepest and darkest dungeon, that Prince Owen the Red was held captive for twenty-eight years, by his brother, the last Llewellyn. He had united with a younger brother, in a treasonable conspiracy against the throne, and here he paid the penalty of his crime. A spiral stairway wound round the time-dismantled walls, and I climbed up carefully over the loose and broken steps, steadying myself by the ivy vines which ran in wild and luxurious confusion over the ruins. There was little in the scene to remind the stranger of those feudal conflicts and that mad ferocity which had once distracted this peaceful valley. A landscape, wild and stern, in its rare and peculiar beauty, was spread out before me. Snowdon, once the beloved resort of the princes of the land, now lonely and deserted, reared its purple peaks in gloomy grandeur against the sky ; quiet and pleasant little hamlets were nestling among the valleys ; the wild crags of the Pass frowned darkly in the distance, and the silvery lake was spread out at my feet. Every thing was calm, and quiet, and peaceful ; and, as if in derision of its ancient terrors, an amiable old cow was reclining at the very foot of the once dreaded donjon. Times had changed sadly with the old castle of Dolbadern, since the days of chivalry and romance, when Llewellyn, with his train of nobles, was wont to resort to its lordly towers ; when often, under its now ruined walls, as Spenser tells us,

The spearman heard the bugle-horn,  
When cheerily smiled the morn ;  
And many a brach and many a hound  
Obey'd Llewellyn's horn.



It would have been interesting to trace the causes which had wrought such a transforming influence on the character and spirit of the people of Wales, once the lordly masters of the soil, bold, turbulent, impetuous, and independent, now a peaceful, honest, loyal peasantry; feeling no stimulus to exertion beyond that of their daily wants; their desires and their hopes conforming themselves to the narrow scale of regular toils and humble employments. But the day was rapidly slipping away, and I concluded not to do it. So I plucked a leaf of the ivy that clambered over the highest point of the wall, and carefully descending the dangerous stairway, returned again to the inn. My friend was impatiently waiting my arrival; in a moment, traveling-coats were adjusted, cigars were lighted, and we were on the road to Caernarvon. The little wretch of whom I had purchased the crystals, had evidently spread the report that minerals were at a premium; troops of wild, ragged little rascals came rushing out after us, holding up their specimens in their dirty fists, and splitting their throats with their villainous yellings.

"Jolly Jove, the cloud compelling, high on hoar Olympus dwelling,  
Had he heard such horrid yelling, would have tumbled from his throne,  
Terror-stricken at the tumult, would have tumbled from his throne."

It was growing late when we reached Caernarvon, and we proceeded at once to visit its celebrated castle. I was disappointed in its appearance. There was, it is true, much that was striking and grand in the ample and majestic proportions of this colossal castle. But the realities of the present were brought in strange and ludicrous juxtaposition with the poetry of the past. Fishing-sloops and coasters were lying under the walls; barrels and boxes were piled up against the gray old towers; lamp-oil and molasses mingled with chivalry and romance. "Show you the castle, sir? show you the castle? Look out for that dray, sir. Pull the bell, and the woman will come. Shilling, please, sir—thankee, sir—here comes the woman, sir." The heavy door of the castle closed behind us, and shut out something of the work-a-day world. Still it seemed to me to smell of turpentine and lumber, and I vainly strove to recall the beauty and magnificence which had surrounded it, in the chivalrous days of the Norman conqueror. It is a vast irregular structure, covering more than an acre in extent, and was built by Edward I., with a view to overawe his conquered but turbulent subjects. How well it answered the purpose, may be surmised from the fact, that they one day took it by assault, and hung the governor out of the window. It now serves only as a wonder for the modern architect, and a means of support to the old woman at the gate. The turrets rise majestically over the embattled parapet, and the whole has an air of forlorn grandeur, mingled with massy strength. I ascended the lofty eagle tower, whose ivy-mantled walls are now fast yielding to the assaults of time. The guide pointed out the room where the unfortunate Edward II., the first Prince of Wales, was born. With considerable difficulty I knocked out a piece of the hard Roman cement, as a memento, and flung it at a couple of belligerent cats, from the top of the tower. As we descended into the

tennis court, our attention was directed to a gloomy looking iron-barred dungeon at the base of the tower. I kneeled down and looked through the gratings. It was dismal and dark, but I could just discern a human skull lying on the floor. It might have been the last mouldering remains of some miserable prisoner, who had breathed out his life there, a victim of feudal violence and revenge. Yes, it might have been so; but it looked to me precisely as if it had been put there for effect. I had not yet forgotten the turpentine and molasses.

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The shades of evening were gathering around us as we again approached the old see of Bangor. I descended from the carriage and walked slowly towards the town. The warm, rich light of a summer's sunset illumined the hill-tops, and bathed valley and glen in a soft and mellow beauty. The distant mountains appeared vaster in their dimness, and the silver Menai was adorned with a milder and gentler beauty. The gray spire of the old cathedral and the ivy-clad walls of Beaumaris castle seemed to have become enshrouded in a more holy and reverential gloom. I walked leisurely along, musing on the wild glory of the past and the quiet beauty of the present, and entered the town just as the last pencilings of twilight were fading from the clouds that encircled the misty summit of Snowdon. So ended 'a day in Wales.'

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#### EDITORS' TABLE.

We have often wondered how those, like most of our readers, who fare sumptuously every day at the literary banquet spread out for them by our cherished *Alma Mater*, could manifest so much impatience and greediness to devour our humble *Maga*, which consists of mere crumbs that fall from the other Table, or picked bones (*Division Productions*) left at the conclusion of its liberal feast. Of course, those who live outside these classic shades, and enjoy not the privileges that the dwellers here do, with hunger for their best sauce, might be expected to snatch at anything that will satisfy their cravings, however coarse and unpalatable. And on a second thought, we even see a reason also for the impatience of the first mentioned class. Those who are fed altogether on dainties soon come to loathe them, and long after more common food. On the same principle, then, we suppose, your alderman-fed minds turn with relish to the uninviting course it may be that we dish up for them. Or, perhaps, they philosophize upon the subject, and make a meal from our humble food, that they may return with a keener zest to their accustomed fare. But, be that as it may, we claim to give this month a holyday dinner, inasmuch as we have served up a sort of dessert in the shape of the fine arts. We place this first in the course, according to a good old English custom, which is to commence with the lightest and most easily digested, and thence proceed to the more substantial. We beg of our readers, however, not to partake so bountifully of this, as to cloy their appetite for what follows. We know it is dangerous to begin with a dainty, such as we now offer, for the reason that it requires so much better an after-course. Whether we have succeeded in obtaining such a course, modesty forbids us to say. We at least hope it will not fall behind what can reasonably be expected. At any rate, we shall speak freely of the portrait, for it is not our genius that we praise, but our liberality; and this, in a bargain like that between our readers and us, we have living examples, in the editorial corps, for unblushingly publishing from the house-tops. We have run no express to Halifax, of which we can boast and claim favor from our subscribers and the public; but we have to the land of the fine arts, and publish therefrom the very latest production, in advance of all co-

temporaries. We have not leagued ourselves with any evil spirits to accomplish our purpose, but we have with certain agents and ambassadors of the graces. We have encountered no opposition from the elements to frustrate our plans, but we have from certain avaricious desires to which human nature is subject. We failed in the attempt to get up a portrait for our volume in the manner that all other portraits have been got up, viz. by subscriptions for copies enough to pay the whole expense, and leave free as many as would be required for the magazine. But we were not to be put down so. After having encountered dangers to life and limb in the aforementioned enterprise, we took the responsibility upon our own hands, and here we give the result. We hope our subscribers will appreciate our endeavors to benefit and please them, and taking the will for the deed, excuse our shortcomings (if we have any) in that respect.

We have not room in this number for the accustomed extracts from the journal of our conclave. We cannot, however, deny our readers and ourselves the pleasure of presenting some account of the more recent "movements and doings" of its members. King Jowl has abdicated the throne, though by particular request he still continues to render his valuable assistance to the club. He seems to have become thoroughly convinced of the unsatisfying nature of human power, and, like Charles V. of Germany, he gladly renounced its cares and responsibilities. He will read you an homily, a full hour in length, upon the vanity of human wishes and grandeur, of which he tells you he can speak from experience. In contrast with the troubles and vexations of a public life, he delights to dwell on the happy, quiet, and tranquil enjoyment of a private station; and he has committed to memory Horace's ode upon the subject, so perfectly, that he can repeat it backwards or forwards without the least stammering or hesitancy. He expresses a thorough contempt for public fame, so uncertain and so unjust. It is, he says, a candle uncovered and exposed to the night wind, which may be seen at a distance it is true, but then is liable at any moment to be blown out; while, on the other hand, the reputation of a private man is like the same candle in a lantern, though not so conspicuous, yet so protected as to have little danger of being extinguished.

Hal has been so busy, I suppose, reading the favors then received that he has not attended a single meeting of the club since St. Valentine's Day. He thinks he has received some of the tenderest and most touching little verses that the English language is capable of expressing, which he wished to inflict upon our readers, but was prevented by the unsusceptibility of the other Editors. It is really a treat, though, to hear Hal talk about the ladies. He boasts of having obtained such expertness in the *wear*, that he can tell, by a single glance, their position and character. He says the true *tons* are known by their firm step and indifferent carriage; they have the boldness of soldiers, and stand your gaze with unflushed cheeks and eyes as cold as winter snows on a New England mountain; all which seems to assert, 'don't think yourself particularly worthy of my notice.' The commonality he distinguishes by their flauntiness of dress and affected demureness, too arch for the merest novice to mistake for modesty. One trait of this affectation he calls the most provoking of all. It is a custom with them to cast a thick, green gauze veil before their face, when about six paces distant from you; which, no doubt, he contends, is intended to attract the notice they would otherwise escape; but which kind of *taking the veil* he seems to consider decidedly *non-ish*. Again he recognizes his special favorites, the rosy-cheeked country girls, by their timid glances and sudden blushes, which shows them conscious of being criticised, from the color of their eyes to the turn of their ankles.

Of the rest of our body, we can only say, that Hotspur has left town, for parts unknown; that Bardolph keeps the usual even tenor of his way; and that Lean Jack has altogether abjured punning. It is true, the plant reformation is of slow growth in his case, as well as others. You could hardly expect him to break off at once. But those who know him best, say there is a decided change for the better. The last pun he was heard to utter, was when he expressed his determination to abstain for the future—for he said he had become convinced it was blasphemous, since it was taking the 'name of things in *vane*.'

Nos. V and VI. Vol. V, of "The Nassau Monthly," have been received, and fully sustain the growing reputation of this College periodical.

"When shall we meet again," received too late for insertion in this number, but shall appear in the next.

VOL. XI.

NO. 9.

THE

# YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

EDITED

BY

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE



"Discussed and discussed, some foreign language  
constant source, constant source."

APRIL, 1896

NEW HAVEN:

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NEW HAVEN

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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**VOL. XI.**

**APRIL, 1846.**

**No. 5.**

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SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.

How shall we introduce to you, reader, the great traveler of the fourteenth century? Are you predisposed to the mania for antiquity, and fond of the quaint titles and quainter contents of musty old books? Your curiosity, then, will surely commend to you "The Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Maundevile, Kt., which treateth of the Way to Hierusalem; and of Marvayles of Inde, with other Ilands and Countreys." Would you learn the state of discovery five centuries ago? You have here a veritable history of the travels of an adventurous spirit, at a period when perils, tenfold magnified by the imagination, crowded upon his way. Have you an ear to wondrous Tales of Faeries and Ghosts, to the monstrous fictions of the Arabian Nights? Our author will tell you of "marvayles" strange as those you love to hear; he will excite anew the curiosity of childhood, and almost draw from you an expression of childish amazement.

The book before us carries us back to an age of unbounded credulity. In the absence of any definite knowledge of foreign lands, the most implicit confidence was placed in the fables of ancient geographers. The whole unknown world was therefore peopled with nations of immense wealth, or size, or strength, or with the hideous creations of an active imagination. Especially were the countries beyond Palestine a theme for fruitful speculation. From "Paradys" to the realms of Prester John was extended a vast region, which the bold wayfarers of the West had scarcely entered. A few had indeed passed its borders. One at least, Marco Polo, in pursuit of commercial advantage, had traversed its whole length nearly a half century before; but his account of his travels was so compounded of truth and error, that while it confirmed many of the fabulous notions which were then prevalent respecting the East, it added little to the stock of reliable information.

Then there was the land of Palestine, full of the deepest interest, especially to the religious minds of that age. The Land of Palestine! What associations thrill through our own breasts at the mention of that

name ! The birth-place of the sublimest poetry that ever lingered on human lips—the scene of the most striking interpositions of Heaven in defense of His chosen people—the theatre of the matchless life and humiliating death of the Son of God ! How many spots in that narrow strip of country are endeared to our hearts by the most sacred ties ! Yet in all the fervor of our admiration, we cannot conceive with what intensity burned the devotion to those honored places a few centuries ago. Let us, for a moment, transfer ourselves, in imagination, to that period. The Holy Sepulchre has fallen into the hands of the Infidel. The pilgrim, wayworn and weary, is driven with indignity from the object of his reverence. Again and again has the cry gone forth, “ Who will join the standard of the Cross ? ” As often have the powers of Christendom leagued together for its recovery, but have met ever with sorrowful defeat. The Crescent still gilds the heights of Jerusalem. The Paynim still treads insultingly on sacred ground, and laughs in derision at the struggle of the Christian hosts for vengeance.

At such a period, when the whole East was enveloped in mystery, and religious reverence united with curiosity to magnify its wonders, Sir John Mandeville set forth upon his adventurous journey. Of high birth, of considerable natural abilities, and of a social disposition, he met with a welcome wherever he chose to go, and before he had reached the limit of his wanderings, had gathered around him a band of fellow-travelers, with spirits kindred to his own. By good fortune he obtained letters from the Sultan, with his great seal, which procured him extraordinary privileges throughout his dominions. They not only served as passports through an unsettled country, but secured him a safe-conduct when it was necessary, a “ buxom ” reception for himself and his company, and full initiation into the “ mysteries of every place.” He says, moreover, and we are never disposed to charge him with willful falsehood, that the Sultan offered to marry him to a great Prince’s daughter, if he would change his religion ; “ but,” he thanks God, “ I had no wille to don it, for no thing, that he behighten me.” With his fellow knights he followed the Sultan in his wars a long time. He also served the Great Chan of Tartary, for the sake of the opportunity it gave him of becoming acquainted with his kingdom.

Returning to his native country, after an absence of thirty-four years, he found, to his surprise, that he had passed from the recollection of his friends. “ He was then,” says his biographer, “ known to a very few.” Like a true Catholic, he hastened to lay his book before the Pope, that it “ myghten be examyned and corrected be avys of his wyse and discreet Conseille.” The Papal sanction was given after solemn deliberation, the work having been compared with another still more exaggerated account which had been “ preeved for trewe ” by a previous decree. We are the more surprised at this decision, as the book contains doctrines which were held to be heretical for centuries after. Says he,—

“ Men may wel perceyve, that the Lond and the See ben of rownde schapp and forme. For the partie of the Firmament schewethe in o Contree, that schewethe not in another Contree. \* \* \* For as I have seyde you be for, the half of the Fir-

mament is betwene the 2 Sterres: [The Transmontayne, or Pole Star, and the Antartyk:] the which halfondelle I have seyn. And of the tother halfondelle, I have seyn toward the Northe, undre the Transmontane 62 Degrees and 10 Mynutes; and toward the partie meridionale, I have seen undre the Antartyk 33 Degrees and 16 Mynutes; and thanne the halfondelle of the Firmament in alle, ne holdethe not but 180 Degrees. \* \* \* And so there no faylethe but that I have seen alle the Firmament, saf 84 Degrees and the halfondelle of a Degree; \* \* \* Be the whiche I seye zou certeynly, that men may envirowne alle the Erthe of alle the World, as wel undre as aboven, and turnen azen to his Contree, that hadde Compaigne and Schippyng and Conduyt; and alle weyes he scholde fynde Men, Londres, and Yles, als wel as in this Contree."

Having thus established the true theory of the world, he wonders that those beneath should not tumble into the Firmament; and he can only explain this mystery by another still greater.

"For zif a man myghte falle fro the Erthe unto the Firmament; he grettere recoun, the Erthe and the See, that ben so grete, and so hevy, scholde fallen to the Firmament: but that may not be: and therefore seithe oure Lord God, *Non timeas me, qui suspendi Terrâ ex nichilo?*"

And yet in whatever part of the Earth men dwell, thinks he to himself, they live in the glorious belief that they only inhabit the top, and that in science of Geography "thei gon more righte than any other folk."

By what, however, appeared to him unanswerable arguments, he concludes that *Jerusalem* is, in reality, in the "myddes of the world," from which there is a gradual descent to England on the extreme West, and the land of Prester John on the East. We quote his words.

"And that may men preven and schewen there, be a Spere, that is pighte in to the Erthe, upon the hour of mydday, whan it is Equenoxium, that schewethe no schadwe on no eyde. And that it scholde ben in the myddes of the World, David wytnesse the it in the Psautre, where he seythe, *Deus operatus est salutē in medio Terre.*"

Again, in the Prologue of his book he shows, by a beautiful analogy, that this position made it peculiarly suitable to be the theatre of the world's redemption.

"For he that wil pupplische any thing to make it openly knowen, he wil make it to ben cryed and pronounced in the myddel place of a Town; so that the thing that is proclaimed and pronounced, may evenly strecche to alle Parties: Righte so, he that was formyour of alle the World, wolde suffre for us at Jerusalem; that is the myddes of the World; to that ende and entent, that his Passioun and his Dethe, that was pupplischt there, myghte ben knowen evenly to alle the Parties of the World."

We should be glad to follow our author through his journey, and hear him recount the "marvayles" which he is careful to preface with, "Thei seyn," or "men seyn, but I have not sene it." With what reverence he speaks of the "Paradys terrestre" that "touche the nyghe to the cercle of the Mone," of the moss-covered wall, and the "entree, that it closed withe Fyre brennyng;" of the "wylde bestes" and "Desertes," the "highe Mountaynes" and "gret huge Roches," the "derke places," and "roring Ryveres" that forbid all access.

It is no small part of this "Tretys" that he appears to have made "afre informacioun of men." He tells us of Diamonds that "ben norysscht with the Dew of Hevene," and that increase and multiply like the animate creation; of geese with two heads, and men



with none; of men, Polyphemus-like, with a single eye; of men without eyes, nose, or mouth; of men who covered their faces with their upper lip when they slept; of others whose ears were large enough to cover their body at any time; of men with eight toes upon every foot; of men who, to keep up the proper proportion, had no toes upon either; of hens which wore wool instead of feathers; and birds which could carry an elephant in their talons.

But we let these things pass. Mandeville's book is worthy of a perusal, at least as an index of the age in which he lived, and as such it will live in English literature for centuries to come.

The proper *Romance* of Travel has departed. The time when the traveler could with safety invent fables to embellish his narrative, or call upon his own imagination to fill up the shadowy, ill-defined forms of tradition, has at length gone by. Progressive Discovery has penetrated every region of the earth, until the knowledge of Geography is as familiar even to the school-boy as the primary rules of Arithmetic.

With those dreamy days was lost a wide field for Poetry; a loss which we are hardly capable of estimating, since we have not been witnesses to the change. As we linger over these pages, we wonder at the credulity in which we cannot participate; stories at which we shuddered in our childhood have lost their power; yet we love to recur to those nursery tales, and remember how we watched with eyes wide open and mouth agape, lest we should be surprised by Blue Beard, or the Giant of a Cannibal, who sung—

“ Fe, fi, fo, fum,  
I smell the blood of an Englishman.”

Sir John wrote his book in Latin, from which he translated it into both French and English. It met with incredible popularity, and copies of it were multiplied “until,” says one, “they almost equaled in number those of the Scriptures.”

Two cities are rivals for the honor of his burial-place. It is probable that he died at Leige, where Ortellius says he saw his epitaph in Latin, as well as the accoutrements of his journey, which were preserved as relics. Another writer, Weever, gives still further testimony, but adds that the inhabitants of St. Albans pointed him to the following Epitaph, upon a pillar of their Abbey, near which they suppose his body to have been buried.

“ All ye that passe by, on this Pillar cast eye,  
This Epitaph read, if you can;  
’T will tell you, a Tombe once stood in this roome  
Of a brave spirited man.

“ John Mandevil by name, a Knight of great fame,  
Born in this honoured Towne.  
Before him was none, that ever was knowne  
For travaile of so high renowne.

"As the Knights in the Temple crosse-legged in Marble,  
In Armour with Sword and with Sheeld,  
So was this Knight grac't, which Time hath defac't  
That nothing but Ruines doth yeeld.

"His Travailes being donne, he shines like the Sun,  
In heavenly Canaan ;  
To which blessed Place, the Lord, of his grace,  
Brings us all, man after man."

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#### A CHAPTER IN ROME'S HISTORY.

If any are tired of the noise and confusion, the turmoil and business, the hammering and hewing, of this practical age, we say to them, come, turn with us to the calm, quiet study of the past. We have found it a pleasant thing, while standing on the firm ground of the present, to look back on the rolling billows behind us. We have often traced out the "track of empire," through the brightness of prosperity and the storms of political convulsion; and we have experienced a kind of melancholy satisfaction, in the contemplation of kingdoms that have passed away; cities that have mouldered into dust; men, with whose fame the world once rang, but whose tombs are now unvisited, unknown. The ruined wall, the prostrate column, the ivy-covered castle, excite in us, not merely a vain curiosity with regard to their former owners. They suggest to our minds many a train of thought and reflection, from which, if pursued, we can scarcely fail to derive both pleasure and profit. From the sepulchres of Egypt, from the ruined temples of Greece, from the fallen structures that were once the pride and ornament of Rome, there rises a "still small voice," that will teach us more than all the theories and dogmas of modern speculation.

Come, then, let us transport ourselves to the busy scenes of ages long gone by. On yonder seven hills the Eternal City stands. A little more than three hundred years have passed, since there, on the Palatine, an eminence now covered with the abodes of wealth and magnificence, Romulus, attended by his little band of followers, marked out the site of the future empress of the world. But strong hands have worked since then, and the efforts and energies of many generations have been concentrated on one great object, the national advancement. And successfully too, for already are the broad streets of the city lined with temples, palaces, and halls of justice; already are those seven hills crowned with the dwellings of an active, brave, and patriotic population; already are wide tracts of the surrounding territory subdued by the Roman arms and subjected to the Roman sway; already have the proud kings of other nations, with all the insignia of their royalty, been dragged in triumph through the streets of Rome, at the chariot

wheels of her citizen soldiers. It is now the pride and the boast of Rome, that her freemen give laws to kings.

Far off in another land is a scene of a different character. In the broad valley of the Rhine dwell a rude people, little versed in the arts of civilization. They live a roving, pastoral, and sometimes predatory life, never remaining long in the same place, but continually wandering in search of pasturage or plunder. They are naturally a daring and impetuous race, strong in person, inured to hardship and privation, fearless in peril, and capable of enduring the severest trials. In their long, difficult, and dangerous expeditions, they experience no lassitude, no fatigue. Even famine discourages them not. They delight in war and the din of battle is music in their ears. Their valor is invincible, unrestrained by Alpine snows, slippery glaciers, and swollen torrents. Their heroism is increased in danger, and though wild, reckless, and undisciplined, their attack is seldom withstood; they often pursue, never fly. Very different from the abodes of the warlike, yet luxurious Romans, are their simple, lowly dwellings. No marble structures, with long colonnades and galleries, protect them from the inclemency of their northern climate. They care little for exposure. Their rude huts, whose principal furniture consists in the polished cuirass and heavy sabre of the occupant, are constructed beneath the gnarled and knotted and twisted branches of old forest oaks, under whose sacred shade, in time of peace, they quietly feed their flocks and herds, or engage in the wild sports of savage life. Their national councils are held, not in lofty temples consecrated by imposing ceremonies, but in the quiet recesses of the forest, under the broad canopy of heaven; and if the eloquence of their orators is less polished and elegant than that of the Conscript Fathers, it is at least as energetic and impressive, and as often carries conviction to the hearts of its hearers. In short, their whole manner of life, rude and barbarous as it is, demands our respect and admiration; for it shows us the greatness and heroism of man, in a primeval state, unrestrained by the artificial forms and conventional usages of advanced civilization.

Such was the condition of Rome and of Gaul, immediately before the events took place, to which we propose to confine our attention; nor was it long ere those rude Gauls heard of the genial climate and fruitful soil of the regions beyond the Alps. Reports soon began to reach them of fertile plains and vine-clad hills in the sunny south. Now and then some traveling Italian merchant, with goodly store of southern oil and wine and fruit, would come among them and describe the fair land which produced these delicacies. With the inconstancy which ever characterizes a barbarous people, many began to look for new homes in a new country; nor did the rugged Alps long separate them from the land upon which the insatiable cravings of their cupidity forced them to seize. Tribe after tribe passed these formidable barriers, extending their incursions southward, till the whole valley of the Po was reduced beneath their sway. Wherever they came, they dispossessed the original inhabitants, seized upon their houses and vineyards, and imposed upon them the yoke of slavery. Their superior

age, extraordinary stature, and wild aspect, struck fear into the arts of their opponents, who, with scarcely a show of resistance, added to the invaders' force. By degrees they extended their sway over the country was theirs, not only in reality but in name, and the north of Italy was known as Cisalpine Gaul. Not content, however, with the subjugation of the north, they yearly summoned new accessions from their former home, and pressing southward, sought new conquests and new booty. Terror preceded, desolation accompanied their march. The fruitful plains of Etruria were changed into deserts, watered only by streams of blood. The miserable inhabitants flying from their homes, were subjected to the most appalling dangers. Many of them were slaughtered, many enslaved, many perished from starvation and exposure.

At length a horde of these northern barbarians, more numerous than ever before crossed the Alps, assembled before the walls of Clusium, one of the largest and wealthiest of the Etruscan cities. Conflagration pervaded the town. The inhabitants, conscious of their inability to repel the impending danger, began to look around them for foreign aid. Rome had never refused to assist her suppliants, and to Rome an embassy was immediately sent, imploring the assistance, or, at least, the mediation of the Roman people. With their usual magnanimity, the Fathers at once dispatched messengers to the camp of the Gauls. They complain of the injustice of their invasion; declare that it ought never to be engaged in without strong provocation; and desire them to substantiate their charges against the people of Clusium. The very name of Roman had hitherto been a terror to other nations; but the haughty chief of the Gauls was little daunted by their presence or their threats. He replied, that the rights of the valiant lay in their swords; that the Romans could institute no other claim to their own conquests; and that the Gauls were prepared to maintain their rights, if need be, even against the power of hostile Rome. The patrician ambassadors, indignant at this unexpected defiance, retire to Clusium, and there, forgetful of their sacred character, join in a sally against the besiegers. This flagrant breach of right inflamed the deep resentment of the barbarians. Selecting the fiercest of their warriors, they sent them straight to Rome, demanding the delivery of the false ambassadors. The senators acknowledge the justice of this claim, but pride forbids them to act in accordance with their sense of right. The messengers return with their demands unsatisfied. Without the least mitigation, the barbarian chief raises the siege of Clusium, draws up his army in line of march, and without an hour's delay advances on the road to Rome. He meets with little resistance from the countries through which he passes. The natives, alarmed at the vast numbers and warlike appearance of the invaders, retire as they approach. Nor do the barbarians stay to devastate the land. Their violence is directed solely against Rome; and pressing forward with rapid marches, they hasten on with one object constantly in view—vengeance on the Roman people. An invading army is ever a fearful sight. "The pomp and circumstance of glorious war," though sublime, is still awful;

for in the glittering helmet, and flashing sword, and polished mail of the warrior, we see reflected the wild frenzy of the battle-field, its slaughter and carnage, its inhuman ferocity, its blood and gore. Hence is it, that those warrior Gauls, in their rapid inroads, strike such terror into the hearts of all before them; nor is it strange, that the little hamlets which lie along their route, are deserted as they approach.

But the Romans meanwhile have not been idle. The troops of their allies and their own veteran legions go forth to meet the foe. Though inferior in numbers, they are better disciplined and possess more skill in the art of war. Besides, they have a country. "*Pro aris et focis*," is their war-cry. Inspired with the remembrance of their homes, and the anxious hearts which there await them, they go forth to battle, resolute and determined in spirit, fully aware that the fate of their country depends upon their swords. Both armies are confident of victory. Both alike disdain to survive defeat. There is no light skirmishing. Amid the clouds of dust which float above their heads, with wild and discordant cries resounding on every side, they close in fight. The onset of the Gauls is like the descent of a devastating torrent. The steady and well disciplined ranks of the Romans are scattered before it like chaff before the wind. The little stream which waters the battle-field is red with blood. Confusion and dismay seize on the Roman lines. They are too bewildered to fly. A few escape to Rome with the fearful tidings, but the greater part of the army is completely destroyed.

It would be difficult to depict the scene of confusion, witnessed in Rome, when the news of this terrible defeat reached the city. The few remaining inhabitants who were able to bear arms, hastily collected such provisions as they could find, and retired to defend the capitol. The rest, a miserable band of feeble old men, women, and children, together with the Vestal Virgins, sorrowfully left their homes, and sought refuge and shelter in the neighboring towns. A few, however, of the aged priests and senators, unable to survive the downfall of that city to whose glory and advancement their lives had been consecrated, remained upon the fatal spot, and calmly awaited the expected destruction. And soon it came. The Gauls, after pillaging the Roman camp and sharing the booty among themselves, appeared on the third day before the walls of Rome. To their surprise they find no preparations made to resist their entrance. The very gates are thrown open to receive them. In expectation of an ambuscade, they cautiously enter the city, but not a human being is found to obstruct their march. The streets which so lately resounded with the noise of business and the hum of activity, are silent and deserted. All is still as death. The city is apparently uninhabited,—quiet, as if some relentless plague had swept from the earth its whole population. In silent wonder and amazement the barbarians march on. They enter the forum. There, on ivory thrones, sit those aged patriots, arrayed in their robes of state. They are all venerable men. Their hairs have grown gray in the service of their country, and now their last days are embittered by the sight of enemies in possession of the city, to save which their counsels

and their labors have alike proved unavailing. Sad are they at heart, yet unmoved and undaunted, they look with composure on that vast array of undisciplined warriors. They have solemnly devoted themselves to expiate the sins of the republic, and they now calmly look forward to the repose of death.

A spectacle so majestic and imposing, was not lost upon the barbarians. The splendid apparel, the stern dignity, the venerable appearance of those ancient men, awed them into reverence. They looked upon them as supernatural beings; and with one general and consensual impulse, they paused and bowed in adoration, as before the tutelar divinities of the place. At length, one more daring than the rest ventured to approach nearer, and, as if in derision, put forth his hand to grasp the flowing beard of one who had formerly been Dictator of the Roman people. Indignant at this gross insult, the noble Roman raised his ivory sceptre and struck down the wretch at a single blow. This was the signal for destruction. The Gauls instantly rushed forward and with furious outcries butchered the defenceless old men. They then spread through the city, plundering and destroying. The temples of the gods were rifled of their treasures. Rich stores of gold, jewelry, and valuable furniture, were drawn forth from the palaces of wealthy nobles. Wine flowed freely, and the invaders gave themselves up to revelry and mirth. For three successive days these excesses continued. The city was then fired. The flames spread with fearful rapidity, and every house was soon reduced to ashes. In a few short hours, Rome, with all its splendor and magnificence, became a heap of smoking, smouldering ruins.

The subsequent history of this eventful period is full of interest, but space will allow us to pursue it no farther. Our narrative has already exceeded its intended limits, and we hasten to conclude. We would fain, however, linger for a moment, in order to glance at some of the truths which these incidents confirm. It has been said, that "History is inexhaustible," and in one sense the remark is certainly true. Though historical *facts* are fixed and invariable, by investigating, analyzing, comparing, and combining them, an endless diversity of inferences and conclusions may be derived; and hence may be understood, at least to some extent, the operation and purport of the vast system which regulates and controls human existence. Society is doubtless an institution of divine origin; yet it were impious to suppose, that one individual or one nation is justified in tyrannizing over another. But the lust of dominion has a strong hold both in the individual and the public mind, and in all nations and ages it has pervaded society to a greater or less extent. Mutual ambition, mutual distrust, and an insatiable thirst for power and conquest, have ever been the causes of national animosity and of contentions, the effects of which have been alike disastrous to aggressors and aggrieved. Still, we are far from supposing that Revolutions are at all times injurious in their tendency.

We have now been contemplating the history of a conquest, in which was unfolded many a scene of bloodshed, devastation, and ruin. We have seen that conquest result in the destruction of a great and populous

city, and in the overthrow of institutions, originated in distant periods and perfected by the lapse of ages. Yet we are far from believing, that the progress of society was retarded by this inroad of barbarian violence. We conceive that its effect may have been to infuse new life and energy into the hearts of men, and by sweeping away the innumerable evils which, together with luxury and wealth, had crept into the Roman commonwealth, to purify and reform the elements of Roman civilization. We believe that Rome rose from her ashes, with elements of strength and vitality within her walls, far more powerful than she possessed before her fall, and that the dreadful devastations of the Gauls were as beneficial to the real interests and lasting glory of that city, as the "wintry storms which clear away the decayed riches of summer vegetation," and prepare the earth for a new season of fruitfulness, are to the cultivation of fruits and flowers. F.

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#### THE STRANGER.\*

Thou seem'st weary and troubled, gray-headed old man.  
 Art thou far from thy home and thy friends?  
 He paused not, but answered the pitying child  
 With eyes upward turned, tearless, bloodshot, and wild,  
 "God grant thou may'st ne'er want a home."

Cold, piercing cold, was the wintry night,  
 And the moon, as she crept on her course,  
 Lighted many a scene of grief and of wo,  
 Such as earth and her millions must see and know,  
 And dread to eternity.

But strangest of all those sad pictures, I ween,  
 Was the youth and that friendless old man.  
 The one bore God's image, by sin still untraced,  
 The other that image, defiled and defaced—  
 Each line of divinity lost.

And dark was his mind, and darkened his soul.  
 The Spirit oft shunned, came no more  
 To offer him peace, and the angel that watched for the glittering tear  
 Of repentance, half turned, full of sorrow and fear,  
 Lest the soul should be damned and lost.

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\* During the winter of 1844, an old man was found near the walls of the Library Building, almost frozen to death.

All heedless and haggard he cringed to the blast  
That whistled and played through his rags.  
Nor pity nor boon of the passer did crave,  
But on as he dragged, muttered ever "The grave,  
The grave and the worm trouble not."

And where a rude buttress of half-finished wall  
Gave scarce scanty shield from the wind,  
He crouched him on ashes, and struggled to die ;  
But the struggle for death seemed life to supply  
To his famished and half-frozen frame.

And when, the day peering again through the east,  
They raised him from off his hard bed,  
With his thin bony fingers he shut from his sight  
The once joyful, inspiring, now odious light,  
And gasping, cursed God and died.

He died, but he died like a fool. Can man's curse,  
Though echoed like thunder, reach God ?  
But a prayer softly breathed as the whispering wind,  
Even with the last breath, acceptance shall find  
With Him who created and rules.

#### PEDESTRIAN TOURS.

" Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,  
And marvel men should quit their easy-chair,  
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace ;  
Oh ! there is sweetness in the mountain air,  
And life, that bloated ease can never hope to share."—BYRON.

A PEDESTRIAN is certainly an object rarely met with in these days of nullifying time and space. He appears among us a stranger, belonging to by-gone days, when there were no railroads, steamboats, or yankee wagons. He is a "stickler for olden customs," whose spirit is at variance with the hurry-making and money-saving tone, which characterizes modern times. If ever seen, pilgrim-like, pack on his back, "on foot, and in his hand a staff," traveling one of our paved highways, he is looked upon almost as an apparition of antiquity, laboring under a species of Quixotic mania, bound on some "foolish chase," or meets with the suspicion of the careful housewife.

In this land, where well-nigh every one possesses the means of self-transportation, at once rapid and agreeable, no other motives in the foot-traveler can be conceived of by most persons, save madness



or extreme penury. In Great Britain and on the continent the case is otherwise. The cost of journeying by horse or by steam is increased. The roads run through a pleasant country, and are kept in excellent condition, from the fact that so great a part of European travel is performed in the post-chaise. Grassy foot-walks often extend along the highway, designed expressly for pedestrians. The New England wagon has not yet usurped the place of a pair of stout legs. If one wishes to visit a spot five or six miles distant, he has recourse to that means of locomotion with which Nature herself has provided him; and in Scotland it is not an uncommon thing to see companies of "bonnie lassies" marching several miles to a fair in some neighboring village, or on the Sabbath morn, hieing, with hasty steps and gladsome hearts, to the distant "kirk,"

"Shong and stockins in their hand,  
And a' barefoot on the ground."

Would that it were more the fashion with us to devote our limbs to their proper end and purpose! Surely, they who enjoy the gift of buoyant health, robust frames, and minds capable of relishing natural scenery and novel incident, neglect to take advantage of one of the highest sources of pleasure within their reach, when failing to try the charms of a journey on foot. To the business-man, steam may present itself as a very opportune agent; but as far as regards the pleasures of a trip, it were better that its powers, as applied to locomotion, had never been discovered.

You have no right to call by the name of traveling, those annual pilgrimages to distant parts, which are undertaken now-a-days by the man of fashion, the victim of ill health, the merchant who has by dint of labor scraped together a few dollars, or the lawyer who desires a month's relaxation. These men have not in them the spirit of the true traveler. What care they for the beauties of a new country, or the acquaintance of a new people, whose object is to pass over the most ground in the least possible time? Their trips are truly "*pilgrimages*," whereof the present time is grievous, but whose pleasures are afterwards to come, when pride may be gratified in recounting, with an easy conscience, the many places of note they have visited. It is ludicrous to observe the manner in which they equip themselves for the journey—with pinching boots, strapped pantaloons, tight dress-coats, and dickies so stiffly starched as to threaten the dismemberment of their ears on the slightest attempt to look about them. I have often, while resting by the roadside on a grassy bank, under the shade of some wide-spreading tree, amused myself with contemplating the contrast between the dashing stage-and-four, and the dull, sleepy countenances of its weary occupants; suggesting the idea, as some one has said, of "a flash of lightning impelling a tortoise."

But to the invalid, especially, does our mode of travel recommend itself. If the disease be not organic, nor the malady as yet deep-rooted in the system, he may look forward with confidence to the restoration of perfect health. Of the beneficial influence of traveling

exercise to promote the health, no doubts are entertained; and no kind of traveling offers stronger attractions in this respect, than that which we are recommending. Change of air, with the quick succession of pleasurable excitements, and ever-varying sources of healthful enjoyment, which always accompany change of place, promotes calmness and serenity of mind, expels from our tempers that morbid sensibility so incident to sedentary life, elevates the spirits, and drives away those "cerulean imps" that infest close rooms, and "hover, gnat-like," round the easy-chair.

In comparing the respective advantages of traveling, by stage, on horseback, and on foot, I hesitate not a moment to give my testimony in favor of the latter. To my own mind, the chiefest pleasures of the traveler consist in his perfect independence, his entire freedom from all restraint. This gone, my satisfaction has departed likewise. When I set out to become acquainted with the scenery of a country and the manners of a people, with the object, moreover, in view, of enjoying myself in the highest possible manner, I feel no disposition to brook the arbitrary restraints of a railroad company, or stage line. If I see a flower by the road-side to pluck, a bubbling spring hard by to visit, a foaming cascade to admire, or a mountain to ascend, it "galls me to the quick" to meet with a repulse in the growls of my stage-companions and the glance of the driver at his time-piece. It is impossible to obtain any knowledge of the general appearance of a country from the windows of a stage-coach, moving at the rate of six miles an hour. We have, at the close of the day, a confused recollection of wheat-fields, fences, woods, rivers, and houses, seen dimly through clouds of dust, and all jumbled together, with no particular location or consecutive order assigned to each; just as though a series of panoramas had been passing before the eye, yet in so rapid succession that no one has left a distinct impression on the mind. Countries wear very different aspects to travelers in different circumstances. The man who is whirled through a country in the tiresome stage, and he who performs the tour on foot, happy and contented, will be ready to give very opposite accounts of it. Each one looks upon things through the medium of his present feelings.

These same objections apply, though with less force, to traveling on horseback. Moreover, without the incumbrance of a horse, one is easier provided with food and lodgings, and he finds one always in his way when he would leave the beaten track, and cross fields, ramble through woods, explore caverns, or scramble up rocky mountains. No; let him who is wise, provided only with a water-proof knapsack, a light, loose dress, a pair of stout, low-heeled boots, and a substantial walking-stick, set out on a "pedestrian tour," and I dare pledge my word, that on returning, he will be ready to confess, that seldom has he spent the same amount of time, money, and toil, with so much happiness and real profit to himself.

Yet it is not every man that can taste, in full, the joys of the pedestrian. There are those who were not "cut out" by nature for this. One needs rather a peculiar cast of mind, in order to make a proper

foot-traveler ; and I can think of none, who more nearly accords with my *beau ideal* of one, than Goldsmith. Possessing an ardent curiosity, a buoyant spirit, and a constitutional inclination to look rather to the bright than dark side of the prospect, without friends, recommendations, or money, he set out on his travels, and made the tour of Europe on foot. A good voice and a trifling skill in music were the only finances he had, to support an undertaking so extensive ; and says he, " whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day." Thus, in the Traveler—

" How often have I led the sportive choir,  
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire !  
Yet would the villagers praise my wondrous power,  
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour."

To a romantic love of natural scenery, joining a good knowledge of human nature, and a mind which enabled him to prosecute that study with advantage at all times, Goldsmith seems to have been eminently fitted by nature to make a tour of this sort.

The pedestrian should be a kind of " philosophic vagabond," of a contemplative turn of mind, looking at things in a cool, rational way, and not to be disconcerted on any sudden emergency, or put out by every thing that is not just as he might wish. He must have a willingness to " please and be pleased," a disposition to adapt himself to circumstances, and to make the best of whatever may come. Thus will he trudge along, contented and happy, above the annoyances of other men, drawing amusement and instruction from every thing he sees, and having the sources of his enjoyment in himself,—a fount, whose riches external circumstances cannot impair.

I would fain say something of the joys that fall to the share of the pedestrian, though they be " more than words can wield the matter," and though my tongue be weak in their praise. Wherefore, I pray thee, kind reader, to accompany me, with a lively imagination, while I endeavor to sketch the outlines, leaving it to thee to fill out the picture with the touches of thine own fancy.

Whither shall we direct the course of our journey, in so goodly a land, where nature has worked by her largest scale, and which abounds in spots recommending themselves either to our admiration from their scenery, or to our patriotism from their historical connections ? If our object be to enjoy nature, let us shape our way to the " old granite State," the Switzerland of America, whose beauteous lakes, clear as crystal, and studded with green islands, like emeralds set in burnished silver, rival Loch Lomond of Scotland, and whose lofty mountains, " soaring snow-clad" through miles of space, " in the wild pomp of mountain majesty," beckon our approach. Or shall we make trial of the hospitality of the South, and visit Virginia, endeared to us by many a recollection of past times, and teeming with interest, as the birth-place of so many of the great and the good, that have figured in our country's history ? But, wherever we go, we shall be amply repaid for our walk.

Light of heart, and encumbered with no care of baggage or bandages, the pedestrian starts out on his day's journey, with the rising of the sun. What though his limbs be somewhat stiff by the toil of the last day, yet the bracing air of morning, and the sight of nature animated by the refreshing dew and the beams of the sun, cause him speedily to forget any remains of fatigue, and his step recovers its wonted elasticity. Yielding soon to the promptings of hunger, he stops at a farm-house, indicating, by its exterior, the hospitable character of its occupants. Here he has set before him a platter of bread and a pan of milk, the bottom of which he takes care to see bare before rising from his meal. Again he resumes his journey; yet journey should I not call it, but rather rambling, wandering whithersoever inclination leads him. Whatever object of curiosity or beauty there may be on his route, he suffers it not to pass unnoticed. Every mountain, commanding an extensive view, he ascends; every quiet glen, or mountain gorge rich in scenery, he visits. He delights to follow to its source the mountain flume, as it dashes over precipices and hurries through deep ravines, abounding alternately in wild cascades and rapids,—himself unconscious of the lapse of time or the sense of toil. Or, if he has dabbled in geology or botany, he may take pleasure in rying into the riches of the mineral kingdom, or examining the myriads of flowers that grow by the wayside. Perhaps he can transfer to paper the outlines of some interesting scenery, hereafter to serve as landmarks to the memory. So much the happier then is he. Towards noon, when the sun shines upon travelers with its warmest rays, he seeks shelter in the bushes, by the side of a little brook, and enjoys the luxury, and at the same time necessary precaution against blistering, of bathing his feet in cool water. This finished, he takes out from his knapsack his lunch of bread and cheese, and after therewith taking off the keenness of his appetite, stretches himself out on the grass for an hour's nap.

"Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth  
Finds the downy pillow hard."

His slumbers are unbroken and refreshing, because they are such as tired nature demands; and once more, fresh and vigorous in mind and body, our traveler continues on his way. It may be that the sun is hot, the road dusty, and the country uninteresting; but at such times he reverts to the pleasures of the previous day, thus relieving the fatigue and disagreeableness of the journey, by cheerful recollection. Perhaps he comforts himself with thoughts of some nice little cottage, destined to receive him towards nightfall,—“the end of cares, the end of pains,”

“And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,  
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.”

By no means the least of the pedestrian's delights consist in enjoying the hospitality of the inhabitants, so freely extended to him wherever

he goes. His knapsack, and still more the name of *student*, serve as passports to gain him admittance to every household. Here the best fare in the house is set before him, and hunger is the sauce of the feast. In pleasant conversation with his kind host and hostess, he spends the evening; and who shall say that the farmer's daughter is not often added to the company,

"Without hoop, looking prim and gay!"

If so, the romantic situation of our traveler opens for him the avenues to her heart, and acquaintance stands not long on tiptoe. At an early hour he is conducted to his chamber,—the best room in the house,—adorned with a motley collection of odd pieces of furniture, and hung around with rude Bible pictures. After taking notes of the day's adventures, he introduces himself to an inviting bed, and fatigue, "lying starkly in the traveler's bones," soon hands him over to the embraces of sleep. *Haud inexpertus liquor.*

Each day gives multiplied opportunities for the study of human nature at large, or more particularly for becoming acquainted with the manners and character of the people among whom you travel. A thousand little opportunities occur, by which you are brought into close intercourse with them. Moreover, adventures start up for the pedestrian each mile that he travels. Every day is pregnant with incident, and rife with adventure.

Exercise fosters reflection, and in the midst of enjoyment of sense and sight, called forth by nature, the traveler's attention is often directed to Nature's God. He finds meet subject for heavenly contemplation in the objects around his path. If the journey lies through a wild mountain-pass, whose sides, hoary with the moss of ages, *saxa vetusta*, lift up their frowning summits to the skies, in solemn grandeur, he sees therein reflected the majesty of the Creator, and is impressed with a sense of his own littleness. If he stands on the "snowy scalp" of some height, over-looking all surrounding objects, at such a time visions of the glory and omnipotence of the Deity burst in upon his soul, and he feels that it is good for him to enter into communion with himself and his God. Or if his steps conduct him through pleasant fields and fertile valleys, by the side of the silver streamlet, or among smiling hamlets,

"Where health and plenty cheer the lab'ring swain,"

such scenes of happiness and of peace strike upon kindred chords in his own bosom, and onward he speeds his way, thanking the mercy of God, that so much prosperity and innocence yet continue on earth.

Happy, happy lot of the pedestrian! Thine it is to court closer communion with nature, than less favored mortals enjoy; to pry into her secret beauties, and to discern charms, which other men know not of.

"The vulgar knows not all the hidden pockets,  
Where nature has stowed away her loveliness."

To thee it belongs to make voyages of discovery into green lanes and trackless forests, to trace the mountain torrent to its source, and break the solitude of the woodland glen with thy presence. As thou walkest to the music of the birds singing on the boughs, the grass arched with dew is thy carpet, the clear sky, and the sun shining in the heavens, thy canopy overhead. Cheerful villages, the laborer at work in the fields, and the face of laughing nature meet thine eye, and thou breathest a "swete ayre of the swete savoure of the meede greene," or of the new-mown grass. The way often lies through parts where yet continue the simple manners of olden times, and whose quiet recesses are seldom penetrated by the rumor of the world's cares and troubles. There he shares the rustic hospitality of the farmer, sits at his friendly board, and if the night be chilly, finds a ready seat in the family circle round the kitchen fire-place of ample dimensions. All many an hour, I ween, does he find among the rural nymphs, "reasting her sweetness on the desert air," and whose manners partake not of the tone of modern times, but are such only as the heart, that nature has given her, dictates. "Surely, thenne, is there noo man merrier than he is in his spyryte." Oh joys, never ceasing, ever rying, of the pedestrian !

*Musa pedestris !*

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#### EXCELLENCE INDEPENDENT OF RANK.

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man 's the gowd for a' that."

It is related of Richard Savage, that in his youth he expressed a contempt for the middle class of society, and declared his determination "to tower like the cedar or be trampled like the shrub." Experience and observation wrought a change in his opinions, and he was afterwards heard to say, that all the virtue of mankind was comprehended in that condition of life which he had once held in contempt. This change in the views of this remarkable man, is not quoted to introduce an essay on the folly of ambitious desires, but as suggesting the idea, that high stations in life are not necessary to the development of those qualities in the human character, which move in us the deepest feelings of admiration.

True excellence, under whatever circumstances it appears, ought to command our high regard, and undoubtedly would, were we entirely free from prejudice and every other perverting influence. But, as the world goes, the merits of those who move in the higher scenes of life, grow lustre from the splendors with which they are surrounded, while extraordinary virtue, dwelling and operating in the hearts of humbler men, is lost in obscurity. The shining deeds of men in high stations

may be done for the purpose of getting for themselves "space in the world's thought," or for a still less worthy motive. There are many

———"benefactors in the newspapers,  
Whose alms are money put to interest  
In the other world,—donations to keep open  
A running charity-account with Heaven."

The generous deeds of the poor man are not likely to be prompted by a hollow heart. In military life, the coward may fight as valiantly from necessity, as the true hero from choice; but if it be known that he is a coward at heart, no one honors him for what he does. It is the noble motive which fixes the seal of greatness upon the act. We doubt not that many an obscure individual has acted from a nobler impulse than the most illustrious, who has been immortalized for his magnanimity—that moral excellence has burned more intensely in the bosom of one unknown, than ever lighted up its sacred fire in the heart of a successful aspirant for fame; and the absence of the world's honors diminished not at all its purity or its intensity.

It is sometimes less difficult *to do*, than *to endure*. There are severer tests of character than the terrors of the battle-field, or the responsibilities of a court. Indeed, we do not know of a higher quality of mind, than that which some one has called "the triumph of subjection,"—the ability to bear up manfully under accumulating misfortunes and suffering. The unblenching features of the North American Indian, as he hangs lashed to the stake and looks upon the fiendish exultation of his enemies, tell of a higher virtue than the greatest achievements of his perilous warfare. The boy who deliberately burned his arm from his body, gave more convincing proof of firmness, than any exploit of Rome's greatest warrior. The most sublime creations of the poets, are personifications of this indomitable spirit of resistance,—hence Prometheus dares defy the "new king of gods," and bid him launch his thunders; and, for the same reason, we detect ourselves admiring the

———"one who brings  
A mind not to be changed by time or place,"

archfiend though he be.

But there is a moral grandeur in the exercise of this bold quality, under the conviction that the world will never hear of it, which we do not discover in that which is suffered to get a name. The individual who said he could die like a hero, if men enough would look at him, showed only the more clearly his cowardice at heart. Thousands, no doubt, have died heroes before the world, who would have quailed in the presence of none but their consciences and their God. It is manful to endure one's griefs and sorrows in silence; and while the groanings of the illustrious sufferer fill the land, the man in humble life, as Carlyle hath it, "is swallowing down how many sore sufferings into silence,—a silent hero."

When we remember how many of the most distinguished names

have been brought into notice by mere accident, we cannot resist the conviction, that as many praiseworthy men have passed away, "unhonored and unsung," as ever gained the applause of the world. To their fellow-men it was an incalculable loss, that they were not estimated in life. The loss to themselves we conceive to be less than it is usually regarded by the world. We know that it is painful to notice the neglect with which some whose names have been rescued from forgetfulness, were treated by their cotemporaries. Particularly is it painful, in looking over the history of literary men, to notice the want of sympathy there has ever been between the world and the man of letters; and as we read of the days and nights of wretchedness occasioned to some favorite author by the coldness and indifference of those who should have been his friends, we feel that it is due to his memory that we dwell with tenderness upon his unhappy fate, and speak feelingly of his sorrows. But we must remember that this is a world of suffering and sorrow to all, and that no man has passed a life in it without learning too, by bitter experience, that it is "a world of wrong." The amount of untold misery doubtless far exceeds that which moves our sympathies; and if God has given to some understandings capable of a larger compass of thought, imaginations susceptible of a livelier delight in contemplating the beauty and sublimity of His works, and hearts of nobler and higher sentiments, than those of their fellow-men, they have the grand elements of happiness within themselves, to which they may turn in the day of adversity,—"*adversis perfugium ac solatium.*" They at least may have the highest and most rational enjoyments of their nature; and does it become such men to murmur at the allotments of Providence, simply because they are shut out from the notice of the world? Does it become a man conscious to himself that he is in the possession of such means of the most refined enjoyment, to pine for the poor meed of popular applause?

Let us not be misunderstood. We would not take from the value of an honorable fame, but contend that it should be only the reward of excellence. We know that the great and the good, whom all men delight to honor, have eagerly desired an "immortality of earthly fame;" but the greatest of them all confessed that though "*the last,*" it was "*an infirmity of noble minds.*" But think you that John Milton, with all his magnanimity, would have relaxed one iota in his endeavors to attain the object of his supreme desire, for the mere purpose of extending his fame? Look in upon the ruling passion of his great heart, as it is laid open in the frankness of familiar correspondence. "Wherever," says he, "I find a man despising the false estimates of the vulgar, and daring to aspire in sentiment, language, and conduct, to what the highest wisdom in every age has taught as most excellent; to him I unite myself by a sort of necessary attachment, and if I am so influenced by nature or by destiny, that by no exertion or labor of mine, I may exalt myself to this summit of worth and honor; yet no powers of heaven or earth shall hinder me to look with reverence and affection upon those who have attained this glory, or appeared in the successful pursuit of it."



Such were the feelings of a man whose fame none may hope to rival, but whose zeal in cultivating and exercising the noblest qualities of his nature, the humblest may imitate. A man of inferior intellectual power may govern his conduct by the same motives, and be thrilled by the same kind of delight. The best thoughts of the greatest men may animate his own soul—he may

———“hold high converse with the godlike few,”

although denied admission to what are called the higher scenes of life. He may drink from the same fountains which have quenched the thirst of the great and the good in ages past; and if he do this in common with them, he has a right to feel, that he belongs to that brotherhood of “Nature’s noblemen,” whose lives have honored humanity. ’Tis the voice of wisdom which says, “deserve an honorable remembrance;”

“But if so bent on worldly fame,  
That thou must gild thy living name,  
And snatch the honors of the game;

“If failure might thy soul oppress,  
And fill thy veins with heaviness,  
And make thee love thy kind the less:

“Pause, ere thou tempt thy hard career,  
Thou’lt find the conflict too severe,  
And heart will break and brain will sear.

“Content thee with a meaner lot,  
Go plough thy field, go build thy cot,  
Nor sigh that thou must be forgot.”

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### WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

WHEN shall we meet again, my friend?

When shall we meet again?

Shall it be when fair *Spring time* comes laughing on,  
When the icy chains from the rills are gone,  
When 'neath the warm sunshine they're dancing in glee,  
And hurrying on to the chiming sea—  
When each songster is trilling its “wood-notes wild,”  
And the air is soft, and the breeze is mild—  
When the south gale breathes over forest and lee,  
And stirs the young leaves of the greenwood tree,

Then shall it be?

When shall we meet again, my friend?

When shall we meet again?

Shall it be when *Summer* leads the Hours

In a wreathing dance with the Spirit flowers—  
 When fairies meet in the moonlit dell,  
 To the silvery sound of an elfin bell—  
 When the stars look love to the waves below,  
 And breathe the language *they* but know—  
 When all is *fair*, and *bright*, and *gay*,  
 And each moment glideth in light away,  
 Then shall it be ?

When shall we meet again, my friend ?  
 When shall we meet again ?  
 Shall it be in *Autumn* "brown and sere,"  
 When murmurs the dirge of the dying year—  
 In the days which poets "*saddest*" name—  
 Yet when woods are fire, and each leaf a flame—  
 Those glorious days ! *I* love them best,  
 When in gorgeous hues each grove is drest—  
 When kindly falls the dreamy sound,  
 Of hidden streamlets tinkling round—  
 Then shall it be ?

When shall we meet again, my friend ?  
 When shall we meet again ?  
 Shall it be when *Winter*, icy and chill,  
 Hath bid the glad song of the bird be still—  
 When the Storm-King rides on the lowering cloud,  
 And the howling blast is piping loud—  
 When the bee and the flower with the sunshine go,  
 And the heart of Nature is beating low—  
 When each branch is robed in its glittering sheen,  
 More dazzling than monarch's crown, *I* ween—  
 Then shall it be ?

*I* ken not when we meet, my friend,  
 Such gift is not for me—  
 One Being alone can our destinies tell,  
 The Being who ruleth those destinies well—  
 To the throne of His mercy, this prayer would *I* send—  
 When life with its joys and its sorrows shall end—  
 Grant He that we meet in a happier sphere,  
 Where the een of no angel is dimmed with a tear—  
 In the Eden of God—the home of the blest—  
 Where the wicked cease troubling, the weary find rest—  
 There let it be !

R. K. P.

## FROISSART.

GRAY, the poet, in a letter to a friend, says, "I rejoice you have met with Froissart; he is the Herodotus of a barbarous age: had he but had the luck of writing in as good a language, he would have been immortal." It may happen, he shall be immortal still.

The great characteristic of Froissart, is his simplicity. Yet it is not the simplicity of Odin and the Northmen, for they were simple as a granite shaft is simple. He had the disposition rather of a child or an old woman. As one may easily gather from his "Chronicles," he liked gossip and was a firm believer in ghosts. Had he lived in our times, he would have passed a grave-yard by night with chattering teeth, and hair on end, and brought home, perhaps, a long account of the ghost he had seen. A good story was, above every thing else, his chief delight. Hour after hour he spent in the baronial castles of France, drinking in with eagerness the accounts the knights gave of their adventures. I can see him now, as he sat with gaping mouth, looking full in the face of the narrator, who is describing the ghosts that haunt the castle. The fire is burning brightly, and Froissart's seat is in the huge chimney corner. The wine flask is by his side, yet his courage is weak; his eyes at moments wander anxiously around, and he even casts a glance up the chimney, that no spirit steal on him unawares. Trembling he leaves towards midnight his snug seat, and steals along the corridor to his own apartment, to forget his fears in sleep.

Restless too was he, and a great wanderer. He spent his life in traveling from castle to castle, and from city to city, that he might gather materials for his history from the knights and brave men he always met there. In the preface to his book he himself says, "I have frequented the company of many noblemen and gentlemen, as well in France as in England and Scotland and other countries, from whose acquaintance I have always requested accounts of battles and adventures, especially since the battle of Poitiers, where King John of France was taken prisoner." But in all his journeyings he never forgot his own personal comfort. He loved the luxury and almost royal magnificence in which the nobles and many of the knights lived in that age. He was always happiest when it was his lot to be where every want of his would be supplied, often estimating his host by the extent of his host's larder. He was also of an amorous disposition, and once loved deeply, though not "too well." He has left a few love songs, which are only valuable as illustrations of his state of feeling at this time.

Imagine him then no poor monk, emaciated by frequent fastings,

"Pale as is a poor pining ghost,"

but realizing Chaucer's vivid description of the Abbot and the Friar:

"His head was bald and shone like any glass,  
And eke his face as it had been anoint.  
He was a lord full fat and in good point;  
His eyes were deep and rolling in his head,  
Which steamed as doth a furnace melting lead:  
And certainly his note was blithe and gay,  
Well could he sing and on the psaltery play.  
In songs and tales the prize o'er all bore he.  
His neck was white as is the fleur de lis.  
Strong was he also as a champion,  
And knew the taverns well in every town,  
And every ostler there and tapster gay,  
Much more than he knew beggars by the way.  
Nor dealt with knaves and scrubs who have but little,  
But all with rich and those who have good victual!"

But with all his imperfections, let us not despise him. His virtues were many, while his vices were the vices of almost every knight who wandered through the country in search of adventures. He was kind, and sympathized deeply with the sufferings of the poor. He severely blamed the wanton cruelties of the Black Prince, though in this his voice alone was raised. He was affable and entertaining in conversation, and wherever he went was gladly received, for the simplicity which he exhibited in every motion and word, gained the good will of all. Above every thing else, let us respect and thank him for the history he has left us—in many points the most interesting one we have.

We turn now to speak of his Chronicles.

The first two volumes are by far the most interesting, whether because the narrative in itself is more exciting, or because one becomes tired of the extreme length of the book, I am at a loss to determine. But that which distinguishes them from most other histories, is the vividness with which every event, even the least important, is described. Indeed, the book is little more than a series of pictures, drawn by a master's hand. Froissart mingles no philosophical reasonings with his narrative, and seldom moralizes on the events he narrates. His book is in every sense a mere "Chronicle." It is written in an unaffected way, and every page is stamped with his good-humored garrulity and simplicity. But once give yourself to his guidance, and he will lead you like a child, wherever he will. Perhaps two armies have met, and a battle is unavoidable. The scene he reveals to you is something like this. It is the evening before the day of strife. The servants are hurrying to and fro, preparing for the morrow. The armorers, whose forms are dimly revealed by the glowing forges, are busy at their work, for wo to that man whose armor fails him in battle. By the side of his tent, a little apart from the din, a knight perhaps is standing. He looks up to the stars, and sadness steals over his heart, when he thinks he may never look upon them again, nor on his home, nor on the face of her he loves. But his

courage fails not. The rising of the sun reveals the opposing armies drawn up, and already in motion. Shield and helmet and spear glitter in the sunlight with dazzling radiance. The signal is given, and the very war-cries you can almost hear, as they ring through the air. And when the battle is won, Froissart leads us to the banquet, that we may look upon the kind attentions of the victor to the vanquished, and learn to love the generous-hearted knights. We know of no picture-writing like his.

But let no one imagine that all portions of these "Chronicles" are alike interesting. Parts seem to have been written when Froissart was tired and sick of his work. At such times he loses his power of description, his simplicity degenerates into old woman's prattle, and he mopes along at a wearisome rate. I am sorry for him who takes the book and begins to read at such a place. He will inevitably throw the book down, and wonder at the folly of the admirers of Froissart. Often too he is wearisome from very prolixity. In an exciting description of a siege or a battle, he breaks in with a long account of a petty quarrel between two knights, or with a still longer account of the ghosts that haunt the country. Yet even in the dulllest portions of the book, there are spots over which one loves to linger, and with pain tears himself away.

In the beginning of the third volume, Froissart describes his journey from Carcassonne to Orthes, in the south of France, which, as a portrait of the manners of that age, is worth the whole book besides. In the morning of a fine summer's day, accompanied by a knight who, "in his lord's war, right worthy had shone," started from Carcassonne for the castle of the Count De Foix. Their way was over the sunny plains and vine-clad hills of Languedoc, by beautiful rivers and deep forests. They passed castles, ennobled by a thousand chivalrous deeds, through villages, whose inhabitants spoke the sweet language of the minstrels, through dark ravines haunted by evil spirits, and by fields glistening with the ripening corn. How would Chaucer have rejoiced to have been with them, and to have seen the pleasant sights they saw! But on that day he looked only on the bare walls of a prison, and the sunlight that streamed through his grated window was the only thing to remind him of the bright world without. For six days they traveled together, beguiling the way by pleasant conversation, and on the seventh reached Orthes. Froissart immediately became one of the household of the Count De Foix, remaining with him twelve weeks. The Count lived in almost royal magnificence, and his court was thronged by the bravest knights and the fairest ladies in Gascony. Every day from his gate five florins in small coin were distributed to the poor, while within his house

"It snowed of meat and drink."

After dinner, which lasted till four o'clock, the knights and squires strolled about the castle, "conversing of arms and amours;" and during the long winter evenings, Froissart read (excepting the Count, probably the only one who could read) to them from a book of love-songs. They

supped at midnight, and thus ended the day. "I would willingly like to talk of the establishment of the gallant Count De Foix," as did Froissart, of the Christmas festivities and the feast of Saint Nicholas, and above every thing else, of the spirit with whom the Count was in league; but time fails. Go, reader, and enjoy the book for thyself; thou wilt never begrudge the hours thou mayest spend over the glowing pages of Froissart.

H.

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SHREDS AND PATCHES.

NO. II.

A WORD in your ear, good Reader! We have once more pulled out our "tailor's drawer," with the design of selecting a few bits and remnants; and with a generosity unusual to the thread-and-needle brotherhood, we give them to our customers, "gratis." We give you rather a plentiful sprinkling of quotations in these pages, in order to be in keeping with the profession; for a tailor, who don't "cabbage," is a decided anomaly, and deserves to be kicked out of the fraternity. Authorship and tailor-ship are much alike in this respect; and there ought to be a general sympathy between the two professions. We have said nothing out of disrespect to that useful and honorable portion of the community, who fulfill half of the divine command, and clothe us that they may feed themselves; oh, no! we are very cautious about this, for we are under particular *obligations* to some of them, and would not for the world have them take any thing *personal* from us. (Don't utter that expressive and doleful groan; for we never attempted a pun before in our life, and of a verity, we execrate the practice.) Should you think, as a friend of ours once remarked of a distinguished sermon delivered not a thousand miles from this place, that the "quotations are the best part of it," you ought to be thankful that we have not occupied the whole space with our own inferior language. So give us some little portion of your gratitude for this, if for nothing else.

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If we ever conceived an affection for a man by reading his works, it has been while perusing the delightful productions of Hood. Tom Hood! thou wast a glorious fellow—every inch of thee. The acquaintance of Coleridge and Cary and Allan Cunningham; thou wast "the noblest Roman of them all!" The social and intimate companion of the "delicate-minded and large-hearted Charles Lamb;" thou wast a congenial spirit for so great a soul! No one can read the works of Lamb and Hood, without perceiving a striking resemblance between the two men. Both seem to have been cast in the same mould, and stamped with the same noble traits of character. The similarity extends to their early education and pursuits. Both were without the advantages

of an university education. Both were early immured in the counting-room; but day-books, and ledgers, and long columns of figures, would not satisfy souls of such a nature as theirs. They had too little of the groveling and gain-greedy element in their composition for that. Both were so reserved when meeting with strangers, that at their first introduction, though they spent hours together, they could not get at all acquainted with each other. Both, too, were ardent and whole-souled in their friendships, when they were once formed. Both loved a social hour; and both were inveterate punsters. Lamb was old enough to be Hood's father; but their attachment was like the fervid and enthusiastic friendship of youth, before it has been chilled and withered by long contact with a cold and heartless world. Both possessed a fountain within the breast, bubbling up and overflowing with love and good will to their fellow-men. Both had a heart "to feel for others' woes." This tender feeling, this generous sympathy for suffering wherever it might exist, is strikingly displayed in most of their writings.

We have nothing to say of Hood's comicalities; for every one knows them, and every one has shaken his sides over them, till his inner man was most seriously discomposed. But we wonder that a man, so much the prey of ill health, could preserve such a cheerful flow of spirits; and, while pain was racking and torturing every fibre of his frame, make "the million" ready to burst with laughter. Ay, he tells us, that in spite of his "blue-and-yellow visage and attenuated figure," he laughed himself at the "Grotesques, and Arabesques, and droll Picturesques," which his "Good Genius conjured up" at his bidding. Ye who are wont to brood over your little real or fancied ills; who imagine a trifling pain is surely and speedily to be followed by the pang of dissolution; who think when a little choked that you hear the death-rattle in your throat, and stick to the belief that disease has fastened on your vitals, and will "na gang awa;" go and learn of Tom Hood. Consider his "ways and be wise." Take a lesson or two in his "Cheerful Philosophy." Away with the old wrinkled and ill-visaged hag of melancholy! One jolly roar of laughter will frighten off a whole troop of blue devils, as quickly as doth the crowing of the cock, the ghosts that glide about a church-yard.

As a poet, Hood is far superior to Lamb. His poems are not of the highest class, but they are such as will be felt and loved. Some of them abound in what many would call low conceits; but his conceits always give pleasure rather than disgust. There are others entirely free from this fault, though fault we can hardly deem it in him; and we believe there is nothing more simple, natural, and truthful in our language, than some of his smaller poems. They are the transcripts of the feelings of his own heart, and his was a heart for all to love. Read his "Retrospective Review," and that other tender little poem, in which he so naturally calls up the scenes of early life. One verse of them is worth a volume of poems we could mention, though the author is ranked high among poets. Many of our much admired poems, are nothing but the graceful form and the beautiful drapery of

poetry, without the living embodiment. Without a particle of soul, they captivate and charm with mere outside. We hate these poems that you can't feel as you read. They may glitter and sparkle, while destitute of warmth and feeling. The moonbeams, trembling on the waters when gently ruffled by the breeze, are beautiful, but yet cold. A pleasant, mirthful poem, too, such as many of Hood's—which show his own good nature, and make his readers good natured also—is better than all the morose and misanthropic productions of a thousand Byrons, though fiery inspiration urge the pen, and genius leave its impress on every page.

That vein of exquisite feeling, running through all Hood's more serious pieces, makes us love the man. He saw men in want and wretchedness on every side, without having his sensibilities deadened or weakened in the least, as the constant sight of misery is apt to render them. Some of the noblest efforts of his pen were made in behalf of the injured and suffering lower classes of his land. For the poor he cherished a deep and earnest compassion; the images of squalid indigence, of wasted and sorrow-stricken parents and starving children, were often in his mind. For the rich he felt no envy; unless, perchance, that he might be able to relieve the miseries of the unfortunate, and pour the balm of joy into wounds which grief and want had made. Would Heaven that more such men might be found among his countrymen! Would Heaven that, while his heart has ceased to throb with pity, and is crumbling to its native dust, a thousand breasts might catch the same spirit, and glow with the same kindly feeling, the same warm benevolence, that beams through the character and writings of Thomas Hood!

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It is very fashionable to cry down the American taste for the fine arts, and to say we have done nothing in them. What folly of misrepresentation! Setting aside the works of Inman and the "Great Moral Painting," we have half our books thickly interspersed with specimens, and almost every monthly magazine is embellished with three or four of them. Our genius for the fine arts is a sort of Yankee, universal genius. Our versatility is boundless. We make up in quantity, what we lack in quality. We have just seen a specimen in one of the numbers of a magazine lately published in a neighboring city, which is decidedly *unique*. It is a representation of Yale College; and the way it is represented is curious—quite so. In the first place, you have College street running strait along in front, and having the Medical College at "tother end." So far, so good. But the College buildings, like the school-boy's barn behind the house, are almost all drawn behind the trees; of which, by the way, there are hardly enough given to make so extensive a shading. All you can see are the steeples, and a little portion of North Middle. In that chaste and elegant structure, the windows of the lower story are represented as about forty feet above the surface of the ground. Such an arrangement might be quite convenient for the Freshmen who occupy



the rooms, especially during their first few weeks' residence in this goodly "City of Elms;" but the picture does not precisely correspond with the reality. A buxom looking damsel (we can make nothing else out of the figure) is leaning quite comfortably with both elbows on the fence in front of the College yard; and seems to be looking wistfully up to the windows of South College, (where they should be, we mean,) as if to catch a glimpse of some one. Now we don't know but ladies sometimes do this; but we must say we never saw any of them in that position. The most prominent figure in the foreground is a coal cart, often seen, we admit; but this one is peculiarly "sui generis." It is of the usual shape, and has a man in it; but it don't seem to have any way of getting along. There are several animals standing before it in beautiful irregularity, it is true; but they don't appear to be attached to it in any way, and look for all the world like the pictures of Persian goats in the old Geographies. There are many other beauties in this "uncommonly elegant embellishments," as a paper in the same city has styled the engravings of the magazine.

Speaking of Geographies reminds us of another extensive department of our fine arts. We mean that of our pictorial school books. Here we are what is called "great." Dear old well-thumbed Geography; how did we use to study thy pictures! There were negroes hoeing cotton, and negroes dancing hornpipes. There were German ladies ploughing, Dutch ladies smoking, Swedish ladies tripping it merrily round the May-pole, and pretty damsels of the "sunny south" of France, with baskets of grapes upon their heads. There were the voluptuous beauties of Circassia, offered for sale to the highest bidder; and there was the picture of a Calmuck wedding, where the lady, well mounted, dashes off at full speed, and the suitor is obliged to overtake her before she can be his.

"The maid rides first in the four-footed strife,  
Riding, riding, as if for her life,  
While the lover rides after to catch him a wife,  
Although it's catching a Tartar."

Don't say, too, that we have done nothing with the chisel. There is the "star-born" eagle, on the front of a much-admired edifice in an eastern city, bearing a striking resemblance to a goose with the neck slightly driven in. Go into any old country church-yard, and study the figures chiseled on slate and sand-stone, (marble we had almost said;) admire the beautiful little cherubs, with plump round faces like that of a Dutch baby, and wings like those of a bat, saving the claws. Chaste and exquisite figures, only equaled by the quaint and beautiful epitaphs now and then seen beneath you! By-the-by, we happened to be perusing an old volume of the Knickerbocker the other day, (that pleasantest of all our pleasant reading,) when we fell in with an epitaph taken from a stone in the old burial-ground of this city. The stone was "dedicated to the memory of a Mr. and Mrs. Jones, the son-in-law and daughter of Governor Eaton." It ran thus:

"To attend you, sir, beneath these famed stones,  
Are come your hon'd son and daughter Jones,  
On each hand to repose their weary bones."

Good! We like to see folks show "politeness," as the writer well calls it, especially when they are just going to leave the world and have so little time left for it. It was but proper respect in these humble descendants, to inform the old Governor that they were coming to be alongside of him. The epitaph is not quite so bad as another we have somewhere seen. We give it according to our recollection.

"Here buried lies Mr. Job D. Strickler,  
In all God's ways he walked *perpendicular*."

Dreamy hours! Who does not love them? Who is there, Hamlet to the contrary notwithstanding, who would give a penny to sleep, unless, "perchance, to dream"? It is lost time. The man who is conscious of dreaming during the hours of rest, will live a third longer in the same number of years, than your stolid and soulless lump of breathing clay, who sleeps as if he had no idea of ever waking. What prodigies of valor have we performed in our dreams? What "hair-breadth 'scapes" have we experienced? We have engaged a whole mob of hideous, grinning Indians, and fought them with a courage which we should probably have been destitute, in any other circumstances. We have been riddled again and again with their bullets, and felt nothing but a queer tickling sort of a sensation as they were passing through; much like what one feels in his throat when swallowing cherries whole. We have been hurled down steep and rugged precipices, without experiencing the least inconvenience; and have fallen any distance through space, without having any reason to "curse Sir Isaac Newton for inventing gravitation." But we never could run the first step. We have tried it often; but somehow or other our pedal propellers would never get us under headway. There was always some fault in the machinery, so that we couldn't make it "go off." It is rather unpleasant to see half a dozen fiendish looking shapes coming after you, and apparently bent on having your blood, and you all the while unable to stir an inch. We have been in that situation more than once. But there is pleasure in waking and finding that "lo! it was but a dream." Not to physical exploits only have our dreamy seeds been confined. We have done "upwards of considerable" in the intellectual. We have electrified vast audiences with our eloquence, in a way that would have quite astonished Tully and him who shook the arsenal" to boot. Though no one will accuse us of being a poet in our waking hours, yet in our dreams we have ridden Pegasus natively, without curb or saddle, but with mighty long spurs; and have drunk whole bucket-fuls of Castalia's inspiring fountain. With the readiest ease and celerity have we composed poems, more gorgeous and splendid than the description of that "sunny pleasure-dome with

caves of ice," which Kubla Khan decreed in Xanadu; but unlike Coleridge, we never had the knack of writing them down when we waked. That "vague and dim recollection," which we are told came upon him before he had time to write out the whole poem he had dreamed, always came upon us at the very instant we were rubbing our eyes; and we could never recollect the first line when we were sufficiently awake to get our pen and paper.

As a general thing, we believe there is pleasure in dreaming; unless, perchance, you eat hot waffles the last thing before retiring to rest, or rather to unrest, as it usually proves in that case. We do not say that there is no pleasure in sleeping without being conscious of dreaming; but we think we don't know very much about it at the time. In this very thing, however, the pleasure perhaps lies. Ignorance, the poet would have us infer, is sometimes bliss.

"And if ignorance be indeed a bliss,  
What blessed ignorance equals this,  
To sleep, *and not to know it!*"

But to one with a light stomach, a clear head, and a quiet conscience, dreams come like visitants from the spirit-land, hovering over and whispering with sweet ethereal voices in his ear. Like so many little "dainty Ariels," they love to flit around his pillow, and with their airy music soothe and charm his soul. They love to unfold to his enchanted sight, more beautiful and glorious prospects than the waking eye is able to behold. They cheer the hapless sons of want with golden visions. They picture to the wan and emaciated victim of disease the green fields and the shady groves, where in health he used to walk and sport with his mates, and make him again as blithe of limb and strong of frame, as in those by-gone days.

But day-dreams we most especially affect; those sweet and delicious reveries in which we love to indulge; when the soul seems freed from its prison-house of clay, and roves abroad unfettered and unconfin'd by the matter-of-fact world surrounding us. We love to yield to that pleasing unconsciousness of present and material things, and revel for awhile in the bright worlds which fancy forms and peoples for itself. Tell us not, ye cold and abstruse reasoners in Mental Philosophy,—ye double-distilled essences and concentrated quintessences of pure intellect,—that the habit of revery is dangerous. Tell us not that it will give a distaste for all useful and necessary pursuits, and unfit one for the daily duties of life's sterner work. Tell us not that in time this habit will gain supreme control over us, and that we can then derive no pleasure from objects as they really exist; that we cannot descend from the airy and giddy ideal where fancy has borne us, to the groveling pursuits of this lower earth, without being dissatisfied and disgusted with our lot. Such may be the effect upon some minds; but those are too weak and inefficient to be fit for any thing else. There are very few injured by an occasional revery, save those who are void of power to think, and energy to do the deeds of men. Deprive us not, then, of this delicious enjoyment. When oppressed with

harassing toils and vexed with carking cares, it will 'revive our sinking energies, and give us new life and spirit. When troubles come, and the heart groweth weary and sick of the world, it will be our sweet, and soothing antidote. These reveries are a sort of relaxation to the mind, which enables it to return to its active employments with renewed vigor.

Day-dreams are sources of unalloyed pleasure, whatever may be said of their usefulness ; and we have no mind to throw away pleasure entirely, which is to be had so easily. It is a commodity you can get for nothing, and no charges for delivery ; which is more than can be said of most of our gratifications. Hail then, ye welcome visitants ! Come with your troop of fairy forms, all flitting round my head, as bright and beautiful as that curling wreath of smoke, which gently floateth upward, now melteth into air. But softly ; we have betrayed ourselves. We did not mean to have it known we ever indulged in the weed, and have tried to keep it under the rose ; though we fear we have been sometimes *suspected*. We own it manfully, and stand convicted by our own confession.

" I love it, I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving" a good cigar?

Shade of Sir Walter Raleigh ! Couldst thou revisit this earth and take a flying trip through every civilized country, how wouldst thou be elated to behold the influence thou hast exerted on the human race ! Faust, with his boasted invention of printing, could hardly be compared with thee ! Though a thousand steam-presses are throwing off their reeking volumes to supply the demand of the reading public, yet volumes of smoke more fragrant than the spicy breeze of Araby, are daily ascending as incense to thee ! A quaint old writer, who went out in one of Raleigh's ill-fated expeditions, thus discourseth on the plant. " There is an herb, which is sowed apart by itself, and is called by the inhabitants yppouoc. The Spaniards generally call it tobacco. The leaves thereof being dried, they use to take the fume or smoke thereof by sucking it through pipes into their stomach and head, from whence it purgeth superfluous fleame and other gross humors, and openeth all the pores and passages of the body ; by which means the use thereof not only preserveth it from obstructions, but also, if any be, in short time breaketh them ; whereby their bodies are *notably preserved in health*. We ourselves, during the time we were there, used to suck it in the same manner, as also since our return, and have found many rare and wonderful experiences of its virtues, of which the relation would require a volume of itself."—Ay, and *we* do also "suck" it. However, as Lamb said in a letter, we "design to give up smoking, but have not yet fixed on the equivalent vice." One thing is certain ; we shall never take the "*quid pro quo*," as he says—for chewing we do eschew and abominate most heartily. We have no wish to share the condemnation of those who "roll sin as a sweet morsel under the tongue ;" which last expression clergymen pretty generally give as a quotation from Scripture, though we never could find any thing of it

in our edition. When taken in that way only, can it be properly called "filth of the mouth." Of smoking sinners we had rather be with St. Paul, the chief, than yield to the other vice. We prefer to see our sin in the form of a delicious, delicately tapering roll; and when it wasteth and consumeth slowly away before our eyes, we have the happy consciousness of obeying the injunction,—to "*purge it with fire.*"

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Again have we thrown ourself into the old arm-chair in that especial corner of ours, (we *have* a corner, dear reader, wherein we sit when we wish our pleasantest fancies to cluster round us,) and indulged in another revery. The glorious dreams of the future—those airy castles of the imagination—though they burst as quickly as the bright and gorgeous bubbles we used to blow and send dancing off in the sunbeams, are still enchantingly beautiful while they last. They have at this time given way to the recollections of the past. Visions of our boyhood scenes have been floating before the mind. Cheerful and sunny hours, when the spirits were light and the heart bounded like the cork from a Champaigne bottle; would that ye might come again! Days of sportive and careless childhood, when tears were chased away by mirth, and the "bitter shower that sorrow sheds" had never gushed from our eyes—ye are gone forever!

Commend me to one of those good, old-fashioned, time-honored, New England sort of things, yclept "district schools," as a place to learn laughter on the "high-pressure" system. Pen up forty or fifty reckless boys and fun-loving girls in one small square room, with seats arranged round on all sides and the teacher in the centre, for the express purpose of allowing one half of the school to play pranks behind his back while his attention is directed to the other half—which makes a very desirable and instructive contrast—and if you don't find frolic, we have no correct apprehension of the term. In such a place have we passed our merriest hours. There we traded jack-knives, and gambled with pins "heads and pints." There we learned our first rudiments in marksmanship with the pop-gun. There we loaded the master's pipe with powder, (the liberal and christian custom of allowing a teacher to smoke in school after dinner, was in vogue then,) and watched him as he tilted back in his chair, whiffing away with the utmost gravity and complacency while the "first class" were reading, till an unexpected volume of smoke, with a sprinkling of flame and a little louder *puff* than usual, caused him to elevate his inferior extremities in a way decidedly inelegant, and to test the consistency of the posterior portion of his cranium upon the spacious stone hearth before the fire. It was in such a place that we learned to laugh at any thing and every thing, save "old age and religion."

But when the master began to pick up his books, as he was wont just before closing school, and consign them to his drawer in the old oaken and battered table, every foot would be ready for a spring over the desk, and every voice for a shout that Stentor might have envied.

Joyously the whole troop sallied forth; in winter to our snow-forts and skating-ground,—in summer to the flowery fields, to chase the fairy butterfly, or catch some vagrant bee in our cap and whirl him round the head, till he was practically instructed in the doctrine of the centripetal and centrifugal forces. But oh! the burst of glee with which we hailed our Saturday holidays. With a pin tortured into a shape analogous to that of a fish-hook, a bit of twine, and a rod cut from the first clump of bushes, would we trudge gaily along by the side of the streams, and—frighten the fishes. If we caught one, it was a theme of boasting for the next month. Never till our dying day shall we forget our intense excitement and delight in taking our first trout. Gazing on the golden-spotted thing of beauty, as it lay gasping on the grass at our feet, the spirit mounted within us, and we felt—the man. We have caught hundreds since, but that eager glowing pleasure never came again with its first intensity.

It alters the case materially to be a teacher in such a school as we have described, whereof we have had some little experience. It is not very pleasant, nor calculated to soothe one's ruffled feelings very much, to have the back of your head pelted with white beans and hickory-nuts, while you are flogging a huge, two-fisted, cow-hide-booted lad of sixteen for a like offence. Nor when you make a spring at some new transgressor on the "back seat," is it particularly agreeable or encouraging to stumble over some half-dozen little urchins in petticoats, sent there for the sole purpose of being "out of their mothers' way," and thus be brought up, or rather down, on all-fours, to the infinite diversion of the whole school. We once visited a friend who was engaged in this delightful occupation, and, looking over his books, we discovered in one of them a half-sheet, scribbled over with something whereof each line began with a capital, showing, it was meant for verse. On closer examination, it proved to be a villainous parody of those exquisite verses, which Cowper has "put into the mouth" of that lonely, ship-wrecked sojourner on the island of Juan Fernandez. It was thus headed: "Verses supposed to be written by a poor-devil-student away from college, during his engagement in a district school." We give the first stanza.

I am master of all I survey,  
 My right not a boy dare dispute;  
 From the table all round o'er the seats,  
 I am lord of the dunce and the dolt.  
 O school-teaching! where are the charms  
 That others have seen in thy face?  
 Better dwell in a Bedlam's alarms,  
 Than reign in this scull-pounding place.

We have more of the same, but—"nuff said." In mercy we forbear.

We are not going to descant at large on the charms of the budding and opening Spring, as is usual at this time. In sooth, we are not particularly enraptured with the season, taking it "for all in all." We are then periodically visited with our portion of the "ills that flesh is heir to," in the shape of colds, agues, and that execrable pain in the masticatory organs, which Burns, with more truth than propriety of expression, calls the "hell o' a' diseases." Ay, we can well say with him,—

"My curse upon thy venom'd stang,  
That shoots my tortured gums along;  
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,  
Wi' gnawing vengeance;  
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,  
Like racking engines!"

If we affect any of the vernal period, it is only the pleasant days of the "merry month of May." There is some little pleasure in a country excursion then. A poet in another institution thus rhapsodizes.

"'Tis wondrous fine, I calculate,  
To sit upon an oak;  
And hear ten thousand bull-frogs join  
In one almighty croak!"

"Jam satis." Enough already! A pleasant vacation to you, brethren, one and all; and plenty of laughing and bright-eyed cousins to kiss and flirt with. They are just the creatures for kissing. You don't have to bite it off and dodge back before you have fairly tasted it, for fear of a tingle in your ear; but they will allow you to take it in "link-ed-sweet-ness-long-drawn-out," as the man said of his canine sausages. Kind reader, fare thee well!

TO ——. A REPLY.

Roguish Eros gave his bow  
Into a lady's hand,  
And pressed her fingers, white as snow,  
Upon the silken strand:

Then playfully the lady drew  
The arrow to its head;  
With *careless* aim, but all too true,  
That fatal arrow sped:

And now it rankles in my breast,  
And with my blood 't is warm;  
Ah! who hath robbed me of my rest?  
Ah! who shall heal my harm?

*They* say, who've *seen* the little hand  
That wrought me all this wo,  
The loveliest lady in the land  
Is she who twang'd the bow:

She's kind, they say, as she is fair,  
And generous as she's pure:—  
Wilt answer my *unspoken prayer*,  
And, Lady, work my cure?

## NAMES.

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose,  
By any other name would smell as sweet."

SUCH was the language of Shakspeare's Juliet. And Shakspeare seems to us to have exercised all his usual prudence, in ascribing this, at best doubtful sentiment, to Juliet. Juliet, as he painted her, was a love-sick damsel, lamenting that so trivial a circumstance, as the name of her lover, should be the only great barrier to their union. She was sighing with all love's *fureur*, in anticipation of the stern refusal, which that haughty Capulet, her father, would make to an alliance with the house of Montague. In the full phrenzy of her passion she cried,—  
"T is but thy name, that is my enemy ; \* \* \* What's in a name ? \* \* \* O ! Romeo, doff thy name ; and for that name, which is no part of thee, take all myself."

With due deference now to Shakspeare's almost inspired knowledge of human nature, we are willing to admit the entire appropriateness of such a speech to a maiden of Juliet's years and in Juliet's circumstances. But separate from her, or as a sentiment by itself, her words were grossly false. Nor can we believe, knowing the general wisdom and learning of the ladies of Shakspeare's days, that even this beauty of "fair Verona," Juliet herself would, in a less excited mood, have given to such thoughts utterance. Indeed, but a moment previous she had eloquently declared the importance of a name. "What's in a name?" There's every thing. There's wealth and friends and power. Our world itself is but a mass of names, and from these very names derives its value. "What's in a name?" Go, ask that pale and care-worn author, uprooting in his agonies the few hairs that straggle on his thinly-covered temples, in search among them, as it would seem, of a title for his unpublished papers. Let him repeat to you with ready memory, the thousand and ten thousand books consigned to hopeless obloquy by their ill-chosen names ; and in the face of such testimony as this, be still a disbeliever, if you can, of the mighty value of a name. In truth, we know not but that this choice of name may be the most difficult of all the author's tasks. Dickens, whom all of us, as much as we may censure or lament his injudicious attack upon America and Americans, are still ready to admit to be possessed of great and peculiar talents, has been singularly happy in the choice of names for his books and his characters, and if we think aright, to this may owe not a little of his wide-spread popularity. We cannot by any possibility explain in what the charm consists ; but there is for us "magic in the sounds" of Weller, or Pickwick, or Tupman, or Snodgrass, or Winkle. The very names of these immortal, personages, (and that they are or rather shall be immortal, there can be no manner of doubt ; for in what reader's mind we would ask can their memory ever die ?) their very names we say speak, and explain their several distinct characters. And



not alone in the "Pickwick Papers," but, in like manner, in any of the other equally meritorious works of Mr. Dickens, we shall find the same pleasant feature as prominent. One of our own countrymen too, Washington Irving, to whom we need apply no complimentary epithet, possesses in an equal degree the same happy talent.

Who, that has ears, has never taken delight in pronouncing again and again, for his own gratification, the expressive and euphonious appellations given to our lakes, our rivers, and our lands, by the poor and simple Indians? We have often wondered at that strange, and to us almost unaccountable taste, which apparently can prefer the harsh sounds of our own language, to the soft and musical names in the Indian. And in our speculations on the matter, we have often asked ourselves, could it have been Taste which wrought the change? Ah! no, it was something else. Perhaps it was, that the first settlers of our country, who made these lamentable changes, who possessed these singular preferences, to their shame be it spoken! wished to destroy every memento of that once noble race, who were the innocent victims of their treachery and their cruelty. But heaven be praised, the attempt was vain. "Their name is on our waters, and we cannot wash it out."

The fault lies not so much in the world's *theory* upon this point of names, as in the world's *practice*. Most men, when fairly tested, will acknowledge to the full extent all that we may urge upon the importance and the beauty of a name; nay more, discontent perchance with acknowledgment alone, may even so far forget themselves as for a moment to grow rapturous, and throw off their little temporary enthusiasm in a few stanzas of very loving poetry. Most men we have said, for we would not include in our remark that sweet-tempered class of men, who blessed themselves with ill-starred names, would insist that there is nothing especial in a name. That one name is, "as fair, or doth become the mouth as well, or is as heavy," as another. Who would tell us, in their zeal, that a Wiggins could have led to victory, as successfully as a Washington, and could have lived as green and glorious in the hearts of his countrymen? Poor misguided men! we pity them.

But it is the world's practice that is wrong. A bad divine, it follows not its own preaching. We have often been amazed, as we have followed with our eyes the young couple, the father and the mother, as up the long church-aisle they bore in a very graceful or very graceless manner, to the baptismal font, their first-born child, the centre of their future hopes, perhaps their future joy, we have often been amazed, we repeat, at the impudence, the effrontery, the shamelessness with which they would brand their boy with a bad, ill-omened name. Again and again, in our amazement, we have tried to divine their reason for the name. Was it a suggestion of their *double* tastes? Could it be such? Could *two* persons be so much at fault in taste as this? Or was it an involuntary exhibition, a violent out-burst of the glowing patriotic feelings, that throbbed the parents' breasts; a slight tribute which they would thus pay, by the adoption of his name for their heir, to one of those heroes of their adoration who had fought and died, ay, possibly, and bled in their country's cause? Oh! ill-directed patriotism! Appear,

ye modern Cæsars, ye Catos, and ye Bonapartes, and tell what mill-stones to your necks, these mighty names have been! And is it religious zeal, that impels them again to the choice of an odd Scripture name or two for their offspring? Oh! how much better for the cause they love, were such zeal differently displayed, in christian benevolence and christian charity, perhaps. And yet the reason, which we are in search of, may be none of these. It may be, and probably in most cases is sheer thoughtlessness. Parents little think, at the altar, of the future importance of good or bad names to their children. They are willing to load them with one, two, three, or four, as their whims suggest, to the utter disregard of taste, euphony, sense, ay, every thing, for "What's in a name"? Ah! what a load has that poor knight to bear, whose parents dubbed him "N. Bonaparte Smith"! How much better than all these far-sought, high-sounding epithets, are the plain and common christian names in daily use! Would that the world might think and act so. But a truce to this trifling. Reader, Adieu.

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#### ELOQUENCE.

FASHIONABLE as it has been of late years to decry eloquence, we are glad to believe that a better opinion of its true worth is rapidly gaining ground. Men have become convinced that it is something more than an empty sound—"a trick of the schools." Strange that such an idea of it should ever have been entertained! Strange that men of broad and enlightened views should ever have formed a contemptible opinion of this noble and desirable acquirement! Strange, too, that while the power of close and vigorous thought has always been considered of the highest importance, so little attention has been given to what is of equal importance—the *power of expressing* that thought, in a clear, forceful; and pleasing manner!

Eloquence, what is it? What is that power by which one mind may enchain ten thousand others, and hold men "fixed and motionless," as by a spell? What is it, which sends the blood shivering along its courses; which makes the heart leap, and the eye sparkle with intensest lustre? What is it, which sways with such a potent influence assembled multitudes; which hushes to a sudden calm the waves of contending passion, and anon lashes them into a tenfold fury? It is eloquence, we know; but it is easier to feel than describe it. All who have listened to an eloquent man; who have watched the speaker's countenance as the workings of his soul were successively pictured there; who have marked the lightning of his eye, and caught the words as they fell hot and glowing from his lips; all these have felt its influence. They could not, perhaps, define their emotions; they could not tell what it was that produced the impression upon them. It might not have been the intonations of the voice—it might not have been any peculiarity of manner or gesture; but something had fixed their atten-

tion, and wrought up their minds to the highest pitch of excitement. We are often truly told, that the great secret of the power lies in this: the speaker himself first possesses that deep feeling, that lively interest in his subject, which he wishes to awaken in his auditors. Without this, he will produce little more effect than a marble statue. Let his tones be ever so rich and well-varied, let his action be ever so graceful; unless his own sympathies are deeply enlisted in his cause, there will be no eloquence. There is no such thing as acquiring it by study and practice merely: one may thus become a ready, fluent speaker, but without the grand requisite before mentioned, he will not be eloquent, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. When, and only when, he has a warm and earnest interest in his subject—when the sentiments he would enforce on others have been drawn from the depths of his own soul—when his thoughts come crowding thick and fast in the intensity of his own feelings; then are witnessed the highest exhibitions of eloquence.

We would not overrate the importance of eloquence; but when we recollect the weariness with which we have endured the dull and spiritless efforts of some of our public speakers, and the intense pleasure we have felt in listening to others, we cannot help feeling that eloquence has no little importance. Were it of no farther use than to contribute to the rational enjoyment of mankind, its value would still be great. The man who adds to the real happiness of his fellows, does not live in vain. The eloquent man is that one. As he rises to address an intelligent assembly, every breath is hushed, every countenance beams with eager expectation, every eye is fixed on that single form, as it stands erect before them. The first tones of his voice fall like a charm on every ear; and as he proceeds, his soul warming and rising with his subject, thrill after thrill of delight runs like an electric spark through all his audience. At some more than wonted burst of eloquence, every face is lighted up, and every eye is sparkling with pleasure. As he touches some sympathetic cord, as he calls up some stirring association, every heart glows with fiery feeling; and thus he goes on, "wielding at will" the whole assemblage, till, at his close, one general burst of applause breaks from every lip, and all go away with a feeling of satisfaction that they have been there. Say not the eloquent man is of little importance to society.

What is the true aim of eloquence? It is to impress truth with greater power on the minds of men. In truth's grand conflict against error, should it ever be enlisted. In behalf of injured and suffering humanity, should it ever be heard. Our state of society is such, that there are always opportunities for its exercise, in enforcing correct sentiments and moulding public opinion. It may be instrumental in creating a thirst for knowledge—political, moral, and scientific. Not only should it be found in the pulpit and at the bar, but in the public lyceum and lecture room, and wherever men may gather for instruction. But truth, it may be said, stands in no need of such an auxiliary. It is of itself powerful. It is of itself attractive. It needs not this gaudy drapery of words, this glittering tinsel of ornament, to secure

it a ready reception. It needs no meretricious finery—no daubing with *rouge*—to give it grace and beauty. But that truth is rendered more attractive when united with eloquence, all the experience of the past has taught us. Truth will come forth in some dress or other, and if not clothed with the graces of speech, it is very apt to appear in the other extreme of roughness and uncouthness. Eloquence, we maintain, is the natural garb of truth. When thus arrayed, it becomes doubly attractive. If we despise and cast it aside, we rob truth of half its charms. We shall then too often find, that unsightly and loathsome error, creeping into the garb we have spurned away, will rather find favor in the eyes of men, and draw them over to its standard. What if truth is powerful? The rough and shapeless block of marble is strong, just hewn from the quarry; but who would use it in that state to decorate the front of an edifice? The chisel must first do its work; and it rises a chaste, beautiful, and symmetrical column.

The importance of eloquence is too little felt by professional men. Though the pulpit and the bar are considered its peculiar field, not one man in twenty who engage in professional life, can be called truly eloquent. There is enough, in both professions, to make almost any one eloquent, who possesses ordinary powers. At the bar, men are thrown upon the arena of strife; they are brought into collision with each other; their energies are roused, their sleeping faculties awakened, and the whole man summoned up to the conflict. The weapons of argument—the keen retort and cutting sarcasm—are sharpened to a tenfold degree. This struggle for the mastery of an opponent—this grapple of mind with mind, develops powers in a wonderful manner. Bright sparks of genius and eloquence are struck out by the collision. The nature of the preacher's subject, the great interests which he sets forth, are enough to make every one who feels them eloquent. It is essential to his success. Why was Whitefield so successful a preacher? It was that burning eloquence of his, those lips, touched by a "live coal" from Heaven's altar, that made him the man he was. Other preachers may have had as deep and sincere piety, who have produced little effect. Take one other instance. Massillon, the great French preacher, was one of those who had broken loose from the ordinary trammels of pulpit speaking. He always made preparation, but never read written sermons. We are told that his thoughts seemed to occur on the instant, and kindle into language. Such was the effect he produced, that one describing it thus remarks: "The theatre was forsaken while the church was crowded; the court forgot their amusements to attend the preacher; and his spirit-controlling accents drew the monarch from his throne to his feet, stopped the impetuous stream of dissipation, and compelled the mocking world to listen." It is sometimes said, that the pulpit is not the proper place for eloquence—that the great interests of religion are little aided by the excitement of men's passions. The eloquence of the pulpit, we know, is often abused. We wish not to see one kind of eloquence there, which is sometimes exhibited. We wish to see no foppish, affected graces there. Aye, we have seen men in the sacred desk, "playing such fantastic tricks before

high heaven, as would make angels weep." Let sacred eloquence be appropriate to the important truths with which it deals ; otherwise, it cannot accomplish the object which it should ever have in view.

### A TRIP TO THE SHOALS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, every body knows, is the Switzerland of America : but that, with only eighteen miles of sea-coast, she possesses one of the finest harbors in the world, and a shore unsurpassed in wildness and beauty, is not, perhaps, so notorious. Forsaking, then, the beaten paths, that wind among her mountain scenes, let us stroll together by her sea-side and launch upon the adjacent waters. Peradventure we may glean some stray shells, to lay on the shelf of memory—something to please and amuse us.

Come with me, then, to the staid old town of Hampton. Its old-fashioned people, superannuated geese and antiquated, square-pewed meeting-house, with pulpit and sounding-board like a wine-glass under a saucer,—these and many other fingers, pointing to the past, will tickle such of you as are haters of innovations ; meanwhile the lovers of improvement may find consolation in the painted fence, and new raised side-walk, that bound the park-like street. And yet, the paint is to preserve the same old railing ; the side-walk, a concession extorted by thin-shod visitors. The good towns-people still walk, as their fathers did, in cow-paths and cart-tracks, brushing, with well-greased cow-hide, the morning dew from the gossamer spider's web. In their view, a side-walk is neither beautiful nor useful ; but, what is worse than all, it is a sad encroachment on the common geese-pasture.

In this old-fashioned neighborhood I would leave all sticklers for the good old ways. Once settled down in the country inn, they need fear no innovation to stir the dust of antiquity about their ears, for many a year to come. But the rest, who believe in the advancement of society, and wish to enjoy it, improved by a century of progress, will come with me to the other end of the town. Ten minutes ride through the shaded street, round the corner and over the marsh, has brought us into a new world,—to a fashionable watering place. On and around a projecting head-land, very appropriately cyleped "Great Boar's Head," are clustered three or four "Hotels." Bowling Alleys, Baths, Swings, Horse sheds and all the appurtenances of such comfortable establishments, are grouped around in beautiful disorder. Arrived at the apex of the Head, we enter the King of Hotels, and look about for comfort. It must be found in apartments, spacious, airy and almost unfurnished, save with living chattels, noisy children, mothers, maids and nurses. The Register lies open on the stand, and the officious landlord tenders us the pen. Here are names of all degrees in length and title, and in the margin, under "Remarks," all sorts of Sayings, Epigrams, and Sentiments. "An Elegy on the Death of a Goose," penned by some

fair hand, we must read. It is valuable, as throwing light on the manners and customs of the natives. If there is any thing remarkable about them, it is their love and respect for geese. They keep their streets full of them, and always give them the road, in passing. The "Elegy" seems to intimate that strangers are not always so accommodating.

"The mournful fate of this poor Goose  
Good people all lament;  
Whose only fault it was to choose,  
The way a parson went.

"Now Geese on foot, wher'er you stalk,  
Pray, take this warning kind;  
And when with *mounted* Geese you walk,  
Be sure to go behind.

While we have been pondering the fearful tragedy, which cut off this unoffending biped in the midst of his days, and occasioned this affecting tribute to his memory, movements have been going on about us, betokening something of unusual interest. Troops of gaily dressed and smiling maidens,—attending swains in ecstasy,—are issuing from the idle hives. "We are going to the Shoals, sir; won't you go with us?" She is a pretty school-girl, and, for a wonder, has no brother, cousin, none to stand her cavalier. I have nothing else to do—I shall do nothing else. When I come back, you shall have the story of the trip.

At anchor, off the snout of Great Boar's Head, that sunny August morning, you might plainly see a little flat-bottomed sloop, looking, for all the world, like a swill-tub for the aforesaid snout. Whatever may have been her original design, she had now a responsible office to perform. Her deck had been newly scoured, and all traces of her former occupation (if such as we conjectured) had been carefully removed. She was fast receiving her living cargo, from the fishing-boats that formed her communication with the shore.

Reader, wert thou ever on the rolling deep? didst ever know the bliss of feeling as though you wanted to, when you couldn't; and then have the satisfaction of doing it, when you'd rather not? then canst thou imagine much, that cannot be described. The short passage, in the rollicking little boat, has done wonders. Faces long and white, give outward form to qualms and twinges, more deeply seated. Scarce one can set foot firmly on the deck; for, in each mind's eye, there is something to step over, and disappointment, grievous to bear up under, follows every lofty step. Disappointed thus, at the very outset, many would return; but our boatmen, like Charon, carry freight only one way. What a prospect for a pleasure excursion! All sick of their fun before setting out.

But as none returned to tell the tale, the unsuspecting victims continued to press on, until there was no longer room to receive them. More than three score of human beings were thus huddled together in this little coaster, ere all hands were mustered to get under weigh. With a vast deal of heaving and tugging, on the part of all hands,

(three men and a boy, including skipper and cook,) the anchor came to the head, the clumsy boom swung round, and our tub began to move through the water.

Man is, more or less, the creature of circumstances. While our vessel lay, sluggishly rolling with every wave, leaning lazily on her anchor, we were listless, too; the general apathy was broken in upon, only when some luckless wight, more desperate than the rest, would charge for the rail, to amuse himself with, what Major Jones calls, "cascading it into the sea." But, now, all is motion, in the right way. The little coaster skips merrily on, close-hauled and every thing drawing. Adieu, to the prosy land. She is bounding into the very region of poetry, alive with happy hearts, all impatient for the ocean's romance. The cooling breeze draws its keen edge across our faces; our breath springs out to meet it; our hearts bound; our tongues are loosed; we are full of life and happiness.

I say *we*. Perhaps you would like to know a little more about us. The gentleman in rusty black is an enthusiast; no wild, erratic genius, either; but a sober, reasonable enthusiast. He is going to the Shoals not for pleasure; he pursues nothing so undefined and fleeting. He seeks the good of his fellow-men. We are to leave him on the Islands, with his store of Tracts and Bibles and instruction, for the poor neglected fishermen. He says he will stay and preach to them, a while, and then go where he can do more good. In this way, they tell us, he spends his time and substance, going about doing good. Surely he is an enthusiast. His companion, *pro tem.*, is quite another sort of a person. There is a general look of benevolence about them both; but, farther than this, they do not resemble each other. The missionary has energy in his face and frame; his companion is rather a man of *weight*. He considers this a tolerable sort of a world to live in, if one has mind to take it easy. You would know him for a country parson. He is here, because there is no particular need of him elsewhere; and, incidentally, he is having a good time, and taking care of a small detachment of his flock. Of course, he is provided with an umbrella, a couple of lemons, and a powerful smelling-bottle. So much for our clergy. I am very happy to be able to present them to you; for, it is always well, on such excursions, to have two or three professedly good men along; they are indispensable in cases of emergency. They are not, therefore, out of place, at all. The larger portion of our party holds the profession in special estimation. Most of us are taking measures, calculated to put their services in requisition. Indeed, you will rarely find an unmarried lady, arrived at the age of discretion, who does not entertain the profoundest reverence for the minister. Wife-seekers, too, generally evince for him a transitory respect. That our party consists mainly of such, marriageable ladies with their counter-parts of the other sex, is plain to be seen. The prevailing air of affectation shows it. Unable to reach the chief end of their being in the way nature marked out for them, they are determined to strike out a new path, that will lead them straight to matrimony. See that portly farmer's daughter, trying to languish down to

the taste of the exquisite little specimen of citydom, in her shadow ! And mark, how gallantly he sports the little affectation of a moustache ; with what a pompous air he peeps over his standing collar ; how firmly he holds the deck in its place, with his inflexible cane ! " My dear, I am apprehensive that this air will prove too much for you ; allow me to assist you to the cabin." Let them pass. They will make a match of it, if mutual accommodation can effect any thing.

There is more naturalness about yonder group of youngsters. 'The squeamishness of some has put the rest in the way of a little rational amusement. Such glowing encomiums on pandowdy and pumpkin-pie ! Such affectionate mention of clam-chowder, roast-veal and baked-beans ! no wonder the gathering is rapidly dispersed.

Making observations such as these, I have wasted a full-grown hour, and wearied the patience of an invalid friend below. But I cannot go down, just now ; that side view is enough to make a man forget a score of friends. She is leaning gracefully over the rail, apparently absorbed in gloomy revery, her eyes bent upon the billows as they sink beneath the advancing prow. She is very beautiful, and she is all alone. The spray of the surging wave floats high, to kiss her velvet cheek ; the wanton breezes play among her loosened tresses, and battle with the envious little hat, that would hide her classic head ; yet there is no watchful friend or lover by, to see to it that the winds and waves do not visit her too roughly. 'The young and fair are not often thus forsaken ; the veriest stranger would presume to console such loveliness, so sad and lonely. I was always a bashful youth ; but now, inspired with unwonted courage, I resolved to warn this frail creature of her danger, though I might not hope to alleviate her sorrow. " I fear, my friend, that you are exposing yourself too far ; this damp wind may give you a cold." She turned her pensive face, with a startled look, as though surprised at my abruptness ; then, resuming her own queenly dignity, she replied : " I don't care ; I'd as lief die one way as t'other ; marm is so plaguy cross, there's no living with her ; she—" [ I did not hear any more, for I thought it my duty to go immediately to my friend in the cabin.

When I ventured to appear again on deck, how changed, and how beautiful the panorama around us ! we were in the very midst of the islands—seven huge granite rocks emergent from the ocean plain. On our left, (speaking after the manner of landmen,) loomed the beacon of these dangerous shoals. Isolated on its foundation rock, it is girt about with breakers, and wholly unapproachable in stormy weather. They tell a horrid tale of the starvation of an ill-starred keeper there.

The lonely light-house passed, on our other hand we were gladdened with the sight of an island's population, come down in a body, to greet us as we glided by. There they stood, full three and twenty souls ; and such cheering ! such waving and fluttering of light-colored drapery !—I cannot say white handkerchiefs ; form and size forbid ; but the articles they used answered the purpose quite as well.

We stood steadily on toward Star-Island, with its village and meeting-house in view. From every cove and cranny in the rocks, was



creeping a fishing-smack, bringing its red-shirted owner out to bid us welcome. Piloted to a sheltered spot, our gallant ship dropped anchor in the midst of the whole fleet. The tide happened to be out just then, and was not expected in for some hours. Here then, was a fix. We must either return without a nearer view of this land of promise, and hungry, into the bargain, or run the risk of broken bones and soiled garments, in a scramble over the slimy rocks. Curiosity and hunger were more than a match for fear, in the breasts of nearly half the company. All, however, did not act as inclination prompted, for no one was absolutely independent. Many a gallant fellow was constrained to stay, while our city friend departed, sorely against his will.

The space from the sloop to the rocks was soon got over; but no description can do justice to the anabasis from thence; you must imagine the toils and dangers of that weary journey, the little slips and accidents so laughable and provoking, the expedients devised to encourage and assist the weaker sex, through that interminable waste of seaweed. More slippery paths frail human virtue never trod. But good-natured perseverance brought us, at length, comparatively safe, to *terra firma*.

And firm enough it was, too—an everlasting granite rock, entirely bare, except in the fissures and hollows, where the deposit was of sufficient depth to sustain a pigmy cabbage-stalk. Had not the same providence, that causes rivers to flow by large towns, surrounded these barren isles with a prolific sea, no living thing could subsist upon them. The natives live almost entirely on the products of the ocean—fish and clams for breakfast, lobsters and fish for dinner, and fish and oysters for supper. All they have and are, is either fish, or something procured in exchange for it. Fish was all they could give us to eat; all they had to show us was fish.

An enterprising angler had caught the genuine sea-serpent, and would exhibit the creature for a few dollars. While our dinner was being prepared, he led us across the island to his humble cot, and, surrounded by the gaping crowd, proceeded to unveil the monstrous creature. The sail that covered it removed, such a serpent as met our gaze! It was a curious animal, indeed; but as nearly related to our idea of his snakeship as is a toad to an alligator. Some of us began to smell a fish-story; but the old salt assured us there was no humbug about it—it was the “genuine critter,”—he had chased it many a time, and he knew it to be the real sea-serpent, though it sometimes went by the name of horse-mackerel. “It’s a very fast-sailing craft, skippin’ along, in and out, and in and out, so’s to look serpentine enough a little ways off; and no wonder folks think it’s a snake.”

From the exhibition we hurried to dinner; and here again I must leave room for your imagination.

“But half our heavy task was done,”

when a messenger arrived with orders to make haste and come on board. A thunder-storm was gathering, and we must get clear of the Shoals before it broke upon us. Fortunately, the tide was so high as

to allow us to take boat at the quay ; and, leaving the good missionary with the Islanders, we were soon embarked again.

A precious half-hour was consumed in trying to weather the rocks and get out, where we came in. Baffled, and forced to take another channel, we were barely outside of the dangerous reef, with every thing snug, when the dreaded squall overtook us.

The incidents that followed are by no means distinctly recollected ; it is all wind and water, noise and motion. We were tossed and buffeted about most mercilessly, till the darkness rendered it no longer safe to suffer it. Then, we came to anchor before a fishing hamlet on the beach, half a league to the leeward of Boar's Head. The fearless seamen, guided by the lightning's glare, shoved their boats through the surf, and came to take us off.

Wearry, wet, shivering and sick, we assembled on the beach that night, a miserable company of disappointed pleasure-seekers. z.

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#### QUALIFICATIONS AND AIMS OF THE HISTORIAN.

READER, can you endure a word upon that everlasting subject of History ? (Here the reader is supposed, with a shudder, to reply, "No Sir." Accordingly the writer proceeds.)

History opens a wide field for investigation, for argument, for illustration, and reflection. It has to do with facts, with cause and effect, with the mysterious workings of Providence. It treats of the developments of human nature, as Philosophy does of the resources and attributes of the material universe. In its widest signification, it embraces all that has been said, or done, or written. It is the only teacher—speaks from the marble, from the canvas, from the mouldering monument—upon every pillar's summit wakens a voice, sweeter than the morning music of Memnon.

The field of History, then, is the world. Who is fitted to enter it as High Priest of its mysteries ? It has been said, by one whose opinions are often adopted, that to be a really great Historian is perhaps the rarest of intellectual accomplishments. If we succeed in showing the requisites of such a character, the reason will appear obvious. It will be seen that nearly every one who has recorded the events of the past—the long line of "illustrious deeds and memorable names," though he has spread out for the good of his race the fruits of unwearied toil, of study and research, has yet failed in some important point to reach the *maximum* in his profession. For example, the Father of History might well be termed also the Father of Fiction. His tales excited interest in a simple and credulous age, and even now are read with admiration ; but, as storehouses of fact, are worthless. The early epic and lyric poems it is of course unfair to judge as Histories. Yet, though traditionary in their character, they were for a considerable period the only form of History. They were

eminently adapted to inspire in the people a reverence for their ancestors, and enkindle the fire of patriotism; but for the furtherance of any thing else than zeal—to temper ardor with knowledge, and to fit for the intricate labors of government, and the duties of private life, they were quite insufficient. The Bard could more easily rouse men to combat an invading foe, than promote the advancement of civilization and refinement. Some modern Historians, on the contrary, though careful to present facts correctly, yet failing to trace results to their causes and to elevate their style to an equality with their subject, have failed, too, to please and instruct.

We think there is, also, an extremity of skepticism as well as of credulity in the Historian. Thus at one time the History of the regal period of Rome was received as of general authenticity. Scholars were blinded by reverence. It was to be expected that a reaction should take place. Still, it may be questioned whether Niebuhr, in rejecting nearly all as fabulous, has not erred as widely as his predecessors, though in an opposite direction. The dim light of tradition is potent to torture truth into wry, fantastic shapes, but it does not always bury it from the view.

It is clear that the governing purpose of the Historian should be to instruct posterity by the example of former ages. In examining some of the duties to be performed as a means to the end, we hope to show, that *perfection* in his work demands a union of *mental vigor* with a *ripe judgment*, of an *active imagination* with an *honest and generous heart*.

The first aim should be to present truth in its own fair proportions. There is not much temptation to falsify when the events are recent and known. The confidence of the reader, so essential to the influence of the writer, may not be thus hazarded with impunity. But in proportion as the veil of oblivion has been thrown over important events, when facts are disputed, or stated upon questionable authority, there is danger that some favorite hypothesis will stand in the way of common honesty. One advocates the theory of popular rule; he finds upon record statements of its utility in ancient states, and shutting his eyes upon proof of its ten thousand defects, virtually fortifies himself and others in an error of his own seeking.

But it is possible even to so present facts, as to do manifest injustice to an individual, or people. Nor is it necessary to this, that the writer studiously conceal public or private virtues. There is a delicate way of impugning the motives, the secret springs of action, of withholding palliating circumstances, that begets infinite evil. The thought is overlooked, that the age and the occasion are often sufficient to justify unusual measures.

Again, the narration must be made attractive by elegance of style and skill in arrangement. The *poem* is not perfect which does not promise to be read through time with undiminished interest, even though, in every other respect, it be beyond the reach of criticism. The same is true of History. An ephemeral History is no History. We have said that the end to be kept in view is instruction; an end

properly attained by appeals to the judgment. But to expect men to read from a sense of duty, or even from any conception of utility, is ridiculous. Plato makes Socrates call men as senseless as children. It is at least clear, that men, like children, are often best instructed by the moral of a well-told tale. The narrative, then, must be made to enkindle the imagination and to arouse the feelings, or general good will be looked for in vain. The Historian must descend to private life. He must present a picturesque view of the whole society—their language and manners and intercourse. A King and his Court should never sit for a portrait of the age.

We will next view the Historian as a Philosopher. In this station his duties are indeed arduous, but his resource is the "experience of time." It is a high attainment to be able to picture the past in natural colors. This would perhaps be sufficient if the reader were also a Philosopher. Most men, however, if they enter the path of truth at all, are to be led into it. We expect therefore of the Historian that useful facts will be referred to their proper causes, and that from cause and effect there shall be deduced safe and valuable theories. He should furnish to the private man some guide for the duties of private life. He must impress upon the political aspirant the duty and expediency of political honesty, and the insecurity of relying upon popular favor. He is also to be the teacher of nations. 'There is in the past a great amount of costly experience of kingdoms and states. It was all dearly bought. For much of it, the most precious, the price of existence was paid. The Historian records, for instance, the fact that 'the ancient Republics, so long as they were controlled by an enlightened and virtuous public sentiment, were secure from the waves of civil discord; that, once losing their powerful guard, they were tossed for a season upon the waves of popular passion, and then engulfed forever.' If he find no exception to these results, he concludes with reason, that 'virtue and intelligence are the proper conservatives of permanent liberty and existence.'

One other duty is incumbent upon the Historian, which perhaps, more than any other, will test the noble qualities of his soul—that he clearly unfold the great truth of "God in History." That like Milton,—

"To the height of his great argument  
He, too, assert eternal Providence,  
And vindicate the ways of God to man."

History should present in one grand view the dealings of God with our race. By his very entrance into the world, man becomes bound to act a part in the great drama of life. The plot is laid and the action directed by an unseen hand. Yet, there is no confusion of characters. Nothing is done that has not its end. Nothing that unites not with all to accomplish the designs of the Great Eternal. The apparent jarings shall work out perfect harmony. Not the slightest action is forgotten. The crowded assembly shall applaud at last the success of infinite skill. We may say here with reverence, what the Prince

of Philosophers said of the first of Poems. There shall then be discovered in the mighty drama "a unity of plan, so perfect, and demonstrating in its structure a beginning, a middle and an end, so admirably marked, measured, proportioned, and articulated together, that there shall be no discordancy, deficiency, or redundancy, in all its extent."

#### EDITORS' TABLE.

We have time barely to notice a part of the recent works, received at the office of the Yale Literary Magazine, during the last month.

1. Thoughts on "Curiosity," by "R." 4to. 13 pp. New Haven, 1846.

This is a very well *written* production. It would make the printers' hearts ("speak in a figger,") leap for joy to see it. But although we would do any thing to make the hearts of those individuals leap, even *figgeratively* speaking, we feel obliged to decline the present opportunity.

2. "There is a Memory of the Heart." A Poem, in 12 Cantos, by "G." 4to. N. Y., Mar. 1846.

The Poem beginnoth thus:

"Tis not a mere endeavor  
Of intellectual power—"

We think it is, sir, at least in the present instance. But do not be discouraged, by any means.

3. "A new Translation of the Third Chapter of Habakkuk, according to the critical suggestions of Gesenius, and other modern Exegetical Writers. With Notes and Explanations," by "Aleph." Folio, 2 pp. Yale Seminary, Dec. 1845.

4. "The Three Eras in National Existence," by "A. B. Z." 4to. 4 pp. New Haven, Apr. 1846.

This work is faulty, both in theory and style. Who, except the author, ever heard of a "crescent *pointing its spire to heaven*?" Listen to the following: "This national leprosy winds through the minutest arteries, and saturates the whole system with putrefaction, whence nothing good can emanate." We beg pardon of the reader for inflicting upon him even this quotation.

5. "A Friend." A Poem, in 4 parts, 4to. New Haven, Mar. '46.

This appears to be a parody on some of Watts' Psalms and Hymns. The author has, however, shown great skill in selecting from several, so that the original has escaped our most diligent search. We would advise the author's friends to restrain him in future.

6-8. Three works, which, as the authors esteemed them more than we did ourselves, we have privately returned. One of these was too dry for the endurance even of the editorial corps. Leon Jack answered the calls for water, until his strength was exhausted, when the club repaired *en masse* to the pump.

By the way, Leon Jack's last pun seems to have produced a decided sensation. We have always supposed that the joke lay in its being unintelligible; but as the public will have it that there is meaning in it, if it could only be found out, we will state that there is a gentleman in North College who gives an explanation, to all who desire it, free, gratis, for nothing. He is a connoisseur in the art of punning, and his explanation is the more valuable, as it is equally unintelligible with the pun itself. We advise the curious to give an early call.

¶ "Aleph," "A. B. Z.," and "R.," will find their communications in the post-office.

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NO. VI.

1846

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

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JUNE, 1846.

(NEW HAVEN.)

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XI.

JUNE, 1846.

No. 6.

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THE STABILITY OF THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

It was in the middle of the fifth century that Hengist and Horsa, with their band of sturdy Saxons, first landed on the shores of Britain, and how vast the change they have effected in her destiny! The fathers of the English race, they infused a new and Saxon energy into the stagnant life-blood of the native Briton, and gave once more to the effeminate slave the erect posture and manly bearing of the free-man.\* They drove back the Scot to his mountain fastnesses, and after struggling through the disorders of the Heptarchy, they founded that kingdom which still honors their memory by the proud name of England. They brought with them from their home in the North the great principles of civil freedom, and having sown them on British soil, they bequeathed them to their descendants, to produce for coming generations the rich harvest of English liberty. They planted the acorn, and, behold, their children sit beneath the shadow of the British oak! The statutes of the great King Alfred are still the basis of the common law of England,—the common law, which, like the element of water, keeps alive every green thing in the world of social happiness, and makes the wilderness of society to bud and blossom as the rose. The Township system of his day is to this hour the glory of our own New England, and, according to that high authority, De Tocqueville, constitutes the very corner-stone of "Democracy in America."

Those subsequent invaders, the Danes and Normans, sprung from the same original stock, and in love with the same free, unfettered life, introduced in their train like principles and similar institutions. The

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\* History informs us, that the immediate result of the Saxon invasion was to reduce the Britons to a still deeper degradation; but as the two nations became amalgamated to form the English race, its ultimate effect was, as we have said, to infuse the Saxon spirit into the natives of the soil, and to form all we so well admire in the Anglo-Saxon character.



Feudal system itself, which entered with William the Conqueror, became the handmaid of freedom, and was for centuries the chief safeguard of the subject against the oppressions of the sovereign. Under its broad shield was Magna Charta wrested from the grasp of the reluctant John. Secured from the fear of punishment by the power it gave them, the rebel barons frequently treated with their king on terms of equality, and extorted at the point of the sword those privileges which constitute at this day the dearest rights of Englishmen: De Montfort died the first martyr in the cause of freedom, and watered with his blood the tree of liberty. The haughty race of Stuart, madly attempting to re-establish absolute power on the ruins of the constitution, and to wrest from the subject his most valued rights, soon found that they had stirred a fever in the Saxon blood, which all the drugs and opiates of royal diplomacy could not alleviate. The nation rose in its might, and hurled the tyrant from his throne, and the imperious Charles discovered too late, that ENGLISHMEN WILL NOT BE SLAVES. The days of the commonwealth evinced the same sturdy Saxon spirit; and the Protector himself, though enthroned in the affections of the people, was forced to behold those who had published scandalous libels upon his government, torn from the hands of the law by a fearless jury. In the revolution of 1688, a second Stuart paid the forfeit of his rashness, and the accession of William the Third introduced a new era in constitutional freedom. Since the commencement of the eighteenth century, and under the mild sway of the House of Hanover, the progress of free principles, although scarcely less rapid than before, has been marked by fewer important crises, and distinguished by fewer great and sudden changes.

Thus we see that the stream of English liberty, from the period of the Saxon invasion down to our own time, has been ever deepening, widening, and receiving accessions from every age and from every reign, until at this day it rolls on with its present majestic flow, until "*life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness*," have become sacred privileges and "*inalienable rights*." That magnificent structure, the British constitution, was, like the church of St. Peter, the work of centuries; and it has at length attained a grandeur and completeness to which forty generations have contributed their labors and their blood. Of the truly Gothic order of governmental architecture, its sublimity inspires the beholder at once with admiration and awe. The parent of our own institutions, we owe to it all the blessings we enjoy under our own free government. As the human form affords the model after which the sculptor shapes his creations of beauty to an ideal perfection, thus by imitating the excellences and avoiding the defects of the British constitution, our noble ancestors have elaborated the matchless perfections of our own, and have almost *realized* the ideal in this favored land. Such is English liberty; such is the rich inheritance of every Englishman, hallowed by the associations of the past, and by the blood so freely shed to secure it, replete with blessings for the present and with hopes for the future. Like the dew of heaven, it distills unnumbered blessings upon the head of the subject.

But in this age of radicalism and of progressive democracy, there is a certain class of men, who, notwithstanding the antiquity, the massive grandeur, the blood-bought freedom of the British government, are prone to indulge in dark forebodings of the future. They can read in the book of destiny nought but destruction and death. Revolution and civil war stare out upon them from every page of England's future history. They can already see the prophetic hand-writing on the wall, "Behold, the glory is departed from thee!" They will point you with exultation to the supposed democratic tendency of all the European states, which is to overturn and overturn, until all the kingdoms of the world shall enjoy the blessings of popular government. They will tell you of a French revolution. They will point you to Switzerland, Belgium, Poland, and Spain, where the uprisings of popular violence have baffled the wisdom, and shivered to atoms the elaborate workmanship of the Holy Alliance; or, if repressed, could only be put down at the point of the sword, and by the utmost exercise of arbitrary power. The leaven of democracy, say they, is even already beginning to work beneath the surface of English society, and will soon extend its influence to every atom of mind in the kingdom. In proof of this, they alledge that the mobs of Birmingham, the disturbances of Scotland, Wales, and Kent, the million of Chartist petitions, the Chartist riots now so common all over England,—all show that she is but a slumbering volcano, and an eruption may break forth at any moment. The Repeal agitation, say they, is destined to shake the British government to its centre, and Ireland will be free, or involve England in her own destruction. The extreme density of her population affords another dark ground of fear; the great problem of the age now is, how to feed the many mouths which are crying for sustenance, and Malthusian barbarities have already been proposed, and even tried, in order to prevent the farther increase of population. These evils, too, are greatly aggravated, say the radicals, by her iniquitous system of Corn Laws, and all her legislation, they tell us, is adjusted to the express purpose of grinding down the faces of the poor. The oppressions and wrongs of the English operative are descanted upon in glowing language. The numberless evils entailed by the Feudal System, say they, still cling to her skirts. Riches and landed property, instead of being distributed among the masses, are all concentrated in the hands of the few. Her immense national debt is a millstone about her neck, which, unless cast off, will sink her in the sea of revolution and anarchy. A fearful catalogue of national sins rises up to call down curses on her head. The blood of oppressed Ireland "crieth from the ground" against her. Her unscrupulous rapacity has become a by-word all over the world. Her Indian enormities will yet demand a fearful retribution. Her Chinese wars and Australian cruelties will yet receive their recompense in blood.

After having thus enumerated all those ominous clouds which overhang the political horizon of Great Britain, men of this stamp, terrified by the phantoms they have conjured up, will whisper in our ears dark prophecies of the future. They tell us the day of retribution is at hand. All the horrors of the French revolution, before a century has passed

away, shall be acted over again on British soil. London shall behold the excesses at which Paris shuddered. Some future George shall meet the untimely fate of Louis the Sixteenth. A political convulsion, like the earthquake which shook Lisbon to the ground, shall engulf all that Englishmen hold most dear. The crown and the peerage shall be alike trampled under foot by an infuriate populace. Such are the views with regard to the fate of the British empire, which are becoming somewhat fashionable in a certain quarter, and which, among politicians of the Democratic school, seem to find especial favor and currency. That these fears are groundless, it shall be our object to show, and that England may yet survive the storms of centuries, perhaps when our own glorious Union is known only in the traditions of the past.

Her insular position, her "wooden walls," her Saxon spirit, present an impregnable barrier against invasion, and afford demonstrative evidence that England can never be conquered. Her danger, if danger she has to fear, is not from without, but from within. Here she may be endangered from two causes—either by the inordinate extension of the royal prerogative, or by having all her conservative institutions broken down, and her limited monarchy converted into a raging democracy. From the first of these influences she has little cause for dread. Compared with most of the European kingdoms, her standing army is small, and it is mostly on service in her distant colonies. The sinews of her strength lie in her navy, a species of force impotent in the service of tyranny, although it has made her queen of the seas and mistress of both oceans. The sovereign, therefore, has it not in his power to overawe either people or parliament by the exhibition of an armed force; while the latter, by refusing to grant supplies, may compel him to submission. But, more than all, the great struggles by which English liberty was won, must remain forever a warning to tyrants. Magna Charta, extorted from the unwilling John, the execution of Charles I, the revolution of 1688, the lives of a Hampden, a Cromwell, and a Vane, all prove that English liberty is placed on too secure a basis to be thus shaken by the crown. The British constitution, therefore, impregnable at every other point, will fall, if fall it must, by the parricidal act of British subjects. A Democracy must rise upon the smoking and blood-stained ruins of time-honored institutions and long-cherished principles. Samson-like, the English people must tear away the pillars of the state, and bring the same destruction on themselves which they draw down on king and parliament. Need we fear that Englishmen will thus in a single day demolish that vast fabric which their ancestors have been centuries in erecting,—that they will blot out the sun from their political heavens, and fill its place with the strange luminary of a lawless democracy? The people of England are eminently conservative. They have little of that enthusiasm, that fiery energy—they have none of that love of change, we had almost said, fickleness, which are so highly characteristic of our own people. Those evils arising from the instability of legislation and rotation in office, from perpetual changes in policy and laws, under which we groan, are scarcely felt or known in the mother-country. From the

restrictions imposed upon the right of suffrage, likewise, the masses of their population are excluded from the ballot-box, and having no opportunity of participating in the affairs of government, no share in the election of their rulers, they have little of that party-spirit which has here risen to such an alarming height. A general election does not there, as here, shake the kingdom from the Orkneys to the Isle of Wight; but after producing something of a tempest in the upper regions of the social atmosphere, it passes away without exciting a single hope or fear in the bosoms of the lower orders. The staid and sober Englishman, therefore, has nothing of that excitability which makes our own countrymen, like the phosphoric match, ready to start into a flame at the slightest friction. Those exciting causes, which in America would well-nigh breed a rebellion, in Great Britain would scarcely draw forth an address to the throne. The Englishman cheerfully bears a load of taxation, which the American would not sustain for an instant; he endures the galling yoke of caste and the factitious distinction of classes almost without a murmur; he suffers the inequality of representation and the deprivation of his civil rights with unshaken loyalty; and under all these burdens, in his horror of republicanism, he felicitates himself upon his happy destiny.

Another revolution like that which, half a century since, desolated France, no country will probably ever again behold. That awful convulsion so shocked and horrified the world, as effectually to prevent its own recurrence. Men had rather endure the worst tyranny, than to have the fountains of the great deep of society broken up, and all they hold most sacred overwhelmed by the deluge of a second French revolution. But if any nation were ever insane enough to reenact these horrors, these bloody scenes *never* could be acted over again upon the soil of England. The English people never could, never can, do such violence to that Saxon spirit which they have inherited from their forefathers. They have not a particle of that visionary character which the philosophy of Voltaire and Rousseau has infused into French liberty, French modes of thought, and a Frenchman's idea of government. The republic of the French jacobins was a distorted, misshapen imitation of the ancient commonwealths, with all of their defects and few of their excellences. It was nearly the embodiment of that idea of the ancient governments, which would be formed by a school-boy from the reading of Plutarch. But English liberty has in it something peculiarly its own. 'Tis no servile imitation of antiquity, but, like the Saxon portion of our mother-tongue, it is derived from the purer fountain of its own individuality. The British constitution bespeaks its purely Saxon origin in its every line and feature. 'Tis no mongrel offspring of antiquated failures, no adopted foundling of the past, no revival of obsolete theories dug from the ruins of Grecian and Roman greatness; but born on English soil, based upon the deepest principles of the English character, and enthroned in the English heart.

It would seem that during the reign of Charles the First, if ever, so great a political convulsion was to be anticipated. Amid the bigotry of fanatical sects raging for supremacy, amid the perjuries and treasons of

the perfidious Charles, amid the festering abuses which were spreading mortification through the body politic,—then, if ever, was England to behold her plains deluged in the blood of her children, and the guillotine glutted with its victims, after the true Parisian mode. But what was the issue? The nation rose in its strength, and after a comparatively bloodless civil war, dethroned the tyrant, and his single life restored tranquillity. All these exciting causes and aggravated abuses scarcely sufficed to produce a revolution at that day; they can never recur again in half their former force. And shall that constitution which has survived the storms of thirteen centuries be prostrated now? The analogy of history, the annals of the past, the Anglo-Saxon character, forbid it.

Her national debt has now become one of the main pillars of the state. Her aristocracy, from the turbulent barons of the reign of John, have become an imperial guard around the throne. The moneyed interest, the middle classes, all who have aught to lose by revolution, are ardent in the support of the constitution as it is. Ages have hallowed it in the memory of Englishmen. Holy associations cluster around every section of the great charter of their liberties, and invest it with a historic grandeur. Every line kindles in the English heart a fire of patriotism, and tells of noble deeds and mighty names. Its fundamental privileges are indissolubly connected with the memory of the illustrious dead, who gave their lives to secure them. Its cardinal principles are consecrated by the great struggles through which it was attained. It has been baptized in the blood of the martyrs of civil liberty. It has been the progressive work of successive generations, to which age after age has brought its votive offering of toil and suffering and tears. English history is but the protracted record of its development; English liberty is but another name for the blessings it bestows. Tell us not, then, that Britons will ever be found base enough to destroy this, their precious birthright,—that they will ever dishonor the memory of their ancestors by hastening the downfall of their glorious constitution, or even by exhibiting too slight an appreciation of its value. In reference to it, “*Esto perpetua*” is their pious prayer; may it be ours.

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#### ON MEMORY.

THERE is an iale! where ling'ring plays  
 The sunlight of those earlier days,  
 When o'er the soul's most sadden'd feeling  
 Some joyous future would be stealing,  
 And every passing moment brought  
 Some rapt'rous sense—some glowing thought—  
 Effacing that which went before,  
 Like waves upon the moonlit shore,

Which come, and die—so quick—so bright—  
That to the wilder'd brain the sight  
Conveys th' idea, from this its seeming,

'Tis but the same wild wave thus beaming.

The breeze may blow, the waves may roll,

That isle is centered in the soul !

Nor tempest's chill can ever tear

The flowers which bloom forever there.

'Tis Memory !

Moments there are ! when we must brood

O'er broken vows in solitude ;

Then, who does not delight to turn

" A tearful eye to Friendship's urn,"

As, through the shades of Time, he traces

Those long-belov'd, " familiar faces,"

Whose fond affections used to cast

A radiant halo o'er the past !

And there are hours ! when earth and sky

Whisper the sad heart mournfully ;

When cheerless as the winter's snow

Were life, did not that light still glow.

For as upon the crumbling pile

The moonbeams rest with sadd'ning smile

So, gently on the heart's decay

Will shine the pure and quiet ray

Of Memory.

The feeling tear ! the crystal gem

Set in the warm heart's diadem,

Were but a cold and senseless thing,

Did it not sparkle from the spring

Of memory. And, dark the mind !

The senses dull ! the soul confined !

" (Did deep Oblivion's stream surround,")

That little consecrated ground,

What feelings were there then to bind

Our social hearts to human kind ?

For who would idly seek to cherish

Joys that he knows must surely perish ?

Like those whose life, as many deem,

Depends upon the sunny beam,

Yet die when in that beam you've laid them,

Destroyed by the same beam that made them.

So would our joyous hours depart,

And leave no incense on the heart—

No Memory.

If there's a music can control

The softer breathings of the soul—

Whose magic chords have power to bare  
 The mysteries recorded there ;  
 It is the deep, the moral tone,  
 Which springs from Memory's Harp alone,  
 When, mingling with its solemn lays,  
 Are voices heard of by-gone days.  
 As o'er the cold and icy lake  
 The winds of Spring their pinions shake—  
 Making that chilly depth to soften,  
 Where they have dipp'd their wings so often ;  
 So will the heart again expand,  
 Touched by that sweet song from the land  
 Of Memory !

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#### WILSON'S "CITY OF THE PLAGUE"

ENTHUSIASM, gentle reader, is one of those subtle things which we trace by suspicion—whose presence is detected by the tinge (*couleur de rose*, in this case, perhaps) that dwells, more or less hidden, wherever it is found : and in sooth, this particular agent of which we speak is a "delicate and most delectable monster," when it lightens up our hopes or joys, and chases the light cloud of sadness from the brilliant vista of youth's future. To those with whom this spirit dwells, there are smiles and energies of which cold philosophy has never dreamed : their hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, and aspirations—all grow under its fostering hand, till the dark and drowsy intellect becomes at once *alive*, as it were, and populous ; and new "agents and ministers" flit busily through the heart's chambers.

The influence of enthusiasm was never, perhaps, more manifest than in the character of Prof. Wilson ; even the sports of his boyhood, or more sturdy youth, were marked by the presence of this spirit. All that was bold and daring, grand or exciting, his hungry energy sought and seized on ; notorious throughout his life, as the best leaper, swimmer, and angler in the nation, he accounted for his own success by the intense love he bore these sports. Indeed, in whatever he undertook, be it prose or poetry, an act of kindness, or biting, burning sarcasm, a deer-hunt, or a flirtation with the Muses, he hurries not only himself but his readers from page to page with a thirsty and insatiable delight—an almost intoxicating eagerness, that tires not, till the failing light or the aching eye demands a pause, and you wake as from a dream. It is a universal spirit of poetry, whether with or without the form ; and though he write Hogg's broad Scotch, or the opium-eater's involved English, you feel (despite his admirable

mimicry) into the breath of life, and coaxed it upon the stage. Such are the thoughts with which we invariably close a perusal of Mr. Wilson's productions, and with such have we just devoured, for the twentieth time, his "City of the Plague."

His mind has evidently dwelt on this loathsome and terrible picture till his faculties were filled and saturated, so to speak, with the dread scenes to which they bore witness. One almost fancies the poet's blanched cheeks and bristling hair, as he pens the hideous recital; while those who know him are ready to shrink away and close their eyes, as the curtain rises from before that mighty desolation—that "panting, delirious monster," plagued and dying London. But with that constant perception of the beautiful, which, in the poet's mind, always crowns the terrible with the sublime, the eye rests, here and there, on such sweet, sad scenes, as bow the full heart with a kindly sorrow, refreshing as the dew.

The drama opens at a short distance from London, presenting two sailors, the mother of one of whom has been living there, hastening to rescue and remove her; but he comes too late! after wandering through the awful incidents of the dying, despairing city, he reaches her corpse and his little brother's, laid out, side by side, for burial. Then he and his mistress tread the same sad path, and vanish from our sight forever. There is no plot—there needed none; the picture of each day's adventures is enough. All of the horrible and hideous—the "shattering recollections" of that fiery ordeal—the pest-house, the pit, the mad-house, the revel, grinning a ghastly smile over these chilly terrors—all these and more he has reproduced with fearful power.

Frankfort meets an old man with an infant in his arms, wandering away, after a "three months' sojourn in a sepulchre;" and from him he hears the first detailed account of the pestilence—how

Death's icy hand hath frozen, with a touch,  
The fountain of the river that made glad  
The city of the Isle!

Undismayed, they press forward in their filial search for a parent, through

"The waveless silence of the sea of death,"—

and here we lose sight of them, till they reappear in the very fullness of its terrors.

A wild and savage being, with his multitude of dupes, comes next before us; shaking their inmost souls with a rude and brutal eloquence, cheating them to despair and death for the sake of gain. On this scene, as might be expected, the poet has lavished much skill and labor; and verily, if to paint this dread farce to the life—if to make his reader "hate this shadow and pity that," be the climax of tragic power, then has our author reached it. But we hasten to a scene of strange and terrible sweetness, more absorbing still.

A holy stillness has fallen on the plague-stricken city: its voices of



despair, though not dead, are distant ; and we stand, in the solemn hush, by the dark tower of the tall cathedral, and gaze upon the tombstones that watch so silent 'mid the gilded twilight. Two mourners count their sorrows in a dark corner, till a hymn of unutterable melody fills the air—then dismay ; and the striving ear catches the silvery murmured prayer of tried yet trusting innocence—

Oh let me walk the waves of the wide world  
Through faith unsinking—stretch thy saving hand  
To a lone castaway upon the sea,  
Who hopes no resting place, except in heaven,  
And oh ! this holy calm—this peace profound—  
That sky so glorious in infinitude—  
That countless host of softly burning stars,  
And all that floating universe of light,  
Lift up my spirit far beyond the grave,  
And tell me that my prayers are heard in heaven !

Has it ever been your fortune, reader, while paralyzed by some stunning sorrow, unable to think or speak correctly—your spirit blighted by the dread misfortune—has it ever chanced to you at such a moment, to gaze at green hill and dell sleeping in quiet sunshine, while gentle breezes fanned sympathizingly your burning cheek ? If so, you must have found that the feeling of *punishment* and *wrath* that always accompanies grievous misfortune, and that had rested like an incubus upon you, was suddenly gone—there was a *look of love* in Nature's smiling face that disarmed despair, and reconciled you even to this new privation, and to life. So did sweet Magdalene restore her trust in the Deity, though the Plague stayed not—and she had her reward : the murderer who had followed her for her gold, melts to deep penitence beside the altar, and asks her prayers ; her innocence clothed her not only in triple mail—'twas the sword and shield of victory !

A few negotiations, and we must drop the curtain ; and the first is a brief picture of the Plague in Scotland.

The morning smiled on—but nae kirk-bell was ringing,  
Nae plaid or blue bonnet came down frae the hill ;  
The kirk-door was shut, but nae psalm-tune was singing,  
And I missed *the wee voices aae sweet and aae shrill*.  
The infant had died at the breast of its mither,  
The cradle stood still at the mitherless bed ;  
As clay the bairn sunk in the hand o' its brither ;  
At the fauld on the mountain the shepherd lay dead.  
Sic silence, sic lonesomeness, oh, were bewildering !  
I heard nae lass singing when herding her sheep ;  
I met nae bright garlands of wee rosy children  
Dancing on to the schoolhouse just wakened frae sleep.

With what a lonesome sadness do these words weigh down the spirit, like the lake's cold ripple in a misty winter's morning ! Indeed,

all is sad here, that is not terrible—one looks in vain for joy or triumph here, except in mad revels or wild delirium ; but the tone varies (to continue the figure) from the sullen plunge of stricken vice, to the gentle sigh of sobbing girlhood. When Frankfort, having heard of his mother's death, is about to enter the room where she lies, awaiting his last farewell, he says to the kind old priest who has watched her last sigh and guides him to her :

I go into her chamber—fear me not ;  
 I will not rush into the mournful presence  
 With frantic outcry, and with violent steps  
 Most unbecoming mid the hush of death ;  
 But I, *with footsteps gentle as the dew*,  
 And with suspended breath, will reach her bed ;  
 There, silent as she is, so will I be !

This is the effort of frantic sorrow to restrain itself—to urge a calm solemnity on its threshold violence—how tender and affectionate !

It is in these subduing, life-like exhibitions of nature in her hours of trial, that Wilson excels ; but where, in transition from one such crisis to another, the language, from the absence of incident, *should* become calm and natural, his power fails him, and one feels uneasy at the defective representation of still life—the energy that bears him through tragic scenes and great occasions exaggerates and distorts the more trivial : yet surely, we may forgive the fault that leads to such happy effect and beautiful poetry as that which we have just been considering. A further analysis of his works would be a pleasure indeed, and holds out a strong inducement to longer lingering in this land of sad reverie ; but we must reserve this luxury for another occasion, when we hope to “ cull fresh flowers” from his shorter though not less delightful poems.

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#### TENDENCIES IN GOVERNMENT.

NATIONS in the days of their prosperity expect to last forever.

From the time when ancient bards first tuned their voices in unison with roughly fashioned lyres, and, by the still waters of the rivers of the East, poured forth their evening song of thanksgiving to their country's gods ; or at crowded festivals sang praises to the heroes of the land, down to this very present hour,—a Government which should know no change of name or form has ever been the idol of a nation's hopes, the crowning point of its ambition.

But the nations of those times—where are they now ? Alas for hopes ! scarcely did they outlive the bards, who sang that they should never die. A few short pages of often doubtful history—perchance a

broken column or a fallen shaft, are the only traces that time has spared of their existence. Thus has it ever been. Each nation, as it rose, stretched out its grasping arms, prophesied its own eternity, fell, and was forgotten. True, those who sought for causes, found them in abundance. But, though each succeeding nation discovered reasons for the others' fall, it saw none for its own.

We have caught the spirit of those nations; and now it has become a question, if not of immediate importance, at least of curiosity—What is our destiny? We nations of to-day—are we too to glitter for a moment on the surface of time, and disappear, like a bubble from the wave, leaving not a ripple to say, we once were here? or are we, by the light of accumulated experience, to shun the dangers which have been their ruin, and live on and on, linking the present with the future, and still another future with its past, till futurity has become antiquity again and again, and a great nation find themselves spread out upon the earth, whose origin is lost in the shadows of time?

Is it in our power to gather enough from all the past, and to see enough in all the present, to answer our questions? Tendencies and principles are prophetic voices, which speak, with certainty indeed, but very inaudibly, to our ears as yet somewhat dull. But if we listen carefully, and try earnestly, as did they who listened for the oracles of old, perhaps we may catch some faint murmur, which, though not articulate, scarce audible even, may tell us something more than we know now.

First then, let us inquire, what is Government? Outwardly, it is a system of rules and restrictions which mankind, assembling together in society, agree for their own benefit mutually to enforce and suffer. Inwardly, it is the result of human imperfection; not that human imperfection is the cause, but that it is the *condition*, and the sole condition, under which human government exists. Imperfection is a disease for which Government is an attempted remedy.

For the narrow question of its humanity or its divinity, we care nothing. All wisdom is divine. If you choose to call government divine, then it is a provision of divine wisdom, given in all kindness to erring man, as a remedy for evils which he has brought upon himself. If you choose to call it human, then it is the offspring of that wisdom which the Deity has given to man, to provide against the evils with which that Deity foresaw that his creatures would be surrounded. One thing we may aver. God did intend that man should *be governed* till such time as he becomes able to govern himself, and if man will not submit to this, he must suffer the consequences of violated law.

It is not hard to see that this is the true nature of Government, to wit, that it is an attempted remedy for human imperfection. Examine it in its details. It protects rights which man, in a state of purity, would never attempt to violate. It punishes crimes which man in a state of purity would never dare or even wish to commit. It regulates society in affairs of business, which, unless man were disposed to do his neighbor wrong, would regulate themselves, and would adapt themselves much more nearly to his wants than can possibly be done by

human legislation,—which, even when it is the offspring of the greatest human foresight, combined with the utmost purity of purpose, is, and must often be, artificial, incomplete, and unnatural in its operations; cramping and constraining where it attempts to direct, palsying and destroying where it should protect and cherish.

Since, then, the sole object of Government is the protection of the rights of man, and since, when it transcends this office, it becomes rather a burden than an assistance, just so much government do we need as shall protect those rights, and no more. But this amount will differ as human imperfections differ in different states of society. A nation just emerging from barbarism, or not yet emerged at all, where wise men are few, and passions strong and violent, needs to be governed with a strong arm; but after years of education, after the progress of the arts of civilization, after a common interest has produced a sympathy of feeling, and above all, after Christianity, that great civilizer, has bound men's hearts together by the cords of love, how light the rein that is then needed to guide and control a people! Compare for a moment the Saxon Heptarchy and our own country, and consider how the law of Force has been modified by the law of Love. To be sure, this is not perfection, but it is progress.

How much we have heard of a true government—a natural government—a government by divine appointment! how many analogies have been traced and arguments adduced to prove what, after all, reason would not and could not admit—the divine right of Patriarchs, of Nobles, and of Kings! and yet, when viewed in this light, how simple the whole matter becomes! The true government for any nation is that which will best protect them, and this will, of course, depend on the amount of their own imperfection; for what does government protect men from, but from one another? The laws of one nation have no power over the people of another, and a common interest instinctively impels all to unite in defending themselves from aggression. It is from one another, then, that the people of a nation are to be protected, and that government which does this best, is the best, the most natural, the truest, the wisest, the most divine government for that nation. In one state of society, this may be patriarchal or absolute; in another, constitutional and limited; in another, popular or republican, and perhaps in another, no government at all. But it is certain that all governments are not natural for all nations; and this we see in the very way which Providence, or man, by the wisdom which Providence has bestowed upon him, has, while in different situations, endeavored by different means, to remedy his imperfections, and protect himself.

When history first began to be regarded as something more than a mere record of facts, or a collection of tales of men and manners; of the exploits of heroes, and the bravery exhibited in battles,—when, leaving its superficiality, it began to assume the more earnest and serious aspect of Philosophy, one of the first truths which it disclosed, was, that in the changes of government there is a very observable order—not always perfectly developed but always evident—that the tendency is from absolute sovereignty towards absolute freedom.

Men love freedom, and they pine for it; they feel that they were born free, and restraint is galling; hence they are ever endeavoring to throw off their yoke. Almost with the beginning of government began tyranny, and with tyranny began the struggle for freedom. One point was gained and then another tried for; the endeavor was always to live with less restraint than they had; but sometimes, after having apparently attained the freedom which they sought, they yielded it up to a tyrant, as if unable to keep it longer, and fell back into a worse than their former condition. Why was this? We have already endeavored to show that every species of government is not fitted for every state of society; that some nations cannot bear the freedom which is necessary to the well-being of others; and when a nation attempts to adopt a system of government for which it is not yet prepared, though it may linger for a while, it will eventually fall back, and, as a natural consequence, reaction sends it beyond its former state.

The course which governments have taken has always been the same in direction, though varying much in progress: first, despotism, tyranny or absolute monarchy, where all power is vested in one, or, at most, a very few individuals, and which is known by the latter or the two former names, according as it is wisely or wickedly administered; second, a limited or constitutional monarchy; third, a constitutional republic; fourth, anarchy, or no government; fifth, a return from this to despotism or absolute monarchy, generally in its worst form.

An overaction has always been followed by a reaction. Nation after nation has fallen back to despotism from a state far advanced toward freedom; and yet, others, guided by the same impulse, have pushed on. But why have any fallen back? Because they have endeavored to do with less government than their imperfect condition required; they were not yet a law unto themselves, and they needed to be bound by something more stringent than the form which they had assumed. If they advanced a single step beyond their legitimate position, they suffered evil consequences; but if, happily, they contained within themselves a conservative influence which kept them from advancing beyond what they were able to bear, every advance thus made was a benefit to that nation; it stretched its hitherto paralyzed limbs, breathed a freer air, and felt a new vigor and energy throughout its whole frame.

The last step in this series, before returning to despotism, is anarchy, or no government. The word anarchy has a bad sense attached to it, from the fact that, in this state of things, confusion has always been found to take place, riot and disorder have prevailed, and ruin often ensued. But anarchy, of itself, simply means—and simply is, *no government*, and this bad sense connected with it does not properly belong to it, but has arisen out of these circumstances which generally attend it.

Now in the consideration of all these facts, we think we have seen, that the less government a nation has, provided it answers the purposes of a government, the better. No human legislation can so well direct the current of affairs as their own natural flow, if left to them-

selves. Men will not support large armies if they have nothing to attack nor defend themselves from ; they will not pay taxes to support the machinery of government, always done at an enormous expense, when they have no need of that government for the protection of their public or private rights. In short, once do away with the necessity of government, and it needs no further argument to show that a government is folly ; and so much of the necessity as we succeed in getting rid of, be it more or less, so much government, with all its attendant evils and expenses, do we render unnecessary and worse than useless.

Again, we think it appears that, taking the world together, the necessity for government is, and long has been, constantly growing less, and that of late this progress has been more rapid and more distinctly marked. The extension of civilization, the general advancement of the arts and sciences, the binding together of nations in the relations of commerce, the spread of the principles of peace, and above all, of Christianity, whose direct tendency is to do away with the necessity for government ; all these things have acted and reacted upon each other, so that the amount of law and force necessary for the welfare of man is now far less than it ever was before.

Again, we notice a strong natural tendency in men to enjoy freedom to the *utmost* extent of which they are capable. Ever since the world began, the tendency has constantly been in this direction, and constantly pushed to the utmost limit, and as we have seen, often beyond what was safe. We believe too, that this is an innate principle, natural to the mind of man, which will always continue with him, and will ever urge him on in this direction, until he either falls back from having gone too far, or arrives at a secure and permanent form of society, where human government is dispensed with, righteousness supplies its place, and every man is a law unto himself.

But in all this we would be distinctly understood not to mean that we confidently *expect* that such a state of things ever will occur ; we only wish to show the strong and positive tendency in that direction, and the influence which this tendency must have. What are the ultimate designs of Providence respecting this earth and its inhabitants, must remain a mystery to us. Whether he will permit the present order of things to continue, or not ; whether he will allow man to advance as far as he is capable of advancing towards perfectibility, or not ; what he will do and what he will not do, all alike are hidden from us.

With a class of people calling themselves "no government men," who would, in the present imperfect state of society, throw off all the restraints and protections of law, we, of course, can have no sympathy. But we do look upon them as a strong evidence of the truth of the doctrine we would urge. We do look upon them as obeying an instinct of their natures, founded in truth, but anticipating by far, very far indeed, the time for its development. Still they are regarded by most, as a mere set of fanatics, governed by no law, guided by

no principle; no charity is shown them, no sympathy is felt for their weakness, for none appreciate their feelings; none see the cause of their peculiar views. The very important fact that they are obeying an impulse of nature, strongly developed, is entirely lost sight of, and the lessons which might be learned from the consideration of this fact are unheeded. But this very movement seems to us the precursor of many similar and more powerful which are to follow. In this nineteenth century this point has just been reached; up to the present time republicanism is the limit to which this instinct for freedom has carried men. This has been firmly established, and now comes another step in advance. Many years will not elapse before the experiment of no government will be tried, but it will fail; the time has not yet come; it may never come, but it will certainly be nearer to us than it is at present.

Although, as we have said, this time *may* never come, still, if things go on uninterrupted in their present course, sooner or later it will come, and what ought to be our feelings in looking forward to its possibility! The first thought, doubtless, is an unpleasant one. It seems like sundering the cords which bind society together—like reducing all things to aimless, barren confusion; but think again—it is not so; and when we apprehend the reality, we can but long for such a state of things. All the machinery of government would then be done away with; all the snares and nets of law would be laid aside; prisons would be unlocked, iron grates removed, the hideous paraphernalia of crime and punishment forever banished, and faces radiant with joy and love would peer out from behind light windows, where now appear the countenances of haggard misery and loathsome vice, shut off by the iron grates which society has placed between man and his fellow man. Truly that would be a blessed time; all would be peace, all love. And if in that great nation, *one* should so far forget his happiness as to do one wrong act, how quickly would the look of sorrowful, affectionate pity, meeting him on every side, rebuke his crime and bring him back penitent to the path whence he had strayed. Nor shall we need absolute perfection to accomplish this. Hope whispers that, even now, Christianity might furnish a noble colony for such a land. What a triumph this would be of man over his enemies—*Passion and Sin!*

But whether that time shall ever arrive or not, we have a duty to perform towards our country and our fellow men, growing out of these facts and these tendencies, which the mere question of their ultimate issue does not affect. Our duty in this matter is two-fold, and, in both respects, truly but not blindly conservative. It is, *first*, that we recognize these tendencies and these principles as operating powerfully on men, and operating too for their good, and that we do all in our power to prepare mankind for such a glorious issue; that we do all we can to spread light and truth and Christianity; that we do all we can to bind nations together by the ties of religion and of interest in the bonds of harmony and peace; that we endeavor to feel ourselves, and to make others feel, the importance of this; surpassing

in every point of view all questions of national honor, pride or emolument; and that we do all in our power to bind man to his fellow man in the bonds of *Christian love*, whose real, wonderful power, so little known, so little felt, is the heavenly care for all the earthly ills of man.

And, *secondly*, that knowing the strength of this tendency and man's present imperfect state, we take strong conservative ground to prevent running blindly into these measures before their appointed time. This is peculiarly the danger of our own country. We are a highly radical people; we owe our very existence to strong radical principles; born in a revolution, we have caught its spirit and are ever longing to upturn and overturn and form anew. Our great danger lies in too much freedom. We are the freest people on earth, and still we have a strong desire to throw off this semblance of a collar which we wear. Here is our danger; here we must *watch*, lest gaining freedom faster than we are prepared to bear it, we be plunged into unwise anarchy, and fall back again, through the long distance we have gained, at a single step, to despotism.

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#### PLAIN THOUGHTS OF A PLAIN MAN, PLAINLY SPOKEN.

For attaining present influence and posthumous fame, the orator and writer of our own day enjoys facilities such as the literary giants of the olden time could not have possessed, and such as future generations will hardly see surpassed. To prove this assertion were a waste of time, so evident is it to one acquainted with the structure of society in the times when Demosthenes addressed the "Men of Athens," and Cicero the "Conscript Fathers." The philippics of Demosthenes were only heard by a few. *They* were convinced by his reasoning in favor of carrying on the war, and animated by his eloquence, and *their* military arrangements did the work. So when Cicero appeared, "*en representation*," before the Roman Senate, when the law he advocated was carried, it was put into execution throughout the land by the military tribune. In either case the *οἱ πολλοί*, the mass who were the instruments, knew as little of the master-mind in which the movement originated, of the reasons which influenced that mind, and of the reasons with which it influenced its coöperators, as the machine knows of him who sets it in motion and directs its operations. But at the present day, and in our own country especially, to use an expressive, though flippant French phrase, "we have changed all that." When Webster rose in the Senate to reply to Hayne, the whole nation was, as it were, listening to him, and when he closed, the applause of that nation was echoed back. Public opinion, a phrase which would have fallen unmeaning on an Athenian or a Roman ear, passed on that speech, and its decree was irresistible. From that day Webster has been assigned



a place among the first of those who, by their eloquence, have won undying fame. But, assuming the truth of our proposition, we design throwing out a few suggestions as to the mode of improving these facilities.

It is no uncommon thing to hear those who are just commencing their education, and even those who have got out of their swaddling-clothes and are beginning to creep, say they intend to devote themselves to writing and speaking solely. The young student, himself inexperienced, and too self-conceited to listen to the experience of others, flings aside his text-books, neglects to plant in his mind the seed which would hereafter spring up and bear fruit a thousand fold, and impelled by a feverish passion for distinguishing himself, sits down to carve out a college reputation. We will grant that he is successful, for it is an easy task. A few pretty words, prettily strung together, and interspersed with a few French phrases, which may be obtained from any "Guide to Conversation," is a recipe often tried, and, as the newspapers say of bread pills, "never known to fail." But what, after all, is it worth? The offspring of such a genius is a wasp-waisted, sickly sort of a stock, and himself, like Icarus, as soon as he plumes his wings and tries a flight, is sure to flutter and fall. With pride thus mortified, and ambition thus disappointed, he goes through the world, ever tasting the bitterness of a wounded spirit—a bitterness that never loses its gall. A dear "whistle" this *College* reputation in the end, for the world will not long persist in "giving to dust that is a little gilt, more laud than gilt o'er-dusted."

We find no fault with those who would devote themselves to speaking and writing, if they would only go to work in the right method; for, as we have already said, it is perhaps the surest way to win honor among men, and a name which posterity will not willingly let die, and who shall suffer blame for following the promptings of a noble spirit? But no man can work without materials, or without knowing how to use them. The writer's materials are ideas; and the only way for him to require these, and, at the same time, a knowledge of the use to which he can put them with the best effect, is to do as Milton did,—“take labor and intense study for his portion.” If he would grasp “the prize of his high calling,” he must toil while the day lasts. Like Pyrrhus, when Rome is at his feet, he must take Sicily, then Africa; and not, as the courtier who questioned the monarch advised, “sit down and enjoy himself now.”

Even if we possessed the ability to do so, neither time nor the space to which we are limited, would admit of our going into an extended disquisition on the proper training of a scholar. We would fain throw out a few random suggestions, though, in relation to the subject, as the results of our own observation, and if they are received with a tithe of the deference with which we submit them, it will be all we ask. We come here to acquire a liberal education. A prescribed course of study is marked out, and certain text-books placed in our hands, but not with the idea on the part of our instructors that mere perusal of these is all we are to do. We are soon to be the sole masters of our own time,

and we are permitted to be such now of a large portion of it, in order that, when that so anxiously desired period of our lives comes, we may be the better prepared to enter upon it. For this reason no more is *wacted*, though much more is *expected*, from us, and if we would succeed in life we must see to it that that expectation be not disappointed. The mere study of text-books, unaccompanied by the examination of collateral authors, will be of comparatively little benefit. True, if we accomplish even this much, the world will be flattering enough to call us 'educated' men, but "what's in a name?" In the end we shall find that we are like the man who, on seeing the doors, windows, and bare walls, thought he had seen a palace, when all the richness and beauty, all, in fine, that made the structure a palace, was in the inside, where he had never set foot.

With regard to the importance of general reading, we need say nothing, since every student feels this, and, to a greater or less extent, makes it a part of his daily occupation. But a word as to the manner of reading. There are two great classes of readers, viz: those who read for amusement, to employ and pass away time, and those who read for improvement. With the first class we have nothing to do. The other may be subdivided into those who in reading merely exercise their retentive powers, and those who, in addition to this, bring into play their judgment. The latter of these classes alone pursues the right course, for no one can be made eloquent, either as a writer or speaker, mechanically, and such is the only tendency of the course pursued by the former. When one is indebted for his ideas to memory alone, or, in other words, when one has not in his own mind remodeled, elaborated, and made accessions to, the ideas of others derived from their works, he cannot, in the very nature of things, be eloquent. His efforts at being so will meet with equal ridicule with those of the man who undertook to make the corpse stand erect unsupported, and he may deem himself the object of "a special interposition," if he do not hear, as that man did, the biting sneer, "*absit aliquid intus*." Perhaps we conflict here with some of our readers' notions of originality, but we merely give our humble opinion as to what is best under the circumstances, and it is based on an impression under which we labor, viz: that there are very few who possess true genius, or, what is in our vocabulary synonymous, originality, both meaning, as we conceive, a quick observation of nature and a ready power of depicting it. This is not Webster's definition, but, with all due deference to the distinguished lexicographer, we reckon it's about as good, for man cannot originate, because *original* thought must be *natural*, and every thing in nature had its origin in the Creator of nature. Hence the keenest observers of nature, in all her phases and aspects, and her best depicitors, are, in all time, the greatest originals. For instance, if it be not to this, to his accurate delineation of nature, that Shakspeare owes all his fame for power and originality, to what is it?

In selecting the works for a course of reading, there is opportunity for the exercise of all one's discriminating powers. Each of course must be his own judge as to the kind of reading best adapted to meet his own wants and circumstances, and it would be useless to offer any

remarks on this point, since what might be best for one, might be the reverse for another. There is one class of books, though, which we consider productive not merely of no benefit, but of positive injury, and which we should be willing to see excluded from every young student's table. We refer to reviews. Your would-be-thought-genius considers these a *sine qua non*, and hence in condemning them we shall doubtless call forth from him an exclamation of pious horror at our audacity. But we shall not retract, nevertheless. Nay, we shall even go farther, and assert that it is to his very taste for review-reading we may ascribe, in a great measure, the predicament in which this same "genius" is himself—not that of a literary nondescript, for Burke's description of his kind is true as pithy, "winged but legless." One who strives to build a permanent literary reputation on such a basis, unless he is disappointment-proof, will, sooner or later, have to become a follower of that school whose creed is "*De apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio.*" We do not intend to condemn reviews entirely, but merely to oppose their use by those who are commencing their education. What they may be to a finished scholar, whether advantageous or the contrary, we of course do not pretend to say; but could we do so without incurring the risk of being thought presumptuous, we would express our hearty concurrence with the following opinion of Mr. Hazlitt on the practical utility of them:

—"We contrive even to read by proxy. We skim the cream of prose without any trouble; we get at the quintessence of poetry without loss of time. The staple commodity, the coarse, heavy, dirty, unwieldy bullion of books, is driven out of the market of learning, and the intercourse of the literary world is carried on, and the credit of great capitalists sustained, by the flimsy circulating medium of magazines and reviews. Those who are chiefly concerned in catering for the taste of others, and serving up critical opinions in a compendious, elegant, and portable form, are not forgetful of themselves: they are not scrupulously solicitous, idly inquisitious, about the real merits, the *bona fide* contents of the works they are deputed to appraise and value, any more than the reading public who employ them. They look no farther for the contents of the work than the title-page, and pronounce a peremptory decision on its merits or defects by a glance at the name and party of the writer. This state of polite letters seems to admit of improvement in only one respect, which is, to go a step farther, and write for the amusement and edification of the world, accounts of works that were never either written or read at all, and to cry up or abuse the authors by name, though they have no existence but in the critic's invention. This would save a great deal of labor in vain; anonymous critics might pounce upon the defenceless heads of fictitious candidates for fame and bread; reviews, from being novels founded on facts, would aspire to be pure romances; and we should arrive at the *beau ideal* of a commonwealth of letters, at the euthanasia of thought, and millenium of criticism!"\*

Books not worth reading carefully, are, like reviews, to a young stu-

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\* Hazlitt's Lectures on the Age of Elizabeth—Lecture 6th.

dent, not worth reading at all ; for, though to a man whose mind contains a settled principle of order, to run over them rapidly might be beneficial, to him such a course would only produce dissipation of thought, and thus could not but be in a high degree injurious. Books which are worth reading carefully, should be read so. If, for instance, the object of our labor be historical investigation, we should employ not merely the eye in glancing over the records of the past, but the mind in reflecting on those records. Of what use is it to us to know that such and such acts were done ages ago, if we know nothing further—nothing of the motives of the actors, nothing of the combination of causes which led to a result, nothing of the influence which those acts or that result exerted on succeeding ages ? Unless history be so studied, the “lamp of experience” will prove a farthing rush-light, a will-o'-the-wisp, leading him who undertakes to guide his feet by it into continual snares. So if the object be the formation of a correct taste and style, how can we accomplish this by tripping lightly over the harmonious and elegantly-turned periods of our author ? We must pause when he produces an effect on our minds, analyze the style of the passage, note carefully the manner in which it is produced, and then apply the lesson we have learned. In this way only, can we hope to attain the desired result.

There is something called method for every thing, and there is a right and wrong method too ; but when a wrong method is applied, naught save error can result, and the greater the genius of the applicant, the greater will be the error. To what did scientific investigation amount to, before Bacon applied the right method and brought order and beauty out of chaos ? What was the science of Astronomy before Newton ? What Botany before Linnæus ? And what knew we of electricity before him who played with the thunderbolts, calling down the lightning from heaven and carrying it harmless in his bottle ? There is something grand in watching the discovery and successful application of the great guiding ideas in science, something which inspires an exultation akin to that which the mortal feels in contemplating his immortality ; but how sad it is to see a genius like Des Cartes, so well fitted to soar, like the caged eagle, beating against the bars of a false method !

So, to compare small things with great, there is a right and wrong method for us to choose between in acquiring the education for which we come here, and on our choice depends, in a great measure, our success or failure. We know (and our present essay evinces it) that it is easier to prescribe than take advice—easier to assert than observe. The learned doctor of the schools had rather profound theories as his own, than, with a docile spirit of a child, listen to and report the teachings of Nature, and his disease is contagious, for the (in his own conceit) equally learned youngster in letters acts on the same principle. Far better would it be for both, as the record of many a life spent in dissipating talent shows, to list to the warnings of those who have split on the same rock, and pursue an apparently humbler, but really more glorious career, in the sedulous application of “the right method.”

We have offered these remarks on a subject possessing interest for us all, not in a spirit of dictation, but with the hope that they may be of service to some one. If our hope be gratified it is well; if not, we shall console ourselves with the reflection, that it is for lack of force in the expression of our ideas: for we know that there are some whose eye these pages will meet, yet entangled in the meshes of a false method, and a bitter experience has taught us that the ideas themselves are true.

JACK F.

## AN PERCIVAL.

VON LEOPOLD WATERMAN.

## I.

Ein Herz das schweigt im Vollgenuss der Freuden,  
Kennt nicht den Zauber der im Liede waltet;—  
Ihm wird vom Schmerz der Gluthschlag nicht erkaltet.  
Im Glanz des Glück's—was sollen ihm die Saiten?

Des Sanges Macht tritt klar hervor im Leiden.  
Erst wenn die Lust zur Sehnsucht sich gestaltet,  
Wenn inn'res Weh die heit're Stirne faltet,  
Ein Flor bedeckt der Jugend blum'ge Zeiten,—

Dann sucht die Seele Linderung im Gesange.  
In Klag-Accorden flüstert sie ihr Sehnen,  
Ihr fehlet Trost—sie flüchtet zu der Leier.

Ein süßes Ahnen füllt beim ersten Klange  
Die öde Brust—dem Aug' entquellen Thränen,  
Und wieder schlaegt das Herz mit Jugendfeuer. }

## II.

Noch lausche ich mit thränenfeuchtem Auge  
Dem Nachhall deiner süßen Melodien  
Die leis' und sanft an mir vorüberziehen;—  
Die Seele bebt, geführt vom geist'gen Hauche.

Laut pocht mein Herz! mein tiefstes Fühlen tauche  
Ich in den Strom geweihter Fantasien;—  
Die trüben Wolken bitt'rer Wehmuth fliehen  
Vor deinem Sang, aus dem ich Leben sauge.

Heil Dir! der sich so mächtig aufgeschwungen  
Zu einer Höhe wo nur Geister thronen;—  
Heil Sänger dir am Ziele deines Strebens!

Du hast den schönsten Lorbeer dir errungen.  
Mög' dir ein Gott dein edles Streben lohnen  
Durch süßen Frieden eines heitern Lebens.

## A LEGEND OF THE CUMBERLAND.

IN that chain of the Cumberland mountains which forms the boundary line between East and Middle Tennessee, a precipice, some eighty feet in height, is situated. Many a legend of patriotic daring is related to have taken place in the neighboring fastnesses during the period of our Revolution. When the southern States were overrun by the British army, and submission appeared inevitable, the hardy mountaineers sallied forth from these rocky retreats, checked our flying recruits, and by the victory of King's mountain once more inspired the drooping colonists with hope.

The scenery surrounding this precipice fills the mind of every traveler with enthusiastic admiration. From above, rise rugged and towering peaks. Below, lies a beautiful and undulating valley, decked with shrubs, vines, and wild flowers. Here, in former times, might be seen the proud antler grazing, and the dappled fawn performing its antic feats on the mossy covering. On either side extend ledges of rocks, the cavities of which afford a secure refuge for various kinds of the feathered tribe. During the winter months, a small rivulet takes its rise among the distant cliffs, at one time leaping with headlong fury over the rocky obstacles, now meandering through grassy meadows, and at length

———"cleaves the wave-worn precipice;  
The fall of waters! rapid as the light—  
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss,"

and continues its winding course onward until emptied into the bosom of the Holston.

A few hundred yards distant, "through the leafy screen of trees," some years ago, might be seen a neat little cottage, with various improvements indicating a refinement rarely found in the rude inhabitants of the forest. At the time of which we are writing, four persons of very different appearance were seated in this little dwelling. The elder was a man upon whose brow cares and dangers had written their unmistakable marks. Near him sat one, whose copper complexion, high cheek-bones, stern and penetrating eye, at once indicated the son of the woods. The two remaining occupants were fairer and more interesting. One was a well-formed youth. His companion was a fair young girl of seventeen summers, with long glossy ringlets, mild and melting blue eyes, from which pure founts pearly drops were trickling down her blooming cheeks. It was easy to perceive that their young hearts were closely bound together by the silken cord of love. The youth clasps her lily hand while making some narration, which causes an expression of sorrow and alarm to overspread her beautiful features. Gossip-like we will give the substance of their conversation.

Will you then, Henry, she tenderly asks, madly expose yourself to

such dangers? Do not say madly, my dear Rose, he replied, since I shall be accompanied by a gallant band of my young mountain neighbors, whose fiery spirits will no longer submit to the outrages of these blood-thirsty Indians, to whom you know the cause of my private enmity. Memory is ever reverting to the horrid scenes of my childhood. The lapse of years are forgotten, and again I behold my parents weltering in their blood. I hear their shrieks of agony, and the savages' wild yell of triumph, rendered doubly horrible by their gleaming tomahawks and painted faces. I can still see the hissing flames, which cast a lurid glare on the overhanging canopy of night. The recollection of this scene chills my blood, and the whisperings of vengeance nerve my arm to deal deadly blows upon the murderers. He ceased this strain of exciting thoughts, and applied himself to the more pleasant task of soothing his lovely and weeping companion.

Then addressing the elder gentleman, he informed him that a number of his companions had appointed a meeting to concert measures for checking the depredations of the Indians. After receiving some useful advice, he bade them adieu, and hurried away.

While he is holding a council of war with his friends we will take the opportunity of presenting a brief sketch of the life and circumstances of the principal characters included in our little tale. Mr. Graham had been a citizen of wealth and respectability in Virginia, but meeting with a sudden reverse of fortune, had bid adieu to his native State, and taken refuge in the mountainous and thinly settled regions of East Tennessee. His only companion was his young and lovely daughter Rose. The history of Henry Lesly we have already sketched in his own words. His father was a near neighbor and intimate friend of Mr. Graham. The Indians, in one of their inroads, had massacred all of Mr. Lesly's family, with the exception of Henry, who had escaped and found a home with his father's friend. The history of the Indian, above mentioned, was one of sadness. He had not only seen his offspring wither and fade away, but witnessed the entire destruction of his nation. More humiliating still, from a chief he had become a wandering outcast. While on a trading visit, his tribe had been assailed by that of a neighboring chief. The attack proved fatal. All were slain and their wigwams burned. On his return he found his village a smouldering heap of ruins, and himself an outcast. Since then he had lived sometimes in the boundless forest, and occasionally in the house of Mr. Graham. He still cherished the hope of avenging the massacre of his nation.

We will now follow Henry Lesly to the appointed place of rendezvous. On his arrival, he found about fifty young mountaineers, by whom he was hailed as leader of the enterprise. After expressing his thanks for their confidence, he addressed them in language fiery and eloquent. He reminded them of their murdered parents and kindred; the unpunished insolence and cruelty of the Indians; the fear and anxiety which now prevailed; the alarm caused by the report of a gun, or the stillness of night being broken by the watch-dog's bark; he then painted in brilliant colors the happiness to be enjoyed

during times of peace and tranquillity. Before this desirable object could be obtained, he told them the Indians must be exterminated. Seeing that his words had inflamed their breasts, he concluded by exhorting them to restore peace and happiness to their friends. His course was cheerfully adopted, and they resolved to march immediately against the Indian village, which was situated in a valley about twenty miles distant.

The eye of mortal never rested upon a more gallant cavalcade than that of our young hero. Every cheek was flushed, and every heart was filled with chivalrous daring. The spirited chargers stood pawing and champing the bit, as though they had "snuffed the battle from afar," and at the word of command pranced through the forest, making the earth rebound at every spring. The company advanced thus for a few hours, with little or no precaution. Their march then became less boisterous. Having reached a secure hiding place, they resolved to halt, now distant a few miles from the village, and wait until night had thrown her sable veil over the surrounding hills. After several hours of impatience they had the satisfaction of seeing the shadows begin to lengthen, and at intervals hearing the hootings of distant owls. At length the silvery moon peeped through the overhanging trees, and they commenced their deadly march.

Every thing conspired to favor their purpose. The devoted village was hushed in silence—not a sentinel was abroad. The company separated, in order to make an attack from every quarter simultaneously. The signal was given, and the work of death commenced. The alarmed warriors rush from their wigwams with tomahawks in hand. Twenty of their number fall at the first discharge. Rifle balls pour upon them from every side. Driven to desperation, they shout the war-whoop and grapple with their white antagonists. Now begins the tug of war. The shrill report of rifles, the clashing of tomahawks, the yell of despair, the groans of the dying, the shout of victory, the shrieks of women, and the cries of children, are mingled together, forming a deafening sound of horror. The firing ceases and the rifle butts become weapons of death. The wigwams take fire, the forked flames crackle over their heads, the dusky warriors cover the earth, their eyes sealed with death. The few who survive escape, and the battle is over. The flames are dying out, and now the scene appalls the hearts of the victors. The bloody slain lie strewed before them. The stillness of night is now and then broken by the groans of some dying wretch and the howling of wolves who have scented their prey. Such is the work of man's hands, when influenced by passion. The conquerors buried their dead companions, watering their graves with tears of brotherly grief.

They then commenced their march homewards. Their progress was slow, thoughtful, and melancholy. They took the direction towards Mr. Graham's dwelling, intending to call and give the result of their hairbrained adventure. Day was dawning, when they were within a few hundred yards of the dwelling. At this time a shrill shriek of agony pierced their hearts. They dashed forward, and in a few min-



utes the horrid sight broke upon their view. The roof of the house was covered with flames. At their approach two Indian warriors, whom they recognized as some of their late antagonists, who had fled and taken this means of revenge, rushed out, bearing the bloody scalp of Mr. Graham. Another followed, holding in his arms the unconscious Rose. They fled towards the precipice—the young men rushed forward in pursuit—they fired, and two Indians fell; the third continued to fly with his lovely burden. At length he reached the edge of the precipice, with his pursuers some sixty yards in the rear. He there turned, and a demoniac smile of exultation lightened up his dusky features. He gave them to understand, that if any one approached he would leap over the precipice with his captive. He stood, like a lion at bay, determined to die before he would yield. The young men stood looking on in horror, each minute expecting him to make the fatal leap. Henry Lesly gazed on his beloved with agonized feelings. He saw that to attempt her rescue would ensure her death. He raised his rifle, but the wily chief shielded himself with the drooping form of Rose. While they thus stood, the friendly Indian, whom we mentioned, was seen to emerge from beneath the precipice. He springs upon the hated chief who had destroyed his nation. The young girl was released, and fell fainting to the earth. The two Indians grappled with each other. Being unable to employ the tomahawk, each strove to drag the other to the precipice. Several of the young men rushed forward to save them, but they were too late. Closely clasped, they plunged into the yawning abyss. One dull, heavy sound was heard, and all was over. In explanation of the appearance of the friendly Indian, we will say a few words. He, seeing the danger to which Rose was exposed, had darted into the woods. Reaching the foot of the precipice, he clambered up by making a foothold of the crevices and grasping the projecting points. Rose soon recovered from her swoon, by the tender care of her lover. For some months sorrow, on account of the father's death, spread a gentle melancholy over her sweet face. When time had soothed her grief, she gave her heart and hand to Henry Lesly. But they never forgot the services of the friendly Indian chief, whom they caused to be buried a few paces distant from the place of his death. A moss-covered mound is still shown as his grave.

W. W. H.

## A NOSEGAY.

A STRANGE world, verily, thought I, when first I set my hesitating foot upon its borders ! so full of every fancy, whim, conceit, and habit ; the whole a perfect panorama, with whose view none can possibly tire or be satiated. I had in my secluded and somewhat sentimental quietude brooded over its troubles, its terrible warfares, its traitorous seductions, and its slavish customs ; I had pictured out in my crazy head, as I sat alone, staring into my fire of a cold night, the agonizing conflicts to be experienced with ruffian dispositions, the serpent-like threats to be guarded against even among those I might be obliged by the customs of society to call my friends, and the terrible temptations I should have to resist, ere I could *dare* to call myself a free man. Ah, how much time might be saved by only fencing in more closely the bodies of this intoxicating dream-land ! I am willing with others to add my testimony to the belief, that it certainly is the coveted region for the immigration of minds of certain susceptibilities, and that even the most rugged dispositions and acrimonious tempers have found here a sort of temporary Elysium. So far as this softening influence extends this way, well ; but it is lamentable to find so many willingly yielding up to its narcotic influence talents and tempers that, away from its deceitful wiles, would command admiration in the field of active exertion. Yet let me not lament *too* much over the misfortunes of others. Every man has troubles of his own, and he who meets them most courageously and readily will always show himself the most of a man. It is indeed strange how soon these practical habits of the world will fasten themselves on a person ; he at first comes in contact with dispositions that lead him instantly to despise those who make them, and, in the chivalrous impulses of his young feelings, to swear he will have nothing to do with such persons. But as his observation extends, he sees every one around him more or less infected with this mania of selfishness and duplicity. Perhaps the commonness of it gradually accustoms him to its presence, and he insensibly begins to compare himself with others about him. If he look unsparingly sharp, with a willing readiness to detect in himself what may be the great obstacle to his perfect amalgamation with the feelings and pursuits of others, rarely does he fail to find it. He soon sees that with all due allowance for the common weaknesses of mankind, they have been rated by him in a different position from their comparative merits. He sees that his prejudices, or something akin to his feelings, have run far in advance of his actual experience and judgment. He has made out in his dream-land a beautiful theory of life, but finds that its destruction is mainly owing to the fineness of the tissues with which he wove it. He has blown a large and beautiful bubble, variegated with all the heavenly tints of the rainbow, with its oily clouds scudding over its glassy surface, only to see it burst into nothingness at the approach of the first wind of heaven. Perhaps, after all, this ardent expectation in

regard to the coming scenes of life, or, on the other hand, this early melancholy and foreboding respecting its troubles, is a judicious school for the acquisition of early experience; we can with truth say it is, if the difference between the anticipations and the real impressions be turned with a steady hand to a philosophical account.

To mention some of the petted ideas I had brought away with me from "Dream-land," would perhaps occasion a smile, could you see how next to almost impossible it is to measure or regulate my practice by such seedlings of speculations and whimsicalities, (that is, in the transcendental way,) as I had somehow one night dreamed of the necessity of forming my estimate of a man's character by the length and relative bearing of his *nose*. Think of it, friends! A man's nose the prognostication of his fortunes. I thought myself possessed of at least one hobby, and, as I have some natural gifts, I determined to ride it bareback and thoroughly; and there is no one of my acquaintance but *nose* I have so. I had divided up my classes of human kind rather curiously, I confess, and in a way I am at an utter loss now to account for. For instance: my ranks were filled somewhat in the wise of this rough sketch. If I had occasion to see a man more often in need of a pocket-handkerchief than a pocket-book, I set him down among the *sarpients*; or if I had been professedly called on to classify such men for military uses, I should have been apt to have stationed them in the rear of any army, as capable of doing the most effective *running*. Then there were those everywhere about me, whose avocation failed not to persecute me by night as well as by day! I mean the snuff-takers;—those eternal feeders of the noses, who seem, for want of something wherewith to feed their mouth, to have taken to glutting the cavities above it! These I most generally ranked among the rum-drinkers, as being equally with them fond of the "old yaller." If I met a man stately in the streets, who stately made it a point to *blow* his nose, I should immediately set him down as irremediably afflicted with the *blows*.

But my sentiments did not run very far into the *cavas latebras* of this emphatic expression of every man's face. My speculations had mostly their dealings with the outside appearance of this important characteristic of man, and I allowed them to carry me off with a loose rein indeed. Every man I met with, found in me a perfect *nose-gay-zer*! I never was quiet, except when on the exciting study of my favorite character, and then, as an Irishman would say, I was not quiet at all. Whenever my lucky, or unlucky stars, found me in the sentimental enjoyment of the society of a young lady, seated, perhaps, near me on a sofa, I invariably find myself spanning the dimensions of her *nose*! and in consequence of sitting so much, as I have, alone in my meditations, I found I was fast growing cross-eyed. I knew not why it was, but so it was accounted for: my eyes were riveted on some nose or other continually.

That there is a certain glory connected with a handsome, well-turned and expressive nose, is no longer left a matter of doubt. Those, whom fame has laid away on some of her high shelves, are spoken of

invariably in connection with the commanding feature. We hear Napoleon, or Cæsar, or Cicero, or Queen Elizabeth, and lastly, but not *least*, John Tyler, spoken of, merely as a prelude to the next observation that shall necessarily turn on their *noses*. Those efforts of the intellect and the physical powers have best succeeded, which have had their original suggestion with the nose. Tom Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" may be cited very fairly, as a *scent*-sible example in point. It is to be believed, and physiognomists have pretty conclusively established it, that poor Hood, either from perplexity, and sorrow, and weeping, or some other cause, was continually snuffing. This process, to a poetic mind like his, was nothing more nor less, nor "else," than an emphatic and burdened sigh. These sighs were almost minutely crossing the inner *bridge* of his nose; hence, the title of his little poem. To illustrate familiarly my principle, a man of a huge, ill-shaped, uncouth, or deformed nose, may enter your presence, and the first ejaculation of your mind is sure to be, "what a nose!" Conversation ensued, and perhaps you become fascinated with it, and for the time the slave to him; yet when you come to recount the good and the bad, be he in other respects as perfect as perfect can be, you insensibly find that his nose outweighs every other consideration in his favor, and has lost him your good opinion. I have an intimate acquaintance, just returned from a trip to the West Indies, whose grand prospective item and idea of life has always been, to *be married rich*. This I knew to be a very common and commendable purpose with very many lords and ladies of creation, and would not have been wondered at, in my friend's case, had he not set about his work with such deadly deliberation. His energies, tastes, and hopes were all on the *qui vive* to be the possessor either of a fortune or, at least, of one who owned one. When I first saw him, on his return from his romantic mission, I upbraided him with his gloominess and disquiet, in hopes thus to crush or root out what I did not believe yet settled on him. But my taunts, and jeers, and mirthful sallies, fell like lead on his ear; he was wrapped up pretty closely in his own meditations. Thus matters stood for some time, till I finally made an effort to inquire for the real and whole cause of his dejection. Alas, had I done so before I should have saved myself some trouble and him much suffering, for I am an advocate of the doctrine, that trouble is much more easily borne with, when somewhat distributed. It seemed hard at first to get at the gist of the real matter, for the delicacy of a man's feelings is, of all other things, the greatest delicacy in the world. The poor victim had become mightily captivated with an Indian heiress, whose beauty, from the animated description he lavished upon it, must have completely shaded that of Niolle. Her figure *was* faultless, and yet by no means of that sort of perfection that means merely "free from fault," for it had a commanding expression that would have led captive even "*durem militem Ulysses*." He had first fallen in with her in the evening, under circumstances that conspired to favor a close investigation of her features. He had frequently tried to make appointments by which he should more fully feast his

greedy eyes in the clear and truth-telling light of day ; but so far, to no purpose. Things went on swimmingly, and almost exactly to his taste, if we except the impossibility of his "meeting her by daylight alone." There seemed to be something studied about that, on her part, which he could not then understand, though he now thinks he sees pretty clearly through the matter. I could for some time get him to go no farther in his narration, than here ! he even preferred to go back and repeat, rather than go on. 'I had at last to draw the truth out of him, by the Socratic method of question and answer. I asked him if she was rich. "Her wealth," he said, "could not be told." "Was she of good family?" "Had you asked me that once," said he, "our friendship would have been parted." "Was she handsome?" "Can Venus suffer an improvement?" was his *question-able* reply. "What then, Tom, in Heaven's name, can be the reason you did not make your planned proposal?" "*Nose*," said he, and sank back in his chair, exhausted. The truth now flashed mildly on his mind ; this was, thought I, the grand key to all the mysteries of human fortune ; it is the noble prow of our vessel, the *rostrum* or *beak* of our hopes ; the *handle* to our *staff*. Poor fellow, how I pitied him ! one nose had lost him one fortune.

There is no one who, while he affects to smile at the way in which I put my theory into practice, does not, at the same time, place much confidence in the theory itself ; and on this have I based my Philosophy of Noses, for you must know that I have reduced the subject to a perfect science. A long, straight, slim, thin nose, betokens the man of exquisite taste ; I mean in his own way. Every thing about him must be exactly so, and so nice, and so forth. His washerwoman suffers weekly martyrdom at his hands ; his linen all has such a peculiar, invariable fix and glaze, that you might quite easily know the nature of his nose, even if you never saw it, from a glance at his collar and fixtures. His boots are always polished well, with long toes, and turned away from his ankles with admirable precision. He usually dresses in black, and loves to sport in glittering guard-chain and gold-headed cane. In fact, his nose gives a sort of nasal dignity to his habits, that he very unceremoniously assumes to the credit of his own birth or merits ; he speaks deep, sonorously, and measuredly ; he is particular and an adept in the management of little things. Such endowed men make good school-teachers, or better country parsons. The management of mischievous urchins is to be reckoned their peculiar *forte*.

Then comes the pug, blunt, turned-up nose. The man who wears it is certain that he knows about all that is absolutely necessary, and is possessed of a corresponding facility in persuading others to the same truth. It seems to set itself against the eyes and sense of the world ; it is a repeller of every idea its owner did not himself advance, and there it goes round, ahead of a head, and gazes and stares and gapes at men as two eighteen-pounders, side by side, stare out from the battery. Some such men as those who lay claim to this kind of nose, are well, or, at least, decently, disposed ; but it is not the fault of their

nose ; it most generally is because they do not know how to be otherwise. There is a *stub-bornness* about this nose, that will allow or *let* nothing but blood, and that in profusion. It is conquered only by *blows*, and these not in the regular way in which a man *blows* his nose.

Then comes the broken nose ; this is usually the result of some unforeseen accident or encounter. He who has to carry such fragments about with him, is like a broken-nosed pitcher, good for nothing.

There are those who have noses pointing away from their face to the one side or the other. Sometimes you will find the stub and twist qualities united, as in the stamp on the "Stubb and Twist" barrel of a pistol. Above all things, never tell a man who possesses one of these turn-about-noses to "follow his nose." You cannot conceive the dizziness to which he would be liable, *provided nevertheless* always, that he followed your directions instead of following you.

The flat nose will admit of no *flattery*, and very little remark. They can be called only capacious breathing-tubes, communicating, almost *perceptibly*, with the region of the lungs. The beaked nose is a bad one, and a certain indication of rapaciousness and avarice. I had as lief have no nose at all, as one of that kind.

Then there is the large, red, burly nose, so indicative of ferocity. The man who pushes such a pioneer before him, has square shoulders and a full, broad chest, a large amount of stomach, and most generally a huge cane. Contrast this being with the first one enumerated, and you will readily see that the nose makes all the difference in the world in the character of a man. This possessor dines on steak or venison, and always prefers it "*rare done*;" his weakest drink is strong beer ; he is an active politician, though never an editor, and delights in appropriating boastfully to his own use the glory of another, or, as we now have it rendered, more classically, "in stealing thunder." His nostrils never expand, for never mind how much thunder he may steal, he can never get the lightning into him ; he is only snagger and sucker.

Here is a little stripling sort of a man, hardly seeming twenty-one, his eye twinkling like a spark, his elbows all motion, as prim as a rosebush, and as lively as champagne. He has a *good* nose, though not at first sight peculiar ; yet look closer. Do you see the thin curvature of the gristle, and the almost unaccountable dilation and contraction of the nostrils ? There is the *lightning* ; touch him, or insult his sister, and you'll have the *thunder* about your ears, with no "twelve months' notice" accompanying. He has no need to steal others' thunder, nor does any one want any of his, after one experiment. Yet this man's sensibilities are of all others the most tender, and he will be the first to drop a burning tear in sympathy for your distress, when those who affect to despise him shall have proved recreant to the most ordinary claims of human nature.

These are but an outline of my observations on the Philosophy of Noses. The topic on the foundation of this science may seem slight, from the seeming ludicrousness of the subject ; but all things have

small beginnings. I cannot conceive why Phrenology, a science founded on the irregular excrescences of the head, by whatsoever means raised, should unblushingly accept the life-long efforts of such men as Gall, Combe, and Spurzheim, and should have been allowed to beget a professorship in a European University, while a so much more practical and sensible science, as that of the Philosophy of Noses, should be suffered to wait for so humble a pioneer-advocate as myself. Yet the fall of an apple led to the discovery of the principle of gravitation, and I take courage that if I fall by the promulgation of this science, a principle of full as much practical advantage and beauty may thereby be brought to light and disseminated. Should your sympathy run in the way of publishing this introduction to my doctrine, you shall have the remaining position of it shortly ; so shall this Philosophy of Noses become at last a popular science, and he who first projects it remain behind it (as is becoming in every man) his nose.

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#### GRAY'S "ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD."

Of the English poets of the last century, there are few who have attained to greater distinction than Gray, and of his writings there is no part that has been so universally popular as his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." It is the style and matter of this poem that will constitute my subject at the present time.

There is no place calculated to excite deeper and more profitable emotions in the mind, than a graveyard, and especially such an one as is represented in this poem. In the splendid cemetery, where the rich and great lie buried, and which wealth has been lavished, and taste and art exhausted to beautify, the thoughts are frequently distracted from more serious subjects, by admiration of some lofty monument, or sculptured column, or exquisitely proportioned statue, placed there to show the rank of the deceased ; to maintain a sort of aristocracy, even amongst the dead.

Or perhaps on seeing the tomb of some distinguished warrior or statesman, the mind is carried back to the time in which he lived, to the scenes in which he acted, and while it dwells upon these, it loses the feelings which the simple contemplation of a grave might awaken.

And when we visit the last resting place of those whom we have loved, the sense of affliction often crowds every other emotion from the soul. We think—we can think only of those whom we have lost ; of the mother, or sister, or brother who is there. Our minds will turn to the last moments of the departed relative or friend, to the last sigh that he heaved, the last look that he gave, the last word that he spoke, and to the one all-absorbing thought that they were the last. But these feelings, interesting as they are, are not the ones which our poet has

endeavored to portray. He wished simply to express the thoughts which would naturally arise in the mind of a reflecting stranger on visiting a country churchyard, where merely the plain farmers and mechanics and laborers of the hamlet were buried.

The plot of this poem, if it can be called a plot at all, is exceedingly simple. A young man is walking at the dusk of the evening towards the village burying-ground. He seems to have been the prey of disappointment or melancholy; and the scene around him—the glimmering, fading landscape; the farmers returning home from their work; the stillness of the evening, interrupted only by the droning flight of the beetle, or the faint sound of the bells from some distant flock—is one that peculiarly harmonizes with his feelings. He comes to the churchyard; and as he looks upon the graves of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet," imagination takes him back to the obscure and humble scenes of their lives—to the days when they were full of strength and life and joy; and as he stands above their mouldering remains, he thinks of the transitory nature of all human enjoyments; he reflects that the tomb is the destiny of all, of the rich and honored, as certainly as of the poor and unknown, and thus rebukes the haughtiness of the great and proud:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The sentiment contained in this verse is by no means original with Gray, nor was it probably intended to be so. It had been uttered a thousand times, and in a thousand different forms, before this poem was written. The utmost that he could have aimed at, was to clothe it in new and more elegant language than it had been before, and for one I certainly never remember to have seen it expressed more beautifully, except perhaps in those well-known lines of Moore:

"And false the light on glory's plume,  
As fading hues at even;  
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,  
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb;  
There's nothing bright but heaven."

But if the honors which are shown during life are empty and useless, how much more are those that are lavished upon the dead! For what satisfaction can it give the corpse to be clothed in fine and costly linen? what ease to be laid on a luxurious couch? or what gratification to be placed in a gorgeously-ornamented coffin? Or what pleasure can the splendid hearse, with its sable steeds and their liveried driver, its varnished sides and nodding plumes, give to the lifeless passenger within? Or how can he hear the lofty panegyrics pronounced by the orator at his burial, or read the flattering epitaph engraved upon his tomb, or see the noble monument erected over him? Such are the thoughts which occur to our hero as he exclaims—



"Can storied urn or animated bust  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
 Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?"

He does not, however, intend to reprove the desire of the living to do honor to the dead. It is a wish natural to all men to pay some kind tribute to the memory of those whom they have loved and respected in life. When a friend or benefactor dies, all the affection that he has shown, all the good that he has done for us, and all our unkindness and ingratitude to him, come rushing back upon the soul; and since we cannot now go to the departed spirit, and tell it of our deep, heart-felt repentance for what we have done or left undone, we would put some inscription upon his tombstone, or plant some flower or shrub upon his grave, to show to the world our regret for the past, unavailing as it is, or delude ourselves for awhile with the pleasing fancy, that we are conferring a benefit upon the cold sleeper beneath.

So when a patriot dies, the nation for which he has lived and for which perhaps he has died, would make a semblance of atonement for the calumnies and slanders which too often she has allowed to be heaped upon him, or the undeserved neglect with which she has treated him while living, by the pompous procession, the solemn dirge, and lofty eulogy at his funeral, or by the marble carved in his likeness, or the majestic column raised above his tomb.

It is not this feeling which the poet rebukes. It is the pride of rank and station, contemptible as it is at any time, carried out where we should most expect that the realization of great and solemn truths would expel such vanities from the mind. He tells those who move in the higher walks of society not to ridicule the efforts of the poor and uneducated to give expression to feelings common to all humanity. "Even these bones," he says, as he pictures to himself the cheap, unpolished grave-stones, with the misproportioned images and unmusical poetry carved upon them—

"Yet even these bones from insult protect,  
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,  
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

"Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,  
 The place of fame and elegy supply;  
 And many a holy text around she strews,  
 To teach the rustic moralist to die."

Yes, to stand by such a grave, to lean upon the stone and weep, to read over and over again the inscription which in an unconcerned and better taught spectator might excite only a smile by its inelegance, often affords a purer consolation to the afflicted heart, than where the professed gardener, and architect, and poet have exhausted their skill. The tears that are shed may fall as lightly upon the unornamented turf, as upon a bed of roses. The sighs that are breathed may be

wafted as gently through the unpruned trees of the forest, as through well-trimmed evergreens and willows. And the prayers that arise for strength to bear the bereavement, may ascend as acceptably to heaven from under a coarse, ill-cut garment, as from beneath the more fashionable garb of woe.

But I have passed by a part of the poem, which, from its beauty as well as the frequency with which we hear it quoted, demands certainly as much of our attention as any other. I allude to that in which he refers to the fact that men of great natural endowments are often placed in circumstances which give them little opportunity to exhibit them. And there is certainly no truth which we see more frequently exemplified than this. The works of nature, unlike those of man, are frequently done without any apparent object. No man ever builds a house, unless he thinks that it will be inhabited, or sows a field without the intention of reaping it, or makes a tool without the expectation that it will be used, or constructs a road or a bridge, unless he supposes that some one will travel over it. But nature apparently lavishes her gifts equally, whether they administer to the wants of any one or not. The sun shines as brightly and the rains fall as plentifully upon the uninhabited wilderness as upon the garden and fruitful field. The soil over which not a plough ever passes, is as fertile as that which is taxed to its utmost to contribute to the support of a crowded population. And the rivers upon which not even the canoe of the savage has ever been launched, are as broad and deep as those which bear upon their bosom the commerce of the world. So in her more beautiful and perfect works,

"Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

So also has she acted with regard to man, in creating and assigning him his station in the world. To prove this, we have only to take the history of distinguished men, and show what they might have been, had their circumstances been often only in a very slight degree different from what they were. Take, for instance, such men as Alexander, and Cæsar, and Napoleon Buonaparte ; and can we not easily imagine them placed where their names would never have been heard, or their influence felt, out of the circle of their own personal acquaintance ? And if we say this of men of undoubtedly great natural endowments like these, how much more shall we say it of the majority of the kings and potentates of the earth, of the children, and idiots, and madmen, who simply on account of their parentage frequently wield the sceptre over millions of the race !

Nay, even in a country like ours, where we should expect that intrinsic worth would be of most avail, how often do we see men raised almost by chance to the most honorable and responsible stations ! as, for instance, a man without any effort of his own, or any qualifications, real or pretended, for the office, placed upon the floor of congress ; or a plain western lawyer, without any particular talents or popularity,

suddenly elevated by the force of circumstances to the chief magistracy of the nation.

But to return. We had arrived at the point where the stranger is represented as speaking of the inextinguishable dread of death—of the strong desire to remain a little longer on the earth, which is never entirely obliterated from the human soul.

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"

There is no part of the poem which has more claim to originality, and at the same time which is more true to nature, than this. The last lingering look! We have all of us read of the last look of the exile, as he is forced from his native land, from wife and children and the comforts of home, perhaps to dwell in a cold and cheerless clime, amongst strangers, where he shall never again see the faces or even hear the names of the companions of his better days. Oh, how much is there in that look, that lingering look! How much of affection, how much of anguish, as the tender recollections of childhood and youth and riper years flit across his memory, and the bitter thought comes home to him, that there are no more such scenes reserved for him in the dark and cloudy future!

We have seen too the last look of the emigrant described, as he leans over the side of the outward-bound vessel, and strains his eyes to catch one more glimpse at the group of friends, amongst whom, perhaps, are his aged father and mother, or his brothers and sisters, upon the shore; and when he can no longer distinguish their forms, he gazes at the beloved land that he is leaving; and when that too disappears in the distance, his attention is caught by some fog or mist upon the horizon, that he supposes is a part of the shore, and he keeps his eyes fixed upon that, till he finds that it is an illusion, and then turns away sad and disconsolate. He is going, it is true, willingly; it is true that he has anticipations of comforts and prosperity in the land to which he is bound, that he never knew at home. But he feels that he is leaving his parents and his people behind him, and he knows that it will be a great while, may be not at all, that he will see them again. And there is a sadness in the reflection, which even the prospect of greater ease and abundance away from them cannot dissipate.

But the last lingering look of the departing spirit! Who can describe its emotions as it takes its journey to

"The undiscovered country from whose bourne  
No traveler returns!"

What affecting remembrances must crowd upon it, even when, like the emigrant, it goes from the abode of want and strife and misery, to a land of peace and plenty, perhaps to the bosom of some dear friend who has gone there before it! Though gentle breezes waft it over an

untroubled ocean, and the star of hope beams bright upon its course, still, prompted by some inborn feeling which it cannot repress, it would cast one longing, lingering look behind it, as it glides away. But, oh, when, like the exile, it starts upon a rough and dreary road to a dark and uncomfortable land; when the sun of prosperity, in whose rays it once basked, has set for ever, and hope has disappeared behind the thick, murky clouds of despair; with what eager longing, as it is dragged from the bounds of earth, must it look behind it at the happiness it once enjoyed! With what agonizing emotion must it leave all that is pleasurable to it in existence!

From contemplations like these, the mind of the young stranger turns not unnaturally to the prospect of his own dissolution. He pictures it to himself as occurring soon. Not because he really supposes that it will be so, but from a certain liking which we all have for allowing our fancy to dwell upon scenes which happen to coincide with our feelings at the time—a fondness for building castles in the air. He imagines himself borne,

"With dirges due in sad array,  
Slow through the churchway path."

And he wonders what the villagers will say of him, and where they will put his body; and he picks out an unoccupied spot, beneath an aged tree, where he supposes they may lay him, and he fancies a great while hence, some stranger like himself passing by and inquiring after him, and some hoary-headed yeoman telling what he knew of him, and pointing to his grave; and he composes an epitaph for himself. Not such an one as he really expects, and possibly not even such an one as in a less melancholy mood he might desire; but it is one that harmonizes with the feelings inspired by the place in which he is. This epitaph, which is one of singular simplicity and beauty, closes the poem:

"Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,  
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,  
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And melancholy marked him for her own.

"Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send,  
He gave to misery all he had, a tear;  
He gained from heaven, 'twas all he wished, a friend.

"No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
The bosom of his Father and his God."

## STANZAS.

<p>I <i>FELT</i> ; from youth's first morn,          This heart was the garden of feeling,          The joy-bud of life had full blown,          Nor yet needed the sun-smile's healing;          In <i>dream</i> it had known a new being,          But in <i>life</i>, had known not the e'en,          Till song first whispered from thee,          This is the world for you, love, and me.</p>	<p>I've thought me of the future's call;          To present joys my thoughts have given,          Yet ever felt the longings of my soul          Offer a plea for the choice of heaven;          'Tis so: this life is doubt no more!          This life is filled with treasure store!          This life a heaven of joy will be,          In this world with you, love, and me.</p>
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## MY COLLEGE FRIENDS.

## NO. I.

FRANK CARSON.

"There is something in the misfortunes of our best friends that pleases us."

SOME years have passed since first I trode, in all the pride and dignity of new-fledged manhood, the halls of old YALE; and yet, despite the injuries which memory has suffered from the "rubbings of Time's iron tooth," there are some incidents, some "Horæ Collegianæ," which occasionally recur to me as vividly as though it were but yesterday they happened. Sometimes a careless word will sink deep into my mind, and bring from out its recesses forms and faces which have long lain there undisturbed, waiting as it were the slightest incentive, and then springing up before the mind's eye in such a guise as to leave little "bodying forth" for the imagination to do. Glancing over the columns of a newspaper the other day, the words "*Put me out*," forming the caption of a paragraph, caught my eye, and forthwith wars and rumors of war, Mexico, Buenos Ayres, Bennett's Express, and the "Sun's" news collector, nay, even the very journal *lying* before me, were, for the time being, as completely forgotten as though the waters of Lethe had rolled over them for ages. But how was this? say you. Why, it was just thus. Those three little words at once annihilated some dozen or less of years, and I was again a merry, mad-cap, rollicking Sophomore, a modern *night-errant*, with little Latin and less Greek, but *au fait* in comic sections from an ellipse (*ἐν λείψει*, a sin of omission) to a diabolic curvature, or *bender*, as the initiated call it, (a sin of commission.) In a word, that "*Put me out*" of the paragraph, transferred me from my little parlor, (I say "my," for, *laus Deo*, "I'm single yet,") and the truly bachelor's *déjeuné* I was enjoying, to my friend Frank Carson's apartment that was, a snug room *au quatrième* in 'old South Middle,' and to a scene in which the aforesaid Frank made what the reader may call, if he choose, a somewhat ludicrous appearance.

I say the reader may thus call it, but I will not, for Frank was my friend, my "fidus Achates" in all frolics, a very Pythias to Damon in the hour of trouble. He was a fellow of brilliant talents, but possessing withal an inherent love of mischief, which even the miseries of a six months' residence with a country parson had proved wholly inadequate to subdue. He would transfer a sign from a cutler's shop to the watch-house, so that the next morning the passers-by would behold

‘BLADES PUT IN HERE,’

in staring letters, immediately over the entrance to that very respectable receptacle of human frailty. He would walk by the side of a Tutor to morning prayers, gravely discoursing on Greek verb roots, idioms or dialects, and at the same time would gracefully insinuate his hand into the learned gentleman's pocket, abstract therefrom his handkerchief, wrap in it one or two doughnuts, a child's doll, or lady's *tournure*, (they used smaller ones in those days than they do now,) and then carefully replace the handkerchief and contents. In performing this last eccentricity of genius, the poor fellow got caught once, and received an intimation from the faculty that his health was evidently failing, and that, inasmuch as a change of air seemed almost indispensable in his case, that honorable body had reluctantly given their consent to his withdrawing into the country for awhile, where he could enjoy greater freedom from study and supervision, than, consistently with their rules, they could permit while he remained in the College. Those who have lived far away from their home, strangers in a strange land, and have chanced to be the recipients of unlooked-for acts of kindness, can conceive what were Frank's feelings on this occasion: I cannot describe them. But his gratitude was not merely momentary, for he ever after kept in his room a large picture-frame, labeled "A Faculty Meeting," and containing, behind the glass, a fine collection of—*old suspenders*.

Now Frank was a kind-hearted fellow, and did not, as the reader will perhaps shrewdly suspect, meddle with the watchman's box because he enjoyed the poor Charley's confusion when taunted with his negligence of duty in suffering such wantonness to be carried on under his very nose, but because he loved to see the satisfaction which the good citizens took in the joke, as expressed by their hearty cachinations. (Be it remembered, they were going to their business, after a night's rest and a good breakfast, and not returning *from* it, after a day of toil and care.) Nor did he put the aforesaid trimmings in the Tutor's handkerchief because he enjoyed the mortification and blushes which ensued when that gentleman, all unconscious of the trick, in accordance with his wonted custom on taking his seat in the recitation-room, drew from his pocket the capacious bandanna, and giving it the wonted flourish preparatory to applying it to his nasal protuberance, rolled out, to his own utter dismay, the treasures thus carefully enclosed. Oh, no! Frank would not for the world have hurt the feelings of a mosquito even, unless the bird assailed him first. He did

it from pure philanthropy! He loved to see those around him happy! Frank was perfectly delighted, not at the Tutor's consternation, but at the smile which lighted up three tiers of human countenances, and which was heightened into a general roar, as little Mc——, gliding from his seat, gathered up the unlucky articles from the floor, held them up to full view, and, as though he would restore them to the original possessor, but taking good care to keep them just out of his reach, remarked, with the demurest countenance in the world, "You've dropped something, sir."

I said Frank was kind; he was also generous, even to a fault; so that, though rich, and having an indulgent guardian, his purse rarely incommoded him by its weight, for he had many 'friends,' and many, too, who sought his charity, and never sought in vain. Nor yet was he one of those who do their fellow-creatures a kindness and then rob the act of half its merit by proclaiming it to the world. Nay, I have even known him to suffer serious inconvenience rather than let a thing be known which must have won for him the tribute of universal respect. An instance of this. The morning after Christmas, in 18—, Frank came into the recitation room rather late, after the whole class had assembled and the recitation begun. His eyes were bloodshot, his face pale, and his whole appearance that of a man who had slept very little, if any, for the twenty-four hours next preceding. Tutor —— then filled the 'chair'—a man whose attainments, in one respect, fully equaled Dr. Porson's, or Dr. Johnson's, viz. personal uncouthness and lack of courtesy. In accordance with a then existing rule of the institution in such cases made and provided, before taking his seat Frank stepped up to the Tutor's chair, and asked to be excused from reciting.

"No, sir!" was ——'s reply. "You were drunk last night, wa'n't you?"

"I was not, sir," said Frank.

"You were! I saw you myself, with a basket of bottles, and I know those bottles contained wine. Now take your seat, and consider yourself as having received a warning for being drunk and then denying it."

Frank's face was pale before, but now it was livid, and his lips quivered with rage at the insult. Recovering himself, he cast on the officer a single glance of withering contempt, and then passed to his seat. The Tutor brought upon himself very general scorn and dislike for his roughness, while Frank acquired as general respect for his forbearance, and this would have been a thousand fold increased, had the real state of the case been known. The affair passed off and was forgotten, but some three or four months after, business carried me to a little hovel in the outskirts of the city, inhabited by a poor, but really deserving woman, with a family of young children. In the course of conversation she stated that her husband died on the last Christmas night and left her pennyless, but that, by hard work, together with the assistance she occasionally received from "Mr. Carson," she had got along through the winter very comfortably. On hearing the name of

"Carson," I inquired rather more particularly, and found this was my friend Frank, and that so far from being drunk, as the Tutor asserted, Frank, having accidentally discovered the condition of this family, had carried wine and other little articles to the sick man, and resisting the temptation to spend a merry night with a select party of his gay friends, had watched with the poor fellow, smoothing his path down the dark valley, by assuring him that he would see his family did not want for bread. The reader, knowing this, will not wonder that, as I said at first, nothing would induce me to ridicule my friend Frank; not even seeing him play the principal part in such a scene as that I am now about to relate—a scene called to mind by that "Put me out" of the newspaper paragraph.

I must premise by saying that Frank was somewhat superstitious, and when he got into such a fit, to drive off spirits that came unsummoned from the vasty deep, he would summon spirits from A——'s little refectory, the "breathing-hole" to that place, as the very worthy Prof. S. used to call it. In this, proving himself a practitioner of the Homœopathic school, so far as prescribing "like to cure like" was concerned, but not exactly regulating his prescriptions according to their received authorities in regard to the *quantum sufficit* of the doses; or, to speak less technically and more to the point, he used to hang care and drive off the blues by drinking brandy. One summer evening, for lack of something else to do, he had strolled into a Miller meeting, and found the good people in a great state of excitement, consequent on a revelation just made to Brother Somebody, and which he, the aforesaid Brother, had very disinterestedly imparted to the congregation, to the effect that the world was to be burned up forthwith, if not sooner. There was more than the ordinary quantity of groans and lamentations, in a word, more of the practical spirit of fanaticism, diffused in the room, than the not over-sceptical mind of Frank could resist; and before he came out he was at least half convinced that "that great day," when "the world's to be a burning, a burning," was fully come. On his way home he stepped into the Major's and ordered a couple of bottles of his best Otard and a bunch of cigars to be sent up forthwith. Arrived there, he threw off his coat, donned his smoking-cap, drew the cork from the first bottle and poured out a glass, (Frank was an amateur, and took his brandy "raw,") lit a Principe, settled himself in his easy-chair, stretched his well-shaped leg on the table, opened a volume of that entertaining narrative, "Jacob Faithful, by Captain Marryatt, Royal Navy," and began to read. By the time he had finished that interesting chapter which records, in glowing terms, the death of Jacob's worthy parent by spontaneous combustion, the brandy had begun to mount into his head and disturb the equilibrium of his brain. So, casting the book aside, he gave vent to his buoyancy of spirit by singing and dancing, and at last, seizing a huge French horn which graced the pannel over the fire-place, he blew a blast that made the old brick walls shake. Now it so happened that, in the room below, Seymour, Gaultier, and two or three others, were seated round a table, quietly discussing a turkey which had unaccountably disap-



peared from the flock of a worthy farmer in the vicinity a day or two before, and had as unaccountably found its way to a roasting-oven near by, from whence it was transferred to Seymour's room, where it was now fast "passing away." Hearing the strange noises, we rushed up to ascertain the cause. We 'bolted in,' and, *horresco referens*, found Frank, as he expressed it, "not drunk, but slightly skewed." But though pretty "tired," Frank's customary ease and politeness did not desert him.

"Ha! Take seats, gentlemen. Jack, a cigar? Gaultier, there's brandy. Help yourselves, gentlemen. You'll find glasses, together with lemons, sugar, nutmeg, &c., if you use such trash, in that book-case there. The lower row of books is false; touch the knob at the side and they'll fly out, and you'll find the stuff."

The toddies were made and drank, the cigars resumed, and an hour or two whiled away very pleasantly. At length, Frank, who by this time was decidedly drunk, took it into his head that the cigars would be considerably improved by being scented. So selecting one from the bunch, he soaked it a few moments in a jar of cologne from the toilette table; then, carefully perforating the end with a knife, he put it in his mouth and applied to the other end a lighted taper. The alcohol instantly ignited and the whole cigar was on fire, burning with a deep BLUE FLAME, *the very same kind that was emitted from the body of Jacob Faithful's venerable parent!!* Frank opened his mouth to scream, and the cigar dropped out, so the mischief was ended at once. Not so thought he, though, for the rising flame had singed his nose, so the pain was there still, and he was too drunk to know the fire was out. "Oh! put me out! Do put me out! My God, I'm a spontaneous combustion! I know I am. Oh, fellows, *please* put me out." Gaultier, to humor him, dashed a pitcher of cold water in his face, the shock of which for an instant alleviated, or rather distracted his attention from, the pain, but it soon returned and he again roared, "No, it aint out—there it is again—oh! I can't burn up yet! He lied, the world's not coming to an end! Gaultier! Jack! My God! Help! Oh *do* put me out!" After pouring all the water in the pitchers and bowl on him, we were about to use 't'other vessel,' when he finally concluded that the fire was out for the present: but he "be d—d if it wasn't a clear case of spontaneous combustion. The flame was *blue*!" He "saw it and 'twas just like Mrs. Faithful's." Further, it would surely break out again, and then, "Oh, my God; then I *shall* burn up! Oh d-e-a-r!"

In order to quiet him, we had to send for his factotum or scout, an old black fellow, a runaway slave, whose whole heart he had won by various little acts of kindness, and whom he employed in all sorts of service. "Doctor" soon came for orders, and Frank, now partially sobered by fright, but not yet recovered from fright so as to have his senses, commenced—"Doc, go get a big tub of water." The tub was soon brought. "Now, Doc, put me to bed, and mind, Doc, you watch me all night, and if I get on fire roll me right in the tub." "Yes, massa, but gor-a-mighty, massa Frank, what you gwine to get on fire for?" "Never you mind, Doc, but just do as I tell you." Frank was

put to bed, and muttering "mind you roll me right in, Doc," soon fell into a restless and uneasy sleep, and we left.

The next morning I met Doctor, and asked him if Frank "got on fire." "No, massa Jack, but he talk in um sleep and wake up and holler 'put um out!' Never saw massa Frank so bad before," said Doc, with a knowing shake of the head.

Frank "stood the champagne" a few nights after, and laughed with us at the recapitulation of his trouble."

JACK F.

NEW YORK CITY.

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### SHREDS AND PATCHES.

#### NO. III.

VACATION OVER, and how has it fared with thee, my dear fellow? Hast thou passed it right pleasantly? Hast thou returned to beatify thy paternal mansion with thy delectable presence, and give gladness to the hearts of doting mothers and fond sisters? Hast thou astonished them with thy growth and improvement, since last thou hadst met them? Hast thou displayed thy prodigious acquirements, by long quotations from Herodotus and Horace, Cicero and Livy, whereat thy good old maiden aunt was hugely amazed, and did raise her hands in exceeding great wonderment, while she exclaimed, "La! me"? Or hast thou endured a course of lectures for some bad habit thou hast contracted, during thy sojourn beneath these classic shades? There is *one* who has.

But I have not done with queries yet. Have the hours slipped lightly and merrily by? Have fair fingers dallied with thy locks, and hath a gentle voice, more pleasant and enchanting than music's spell, breathed its melting tones upon thy ear? Hast thou sat in some sweet embowered spot, amidst the melody of gushing fountains and the singing of birds, while the soft breeze

"Came over gardens,

And the flowers that kissed it were betrayed,"

with one bright being by thy side, whose image for the whole term previous had hovered over thee in thy dreams by day and thy visions by night, and poured into her willing ear thy oft-told tale of—you know what? A friend of mine says *he* has.

Or hast thou day by day yawned wearily toward the dingy windows, as the rain came pattering thick and fast against them, and watched the drops chasing each other adown the smooth panes, till thine eyes felt like two big drops just ready to start from thy head and run down in the same fashion? Hast thou sat in thy dim and darksome room, with legions of most woe-begone and melancholy "blue devils" wheeling slowly about you? Don't tell me, good reader, that this isn't the way the creatures move. Though they generally dance about, and cut up all sorts of antics, there is sometimes weather bad enough to make even "blue devils" as dull and moping as the poor wight on whom they

attend. Hast thou held communion with spirits like these? Mayhap there is more than one who has.

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If you make an excursion up the Connecticut Valley this summer, or any other, don't fail to ascend a mountain, which riseth hard by your route from Northampton to Greenfield, and rejoiceth in the sweet and dulcet name of Sugar-Loaf. It is of humble pretensions, but it will repay a visit as well as the more aspiring Holyoke, where fame is spread abroad so widely. Why it bears the appellation of Sugar-Loaf, I know not, unless because it bears no sort of resemblance to one. Pleasant recollections now come up, of a visit of mine to the mountain, a few months since. Toilsome was the climb to the top thereof—especially to the frail and tender creatures who were with me. But when we had overcome the rugged and steepy ascent, all thought of fatigue was put to flight in the enchanting beauty of the scene before us. Beneath our feet, as it were, ran the Connecticut, looking like a broad and silver ribbon, as it wound gracefully toward the south, till lost among the mountains that skirt the horizon in that direction. On both sides were spread out those splendid meadows, that form the chief beauty of the Connecticut Valley; and never have I beheld them, when they looked half so beautiful as then. Mount Holyoke I have often visited; but somehow there was a richness and beauty in this landscape, beyond anything I ever witnessed there. The exquisite, the surpassing loveliness of the scene—it haunts me still. Our elevation above the valley prevented our observing any slight inequalities in the surface; and there it was, stretching away to the south, seeming as smooth as the painted canvas, and chequered with hues more gorgeous far than the brightest ever formed by the pencil of a Claude. The river, with its silver sheen—the waving crops of grain, already tinted with their golden dye—the green and luxuriant fields of corn and grass, all bathed in the gentle and grateful light of an August sunset—were far more beautiful than art ever can produce. I would rhapsodize in verse a little, were I of the gifted sons of song; but, in the language of the poet, "*I am anything else.*"

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In the last number of the American Review there is a fine article on the genius and writings of Thomas Hood. Read it, friend, if you would know more of a man, who had a large and generous heart, as well as a noble and gifted mind. But do more;—get "*Hood's Prose and Verse,*" and learn of him from the productions of his own pen. A few rambling thoughts in regard to him were thrown out in a late number of our humble Magazine. I am not going to inflict more of the same on you; but I cannot forbear giving you something far better—a brief extract or two from his works, which will serve to throw light on some traits of his character. In his articles on Copy-right, he shows his large-heartedness. He writes not like too many of his countrymen, with a pen dipped in the "*gall of bitterness,*" when speaking of our American republic. He indulges in no invective upon us. He utters no sentiments of sheer selfishness. He shows no narrow spirit, unable to cherish kindness and good-will toward kindred over the ocean;—he is

none of those whose sympathies are circumscribed by the watery barriers that surround his native island. But hear him in his own peculiar way: "I am none of the 'Mr. H's' who have drawn, sketched, or caricatured the Americans. The stars and stripes do not affect me like a blight in the eye; nor does Yankee Doodle give me the ear-ache. I have no wish to repeal the Union of the United States, or to alter the phrase in the Testament, into 'Republicans and Sinners.' In reality, I have rather a Davidish feeling towards Jonathan, remembering whence he comes, and what language he speaks; and holding it better in such cases to have the wit that traces resemblances, than the judgment that detects differences, and perhaps fomenters them."

In regard to the unhappy influence of a lack of international copyright upon our authors, he speaks as our best writers have spoken. He cannot help indulging in his waggery and grotesqueness, in the midst of sound argument and beautiful language. His description of a Yankee, in connection with this subject, will serve as an example of his comic style. "He is first chop with the hatchet and a crack with the rifle,—grand at a coon, mighty at a 'possum, and awful at a squirrel,—he can drive a nail with a bullet, or a bargain with a Jew pedler,—whip his weight in wild-cats, grin jesuit's bark into quinine, and, as some say, wring off the tail of a comet,—but where will be his exploits with the pen? Will he resemble, or not, the big Ben of the school, a dab at marbles, a first-rater at cricket, a top-sawyer at fives, and a good 'un at fisticuffs; but *obliged* to be obliged for his English themes and exercises to the least boy on the farm?"

He closes the article with the following beautiful passage, on the influence which books had exercised on his own character. "Infirm health, and a natural love of reading, happily threw me, instead of worse society, into the company of poets, philosophers, and sages,—to me good angels and ministers of grace. From these silent instructors—who often do more than fathers, and always more than godfathers, for our temporal and spiritual interests;—from these *mild monitors*—no *importunate tutors*, teasing mentors, moral task-masters, obtrusive advisers, harsh censors, or wearisome lecturers—but delightful associates,—I learned something of the divine, and more of the human religion. They were my interpreters in the house beautiful of God, and my guides among the delectable mountains of nature. They reformed my prejudices, chastened my passions, tempered my heart, purified my taste, elevated my mind, and directed my aspirations.

Hence have I genial seasons—hence have I  
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thoughts;  
And thus, from day to day, my little boat  
Rocks in its harbor, lodging peaceably.  
Blessings be with them, and eternal praise!"

For the thousandth time have I caught myself repeating, almost unconsciously, that exceeding beautiful little poem of his, entitled, "I remember." Though it is familiar to so many, I cannot help quoting the last two verses.

" I remember, I remember,  
 Where I was used to swing,  
 And thought the air must rush as fresh  
 To swallows on the wing.  
 My spirits flew in feathers then,  
 That are so heavy now,  
 And summer pools could hardly cool  
 The fever on my brow.

" I remember, I remember,  
 The fir-trees dark and high,  
 I used to think their slender tops  
 Were close against the sky.  
 It was a childish ignorance,  
 But now 'tis little joy  
 To know I'm farther off from heaven  
 Than when I was a boy."

Poor Hood! thou wast like other men, and "all have sinned;" yet, in spite of thy sad reflection in those closing lines, thou wert much *nearer* heaven than many of thy fellows, who make more professions than didst thou. Thy pure nature was not sullied by the vices of selfishness, envy, and malice. Thy kind and excellent spirit made thee feel for every suffering child of want and woe. Thy generous feelings were not stunted and withered by the chilling influence of a cold and heartless world. Thy large and loving heart extended unto all. But thou hast gone to thy long, long home.

"Dust to its narrow house beneath,  
 Soul to its place on high."

Peace to thy ashes and rest to thy spirit, thou real friend of man!

Horæ Collegianæ! College hours! How swiftly have ye fled! How short the time since, with all my verdancy, I entered these walls! I then looked forward, through long years of toil; and distant, far distant, seemed the goal. But it appeared a pleasant and a flowery way: Bright gleamed the star of hope above my path. Gay and gladsome spirits beckoned me on. Ah! I saw none of the countless vexations which here fall to the lot of us all; I heard not those agonizing sounds which so oft have broken on the stillness of the early morn. Those main-tones have been anything but blessed tones to me. But a fig's end for them—"they are gone, all gone."

"Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
 Scenes that former thoughts renew,  
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
 Now a sad and last adieu!"

Ay, there have been hours of pleasure, as well as woe—but that hour before breakfast was not "one of 'em."

Say what you will of the impudence and boorishness existing in our

college fraternity, there is less of affectedness and mawkish foppishness than you will find in almost any other place. There are very few of your "deyvilish foine fellows," as they are called, who are as precise and stiff as if they had been starched at their birth, and dipped three times a day in the material ever since—who can't address you without a lisping drawl, as long as the moral law, with notes and explanations. Personal considerations lead us to differ, in opinion, somewhat from the following:—

"A set o' dull, conceited hashies  
Confine their brains in college classes;  
They gang in stirks, and come out amos,  
Plain truth to speak."

Burns was a good fellow, and wrote some tolerable poetry—but he had never "been to college."

With all the high advantages enjoyed here, and all the inducements to quicken and stimulate exertion, a college life is very apt to give one idle habits. Few, very few, pass through the course without contracting them in some measure. Young men are here thrown together, in the hey-day of the blood, with allurements of a thousand forms to draw them into dissipation; to some of which nearly all yield in greater or less degree. How many come here with integrity of principle, buoyant with hope, and glowing with ambitious ardor, who leave with recklessness of character, habits which unfit them for life's stern duties, and a constitution shattered and broken—not by study! The sunshine of their days has gone forever. Poet never wrote a truer verse than this:

"O man! while in thy early years,  
How prodigal of time!  
Mispending all thy precious hours,  
Thy glorious youthful prime!  
Alternate follies take the sway;  
Licentious passions burn;  
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,  
That man was made to mourn."

Ye, who are yet in the midst of your toils, who are yet in the early part of your career, heed well the time as its passes. Listen not to the witching voice of those who would persuade you, that you can make it up in after years, for what you now lose in sloth and trifling. Believe them not when they tell you, that you will enjoy the *present* better, by slighting your studies and running a course of idleness and folly. Believe, rather, what all who have tried both will say, if they speak from the heart, that time well improved is more pleasant! Ah, how much more pleasant, than time frittered and wasted away. Be strong in yourselves, and press on with the full and determined purpose of doing while you may. So live, that when the last shred of time is granted you, and you shall no longer be able to patch out the web of life, you may have the blessed consciousness, that it has been woven well. As saith the preacher, so mote it be.

## EDITORS' FAREWELL.

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Now, dear Reader, we have a short space left for the "sweet sorrow" of a formal parting. The last page is filled, the last proof corrected, and we yield your Magazine into other, and, we trust, better hands. We need not assure you that it pains us to leave these haunts, where linger the joy-beams of so many blessed hours—to break that connection which unites us not only as members of the same institution, but that nearer and nobler one which has bound us in a society of kindred and co-working minds. The marriage of soul with soul, is the source of a higher and subtler joy than all other relations can yield. It is the precursor of that state where corporate affinities are lost in a universe of spirits. But we must not linger on this sweet, sad theme. We but go before you into the dust and din of this earnest world—to send back in our examples, voices of warning or encouragement.

We would say in the last words, that for our contributors and subscribers we have the warmest thanks; for our successors in charge of the Magazine, the heartiest wishes; and for all, a "God bless you, and a——Good bye."

Your Editors for 1846,

JOHN B. BRISBIN,  
WILLIAM B. CAPRON,  
HENRY B. HARRISON,  
DAVID HAWLEY,  
WILLIAM R. NEVINS.

VOL. XI.

No. VII.

## YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE

## FOOTNOTES

59 914

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

"Hilms kann gar nicht hören, wenn irgendein Teller bei Festschall Box Music, irgendeine Verdäkel!"

JUNE, 1846.

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PRINTED IN INDIA AND PAKISTAN

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## TO OUR READERS.

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THE peculiar position in which we are placed, will doubtless supersede the necessity of our making to you any formal bow, and authorize our coming at once to terms of familiarity. Yet, should there be any who would deem such a course uncourteous, or who would prefer a more fashionable introduction, let them dismiss their complaints and be quiet, as our Treasurer has already been instructed to call upon them at the earliest practicable moment, and obtain some favorable *expression* of their regard.

Without more ado, then, we at once give you, one and all, a hearty greeting, and say to you, be of good cheer. Be kind, too, and considerate—be generous, and expect not too much from those to whom you have intrusted the charge of your Magazine; and in return, be assured that whatever care and labor can accomplish, that you shall have at our hands. To sustain, however, the position which a prosperous existence of near eleven years has given to our “Maga,” it will be necessary that you yourselves add a warm and energetic support. Your own interests are involved and demand it of you, as the reputation of the Magazine is inseparably connected with that of its patrons, and even should no other motive prompt, yet the fond associations that cluster around this, the only bequest of those who have preceded us, call for thus much of your sympathy. Wend along with us, then, gaily and cheerily, through the rich fields of Fancy, or enter the recesses of sober

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and earnest thought—gather with us the gems of Poesy, as the sparkle by the wayside, or cull the flowers that blossom around and our journey will yet prove a smooth and pleasant way.

Once more, then, let us bespeak that favor which has been liberally extended to our predecessors, and although we may not equal them in contributing to your pleasure, yet may we hope to make some slight return for the confidence you have reposed in us. At present, we can only tender you our thanks but hereafter we shall endeavor to present you with something more acceptable.

With feelings of gratitude, we remain,

Readers and Classmates,

Respectfully,

YOUR EDITORS

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XI.

JUNE, 1846.

No. 7.

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## CHIVALRY.

"Where is the antique glory now become,  
That whilom wont, (in Knighthood,) to appear?  
Where be the brave achievements done by some?  
Where the battles—where the shield and spear,  
And all the conquests which them high did rear,  
That matter made for famous poets' verse,  
And boastful men so oft abashed to hear?"

Honor to the brave of the olden time! Such a tribute from all is justly due to the Past, clothed as it is with glorious memories; but from none can it come with better grace than from those who reap the fruits of all those slumbering deeds which prepared the advent of an age of peace and liberty. Few, most probably, are those amongst us, who, in the flush of youth, with high hopes and stirring spirits, have not at times wished for a return of those thrilling eras. In fancy they loom up before us, glorious with splendors, while around them cluster all the sympathies which are ever the share of departed greatness. Upon the Future we look as upon an untried friend; but in the Past, every mark and feature remind us of some well-known event, so that in time, even its eccentricities become dear and cherished tokens of remembrance. For this reason it is that the days of Chivalry have ever been the pleasure-grounds of the imagination, and many a young spirit, could it but hold for a moment the 'Wand of Prospero,' would roll back centuries of civilization, that it might partake in the gay pastime of tilt and tournament. That such feelings originate in the exuberance of life and passion, and are not the result of calm, cool judgment, is self-evident. Yet it is equally clear, that fancy could never cling to the visions of those days, were they, as has been often charged, fraught with crime and horror.

To the lovers, then, of true chivalric sentiment, no apology need be made for the intrusion of a subject so foreign to the tone of the age in which we live. The fascination which once lured the chevalier to

court the path of danger and glory, is but a more intense expression of the feeling which incites the mind to retrace his actions, and such sympathy as this ensures an approval. To the amateur it opens the vein of minstrelsy, while to the student of history there can be no more pleasing recreation than to revert for a moment to the time when France was one vast tilting-ground, when Spain was the home of the troubadour, and England was in truth "merrie, merrie old England." Indeed we can envy no one whose soul has become so sensual in its cast that he can fail of being pleased with the delicious, dream-like mystery which attaches to the chivalric age.

Its influence, too, is no less beneficial than agreeable. There is an emotion elicited by communion with those brave old times, that tends greatly to exalt and purify human nature. It is the contemplation of nobleness that excites our own generous feelings, and if we find for ourselves a model of excellence in the Past, consecrated by time and the general approbation of mankind, it is far more desirable than when joined with the faults and foibles of those around us. The music of by-gone ages is but the requiem of ambition—the dirge of the greatest and the highest. Bold and towering spirits who sought the light, alone remain to us; and in no page of history can be found a more brilliant array than in the record of Chevisance. We all are forced to admire its heroic deeds, and whilst admiring, imperceptibly do we fashion our own minds after the beautiful image. In it we behold, not as has been represented, the last relic of barbarism, but the chief element of the new glory which was dawning upon the world. Its destiny was to soften the asperities, without detracting from that strength of character which Feudalism had impressed upon nations, and gloriously did it fulfill its duty. The milder emotions of the heart were called into play, to temper the strong flow of passion; Love was elevated from a gross appetite into a beautiful fiction; Religion was wedded to arms, and faith, meekness, bravery, and honor, became the attributes of knighthood.

In fancy we may recall the age of Chivalry, but in reality never. Its mouldering remains lie buried too deep even to be summoned up by the rod of the magician. The mimic sport of war—the wandering minstrel—the knight, with his glancing armor and gaily caparisoned steed—the days when music, mirth, and wine, flowed round the festal board—the innocent pleasure unrepressed by the cynic sneer—when bright eyes adjudged the prize of gallantry and prowess—have all forever vanished. A confused array of dazzling images is the only legacy bequeathed to memory, and even those are but faint shadows of the things that were. Like the half-effaced impressions of a dream, we retain but just enough to excite our curiosity and interest, yet even that little assures us, that,

"Blithely, then, to fancy seeming,  
The wily web of Fate was weaving."

It also assures us of a fact much more important, to wit: that we cannot now realize fully the strength and beauty of the new intellect then

impressed upon Europe, and that, in our vain attempt at imitation, our Chivalry has become a burlesque, while our stiff prudery is, at most, but a libel. The reason is, that we ridiculously assume the disguise, without having the spirit to carry out the character, and in the end present a more ludicrous object than did ever Don Quixote in his palmiest days. Like him, too, we mount our hobbies and charge down upon a wind-mill, and whether we come off victorious or not, we laud our bravery, while we forget both our discretion and modesty.

In a hurried glance at the prominent features of Chivalry, even the most listless observer cannot fail of being struck with the total absence of the selfish principle, not only in its written code, but also in the actions to which it gave rise. As this has been assumed by many to be the leading trait in man's nature, and by some few—Helvetius, amongst others—to be the only energetic principle about us, a review of this period, should it serve no other end, will yet present us with one exception to a truth so mortifying to human pride. At all events, the simple fact affords a clue by means of which we may unravel the brightest pages of the past. Philanthropy seems then, if never before or since, to have become the prominent feature of the world, and this alone speaks volumes of praise in favor of Chivalry. Indeed the mere existence of such a spirit would attest its beneficial effects; but when we see it united with a thirst for adventure and individual action—terms which almost imply a certain share of selfishness—the proof becomes convincing that human nature then assumed its noblest guise. It shows, too, that there was then prevalent a flow of generous sentiment, combined with a decision of character, that reflects upon mankind far more credit than any, or even all, the lack-a-daisical graces which are now in such repute. And it teaches us, moreover, that all-important lesson, which it seems we have yet to learn again—that morality must be interwoven with the affections, must be impressed upon the heart, and not upon the intellect alone, if it would conduce to any serviceable result.


Nothing, perhaps, exerted a more important influence in fashioning the spirit of that age, than the romances of Chivalry; and it was in view of the end above noted that this influence was chiefly directed. In fact it was indispensable that it should be so, since nothing else would ever have imbued men so thoroughly with its own glow of virtuous sentiment; for as the garb in which it was clothed gave it ready access to the heart, so the sympathy it enlisted conspired to render it durable. An exhaustless theme, rich in poetry and fiction, was found in the legends of Arthur and his Paladins. The mighty deeds of 'Gawaine,' 'Lancelot,' 'Sir Tristram,' and others, were well calculated to inspire with enthusiasm souls already thirsting for fame, and the courtesy of manner with which they were invested, served to elevate the ideal above the mere embodiment of brute courage. The brave deeds imputed to the knights of the 'Round Table' became the textbook of the code of honor. In love, as in war, a long period, passed in undeviating constancy, was considered necessary to success; and yet a happy medium was still preserved between the cold formalism

of the ascetic and the intemperance of the debauchee. In fact, all the virtues which were shadowed forth in the highly-wrought minstrelsy of the times, were those which are now held in most especial veneration, but which, unfortunately, are invested with so much of reverence that few dare now practice them. Then, however, they were practiced; and we speak it to the honor of the Troubadours, that there could not have been fancied a more glowing image of man, the hero, than that held up by them for imitation. Theirs was none of the cold "charitie," the uneasy modesty or the strained civility that now caricatures society. A generous friendship consecrated the foibles as well as the virtues of a companion, and brethren in arms adopted the enmities as well as the loves of each other. Such warmth, it is true, might be condemned in principle, but the earnest which it afforded of their sincerity is worthy of all praise. The joust, the tournament, and the deadly combat, were all the very emphasis of honor, and he who should take an undue advantage, even in mortal strife, was deemed a recreant to his faith, and was ever afterwards expelled from the companionship of his equals in rank and station. The chief end and object of their song was to embody such feelings as these, and by investing them with a peculiar elegance of drapery, to make them subjects worthy of regard, not for themselves alone, but also for the beautiful fictions which encased them. As such, and with such an intent, it could not help but produce a moral system more effective and more in accordance with the rest of man's nature, than any which had preceded it. It was moreover the happy fortune of the institutions of Chivalry to join in unison what are now fast becoming antagonistic features. Interest and glory then lay in the same path; chastity and love were inculcated as synonymous, while apostacy was deemed as foul a blot upon an escutcheon as cowardice itself.

Founded on principles so pure and pleasing, such an institution could not fail to produce the most happy results. Its effect, however, was not so much the development of national, as of individual character. Patriotism, it is true, in a limited sense, was numbered amongst its virtues, yet not to the exclusion of all sympathy with noble rivals. The acolyte in arms chose rather to enlist beneath the standard of a 'famous knight' than that of his own petty prince, and his favorite motto, "honor to the *brave*," is worthy of far more commendation than that narrow-minded philosophy which can see excellence only in the achievements of its own country. Indeed, its effect was rather to obliterate than to strengthen sectional prejudice, and the knight of Provence, who could carry off the prize at joust or tourney on English ground, was as loudly acclaimed, as though the feat had been performed beneath the battlements of his own castle. No system, perhaps, having for its object simply the creation of strong national features—which creation could only have been accomplished by fostering national prejudices—could during that period ever have contributed much towards the progress of civilization. It is by harmonizing, rather than by placing in antagonism, the discordant principles of human nature, that man is advanced towards a state of perfection.

This did the *spirit* of Chivalry accomplish in the highest degree. Never, either before or since, was man, individual man, elevated to a loftier position. Fiction never wore a brighter garland than he then realized. Embodying in himself no delegated authority from prince, or peer or populace, but animated with the spirit of heroism, and depending upon his own stout arm alone, he won his laurels in tilt and tournament, wooed his lady love in hall and bower, or charged down upon the ranks of the infidel for the recovery of the holy sepulchre, accountable for his actions only to the laws of honor. His entire physical happiness was dependent upon his *bravery*, his intellectual was couched in his *virtue*, and to their full and perfect development were devoted all his knightly prowess, energy, and self-discipline. Long and arduous, it is true, were the trials which tested his faith and worthiness; yet when these were passed, they added still more lustre to his triumph. To the young esquire all hopes and aspirations clustered around the moment when he should attain the badge of knight-hood. The period of his probation was the ordeal by which to test his hardihood and prove his virtue. This rendered meritorious a severe course of self-discipline and abstemiousness, by making it necessary to the attainment of a point of honor; and thus that which, when pursued for an ideal good, would ordinarily be censured as fanatical, when a tangible object was held out as the reward, was looked upon with superstitious veneration and love. Had such a course been opposed to the common prejudices of men, (as some have intimated,) it is evident that it never would have been persisted in; but a love of virtue had been engrafted in the proper manner upon the mind, and it demanded in turn a thorough approval of virtue. Hence it was that a trial so severe had to be encountered by the candidate for distinction; that through so many weary hours he was expected to keep his fasts and vigils, and that it was only when the beams of the rising sun glanced upon his burnished armor, that the accolade was given, that his worthiness was attested, and the heroes of many a hard-fought field came forth to welcome him into their illustrious order.

Here, too, as we turn over the musty pages that chronicle those times, do we find in the effect of those institutions the origin of liberty, in all its genuineness and purity. That freedom can only exist where no barrier opposes the elevation of merit is perfectly evident, and that the entire drift of the sentiments of Chivalry was to promote this state of equal rights, to abrogate in a measure the distinctions of birth by enhancing the estimation of virtue and bravery, to weaken the feudal tenure, and instead of the shackles of the bondsman, to institute the probationary period passed by the esquire, is even clearer still. Self-dependence, and, consequently, freedom of will in all temporal concerns, we find were the two grand moving causes at work in the minds of men. The former inspired them with a love of martial glory, and led them to seek fame in the tented field, while the latter exerted an equally healthful and vivifying influence upon the mental faculties. The approach of a new order of things elicited thought, thought instigated action, and action brought to





light latent power. The personal independence which had its origin in a few daring souls, gradually diffused through the mass. The rivalry of contending spirits, as they strove to rescue the feeble and oppressed, called forth the admiration of all, and this admiration in turn proved the talisman of further progress. In fact, it gave to the public mind a bias from which it has never yet wholly swerved, to wit: a determination at all hazards to urge and enforce its own legitimate claims. This, however, was only the germ, and seems to have had but little in common with that phase of liberty, which would now be termed "progressive democracy." It was then rational and sensible, and although confined to the narrow sphere of personal independence, yet still it worked wonders in reformation. Since that period it has expanded, its sphere has become enlarged, and, when guided aright, it has contributed more perhaps than any or all other features of government to perfect the symmetry of man's social and political (and would that we could add religious) character.

Thus we see that the institutions of Chivalry, in their influence upon mankind, seem to have had chiefly two points in view; the one to engraft upon the mind a sentiment of honor which should persuade it into the path of rectitude and virtue; the other to train the heart to a manly nobleness and generous warmth of sentiment, rather than by stifling the affections to make man a mere machine of thought.

This last brings us to another view of our subject, and in passing it may be worth while to notice the somewhat singular fact, that the *spirit* of Chivalry never animated the world but once. Other graces which have shed their charms around mankind, when their passing lustre was over, have withered away, and a new generation have blossomed forth with fresh beauty. The religion of nature first impelled man to devotion, and devotion elevated his being. Again, idolatry and hero-worship gave to devotion a tangible identity, and in after years the same feeling was called into play by the appearance of Christianity. Eras of Poetry with their refining influences have successively fashioned out new additions to the strength of national character. But Chivalry is a unit in the annals of time. In the past we can find for it no perfect archetype, while the future holds out no promise of its revival. The soft slumbers of the world in its noon-day repose were broken in upon by the sound of the clarion and the minstrel's lay. Its energies were roused, yet its violence was soothed, and from the whole arose that romantic though pleasing development of human nature, which now in the dim distance seems but the "shadow of a shade."

Among the many lessons which we strive to learn from a review of the past, one of the most important is the influence which passing events exert upon the formation of character. All who are desirous of leaving a name to posterity, eagerly seek to fathom those subtle phases which cast down the highest from positions of esteem and honor, while they elevate the lowliest. Care, culture, and education, all that tends to expand the intellect, are profusely lavished upon the infant mind, that it may become a light and a joy to mankind. And

yet in most instances the futility of all these attempts must be apparent to every one. The master-minds which guide and direct the energies of a nation to some wise and noble end, nearly all spring forth as it were from the very darkness of obscurity. Genius seems to have strewn its most favored gifts in the pathway of poverty and ignorance, and to have chosen ever from the humblest ranks those destined to minister at its shrine and dispense blessings to the world. To attribute this to chance would be to blind our eyes to the facts which lie open before us—facts, too, which none can fail to perceive. Who that has mingled with a rising generation, and seen the youth with eye kindling with genius, and lip quivering with eloquence, the fond child of indulgence and affluence, spurning the plighted troth of virtue, yet prostituting the soul itself to lust, sneering at morality, yet clasping to his heart the grim form of sensuality, but can say, *there* in truth was “fallen greatness?” Who that has seen this but knows—feels—that moral turpitude has condemned to the shades below more sons of glory than ever yet prospered on earth? And does all this originate in mere chance? No! Away, then, with the gay delusion, and look the matter boldly in the face. Spurn the scarlet-robed iniquity, and admit the truth. Admit that in this age of haste and confusion we bestow, for the purpose of developing to the greatest extent the faculties of the mind, all that care and cultivation which by right should be devoted to perfecting the heart in all that is good and great; that while attention is closely confined to the expansion of intellect, the soul and the heart—seats of nobleness and virtue—are left untitled and uncared for. In this respect, what a deep-fraught lesson may we cull from the past! How changed is the scene, when we turn from the moral pestilence which desecrates our age, to those gentle and joyous days of love and arms, of truth and honor, when minstrel and troubadour vied in sounding the praise of virtue and valor, and conjured brave knights to deeds of chevance, by the faith they had sworn to their ‘ladie love’ and to the holy cross! If true greatness be the elevation of soul rather than mind, where do we find it purer or more exalted than in the annals of knighthood? Its records abound in one continuous flow of honest and manly feeling. To this some would fain add, that if ignorance be bliss, surely Chivalry was the great elixir of happiness. The implication is plausible, but true only in part; while the real and correct charge is, that while the institution gave noble prominence to man’s better nature, it contributed *directly* but little to the diffusion and extension of knowledge, though incidentally its effects were both beneficial and permanent. We must, however, crave indulgence for esteeming this one of its highest attributes; not that we would derogate one jot or one tittle from the care and attention due to literary excellence, but discovering in all knowledge but one object—the assimilation of our nature to the perfect being, we cannot but think, that such an end would be far more surely attained by infusing into the *heart* a proper basis of morality, which should render truth, bravery, and generosity, the objects of contention, than by attempting to impose upon

the spirit of the age a ritual which appeals to neither sympathy or passion.

But the age of every 'Heroism,' as well as that of Chivalry, has vanished before the progress of civilization. The triumph of time over the vestiges of antiquity is complete. Stalwart mind has at length chosen the new field of diplomacy in which to engage, and foresworn its allegiance to thought, manly, open, and free—to thought which fears not scrutiny. The better impulses of human nature have been swathed in the bandages of infancy, until, like the feet of the Chinese princess, they have become contemptible from their very diminutiveness. A strong and striking contrast now presents itself in every thing, and in nothing is the dissimilarity more marked than in the different means resorted to for the purpose of cultivating a love of virtue. The beneficent ends then accomplished by the spirit of Chivalry are now subserved by a formal code of morality, of which society at large are by no means the devotees. Temporal emoluments and honors are not linked as of yore with the precepts of religion, and hence it is that so much of hypocrisy and false-hearted compliance ensue. Whether in this light the world has benefited by the change; whether the rules of morality are now observed with the same punctuality as were formerly the behests of honor; whether derelictions from duty are now looked upon by all with the same stern eye of repression, as when the knights' privileges were revoked for swerving from the path of rectitude, we leave others to decide for themselves. Yet still, when looking back upon an era which has passed with so much glory to itself, in which the fleeting visions of love and war seem united in harmony, and where knightly cheivance was ever the expression of virtue, we cannot but lament that the nobler elements of Chivalry have been suffered to decay so sadly in our own social system.

In conclusion, we cannot say that we would wish a return of that period, and the work of centuries undone; but that some of the grace which then invested man—that some of the attributes which then ennobled him, characterized our own age, we do most heartily wish. Yes! in all sincerity and candor must the admission be made, even though it provoke the sneer of the utilitarian, that ever mournful and sad will the truth recur to us, that all those fine old "humanities" are fled, that the foundation of so much poetry and fiction is no more, and that those deep marks of character, Honor, Faith, and Charity, are now mistily obscured, and only linger with us, like spirits around the place of their former abode.

## THE WAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O'er calm seas steals a tiny wave,  
 Sparkleth joyous on their breast,  
 Casteth Heaven-ward beams it gave,  
 Rolleth foam of silver crest!  
 Dancing lightly,  
 Glancing brightly,  
 The sunniest wave be mine!

The ocean rouses from his sleep,  
 Soundeth wave-bells to the ear,  
 Chimeth from the organ-deep,  
 Echoeth anthem, grand and clear!  
 Singing loudly,  
 Ringing proudly,  
 The music-wave be mine!

A storm-cloud arches o'er the wave,  
 Pealeth thunder through the sky:  
 Sea-chant sinketh in the grave,  
 Dieth, murm'ring holly!  
 Swelling gently,  
 Knelling faintly,  
 The deepest wave be mine!

T.

## LIFE—ACTIVITY.

THAT mysterious and most subtle of all influences or principles in nature, *life*, is yet to be a subject of investigation. Light, electricity, gravitation, magnetism, and galvanic action, have all been reduced to what men call sciences; that is, a few of their principles of action, or a few modifications of their principles of action, have been ascertained and recorded in books which men term scientific treatises; but beyond this little is known of these mysterious and most subtle influences of nature.

Man erects his lightning-rod, and the ethereal agent leaps to its point almost at his command; he constructs his chain of batteries, and instantly perceives the electric circuit, the most obdurate metals yielding to a hitherto unknown principle of resolution, and Nature, bound by a law of adhesiveness that might seem to defy the hand of

Omnipotence itself, quietly submitting to the agency of an invisible spirit, and hurrying back, as it were, to her primeval chaos. And yet how little is known, actually known, of either electricity or galvanism! We are overwhelmed, struck dumb with astonishment, at their simplest manifestations, and yet we may be said to know comparatively nothing of them. So with the law of gravitation, so called—that unseen, but all-pervading and mighty influence which enters into the stupendous machinery of the universe, and so mysteriously, but unerringly, directs the motions of each heavenly orb; which pursues the comet in its rapid flight, and, after the lapse perhaps of a thousand years, brings it triumphantly back to its destined point in the heavens.

Nor less astonishing is magnetism—that wonderful agent which slept for so many ages in its own native iron element. What each of these principles are, is a question that must continue to sleep on in the deep of time. They are each and all a mystery too unfathomable for solution.

But what can we conceive, or think, or say, of LIFE—that principle without which the universe of God were a blank, without which existence itself were non-existence? It is manifestly something—something existing and seeking its own peculiar manifestation here in time and place. Yet you cannot investigate it, or subject it to a crucible. You cannot grasp it, or even the thought of it. The more you labor to comprehend it, the more incomprehensible it is to you. And yet it is in and around you, and by far the most material part of you. You can, in fact, find no spot in the creation of God where it is not. Go amid the burning sands of *Sahara*, where death howls his requiem in every blast, and you shall find almost an infinitude of life there. Each grain of sand fanned by a western breeze shall be peopled with its myriads of *insectivæ*—little instinctive, semi-conscious creatures, existing far down in the scale of being, beyond the reach—almost infinitely so—of microscopic power; or, digging down into the solid strata of the planet, possess yourself of the obdurate flint, you shall find, by a process recently discovered, that it is in fact but a most marvellous condensation of life, an incessant activity in the flinty rock itself.

But this conscious *me*, this active, efficient, individual *force*, which has put on the brawn and thews of a man, invested itself in this perfection of clay, what is it? Ask yourselves, one and all of you this question; and yet who is there, out of the nine hundred millions of men that think and act on this globe of ours, that can answer the great sphinx-riddle? We exclaim, Oh, man! how wonderfully, how fearfully made! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God! And yet, have we really known the first syllable either of God, or angels, or men? Have we torn aside the veil that hides the deep mystery of being, or penetrated aught beyond the reach of mere feeble human sensation? Have we, even in our attempts at investigating the properties of light and heat—those mysterious agencies of life and being—ever gone beyond the simplest apprehensions of physical sen-

sation? We perceive that these principles are motive—are active, efficient forces in Nature, impregnating the Universe with *life*, and we erect our corpuscular and undulatory theories into certain stupendous systems, which we denominate the systems of Nature! And yet, who may not venture to doubt the reality of either of these theories? Do the splendid hypotheses of Newton and others afford any thing more than a mere mechanical explanation of the phenomena of light? Do the two great rival theories of modern philosophers afford any real insight into the nature and propagation of this mysterious agent? Who can satisfy himself even that light is material? What is it that, thus defying the most essential law of its existence, leaps out on the solar beam, and, after reflecting perhaps a thousand inferior orbs, returns back again to the great primal source of its being? Is it matter, in any sense in which that term is yet significant to us? We appropriate the terms “corpuscular” and “undulatory,” and satisfy ourselves with that; but poor asphinxed mortals that we are, how unsatisfactory, except to the dull, sightless eye, that is ever looking beyond its power of vision! Down, far down in the “dim, mist-regions of vagary and phantasm,” we look up, and out, perhaps, for a brief moment, upon the clear heaven that is above us, and satisfy ourselves of——what? Of our own insignificance and dust? No! presumptuous mortals that we are, we must soar proudly, daringly, up into the infinite unknown!

It is not for man, even with his god-created faculties, to know what Nature *is*. That sublime secret is not to be kenred by finite intelligence. If we can but rightly understand what Nature *does*, we shall possess ourselves in part of the great true wisdom. Those scales with which the sphinx has sealed up our mental vision, will be, at least, partially removed, and we shall satisfy ourselves to look once more *through* Nature up to her own Great Architect. This is all we should attempt even in fathoming the deep mystery of our own being.

The questions have long been, What is Gravitation? What is Electricity? What is Light? &c.; and they have been answered in such strange Babel-confusion that the world has been well-nigh confounded by a second disjointure of tongues. Sir Isaac Newton has been little less than deified for his supposed discovery of the law of gravitation, to which he was said to have been led simply by the fall of a pippin. But it had been known from the earliest records of time, that bodies attracted each other. It was not known *why*. It is not known *why* now. It will never be known why to the mind of man, however infinitely his faculties may be expanded. He must possess some other and higher god-created faculty, before he can comprehend, in the slightest degree, this same law which Newton is said to have expounded.

Kepler had made known, not *his*, but God's, three great laws in the government of the system, and Newton's was a very natural deduction therefrom. It was no grand discovery,\* flashing out to the astonish-

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\* I know it has been customary to consider Newton the discoverer of the law of gravitation; but the idea of such a law commenced with the ancients. Pythagoras

ment of the age, but simply a reduction of known principles to mathematical certainty; and Sir Isaac Newton always regarded the discovery of the Binomial Theorem, a single algebraical formula, by far his highest achievement, and that, notwithstanding the Law of Gravitation, and his contest with Leibnitz about the Integral Calculus.

All that we know, or can ever expect to know, of these subtler influences or laws of the system, is, that they exist. We may discover a few of their modes of action, that is all. It is not for us, in our vain attempts at knowledge, to enter the locked chambers of Eternal Wisdom.

But the subtlest of all principles yet discoverable in Nature, is this *Subtlety of Life*, which, together with its manifestation in *action*, will constitute the subject of our present reflections.

"Know thyself" is said to be a maxim that God alone can follow. We would, therefore, in the outset, eschew all self-knowledge. We would rather be esteemed, with Carlyle, the "foolishest articulate speaking soul now extant," than to claim the slightest superiority over our brother in this matter of self-knowledge, so called. We would trouble our readers with no "diseased self-retrospections—no agonizing inquiries." We would only seek an interview, for a brief moment or so, with the Life that is in Nature, as it exists within and around us. We venture no theory respecting its properties, but simply wish to view its manifestations.

We shall not condemn Leibnitz for using the terms "incessant activity," nor La Place for his nebulous theory of worlds. It is enough for us to know, that God has impressed certain laws upon matter, which are as eternal as himself. The little nebulous cloud revealed to us by the powers of the telescope, far off on the confines of creation, informs us that He has impressed His law of gravitation there, and that it is but another mighty system in the progress of formation. It revolves upon its aerial axis, and, concentrating in obedience to this law of gravitation, throws off its exterior masses, or refuse material, to form for itself the essential parts of a planetary system. Ages hence, and that little nebulous cloud, which is, in fact, some hundreds of millions of miles in diameter, though now apparently but a speck in the creation of God, will present to the eye of its Great Architect a scene of *life* and *activity* beyond all but infinite comprehension. It may not be till myriads of ages hence, but the law of God is at work there, and it will

states, "that the gravity of a planet is four times that of another which is twice the distance." Anaxagoras and Plutarch considered the rapid motions of the heavenly bodies as preventing them from falling together; but Lucretius attributed this to the infinite size of the universe. Copernicus considered gravity as a providence of the Deity, and Galileo as a governing principle in each planet. Kepler says, "that if the moon and earth were not retained by some equivalent force, the earth would ascend a fifty-fourth part towards the moon, while the moon would move over the remaining fifty-three parts, if they both have the same density." In 1674, Dr. Hooke considered gravity as an essential property of matter; that all heavenly bodies gravitate to their own centres; and that this principle of gravitation extends to other bodies within the sphere of their activity. But Newton's *Principia* did not appear till 1687.

triumph over the mighty elements with which it has to contend. That huge mass revolves in an orbit some millions of miles in diameter, and yet, compared with the stupendous universe itself, *it is at rest*.

And has God done all that is necessary to effect the great ends of that system? Are the laws which he has impressed upon that nebulous mass, sufficient to realize the conformation of a world? It were well for us if we permitted not such thoughts to urge themselves upon our mind. It is not the province of men, graduated at our Theological Institutions of Jargon, or our Sectaries of Babel, to enter upon such inquiries. We should seek to feel how infinite the remove between our own feeble apprehension, and the creative energy of a God.

Nature is everywhere full of *life*—instinct, as it were, with *activity*. The *vis inertiae* is nowhere to be found, except perhaps as the resultant of violence; for it is a violation of the most essential law of *being* to cease from *action*. Man himself exists only as an active, efficient force. Limit his action, and you limit his being. Confine him to a prison-yard, and he has no existence beyond it. Casper Hauser existed only in his cell, until he had power to act *without* it. The simple question, therefore, *Am I? do I exist?* resolves itself into this, *Do I act? If I act, I am*; and I have no existence beyond the limit of my action. Those who suppose, therefore, I need not say how impiously, that God, at some period far back in the deep of Time, *began* to create this matter of which our ball is composed, are little aware of the consequences flowing out of this supposition. If in that sublimely indefinite Beginning of Moses, God created the heavens and the earth, instead of *forming* them, according to the notions of the ancient Theogonies, then he must have existed from all eternity without *action*, and if he existed without action, he existed not at all. He that from the first was present,

“ And with mighty wings outspread,  
Dove-like sat brooding on the vast abyss,  
And made it pregnant,”

may be a beautiful enough figure for *Paradise Lost*, but it is too sublimely poetical for this world, altogether.

The doctrine that time, space, and matter have existed coëternally with Deity, is the one to be found in all the ancient Theogonies, from Hesiod down. Nor can Religion startle at the idea of an eternal Mind that has presided over an eternal Matter, however much it should startle at the idea of one that had brooded, in an Eternity of Silence, over a vast abyss of *uncreated nothing*. We have unfortunately no word to express an *uncreated void*.

The terms *life* and *activity* seem in reality synonymous. The little acorn that expands itself into the oak, has *life* so long as it goes on expanding, or so long as it continues *active*. When it ceases expanding—ceases its activity, it becomes *dead*. It has no longer power to defy the tempest. Its dead arms drop one by one from its lifeless trunk, and you hear only their crash amid the silence of the forest. The spirit of the old oak is gone. Time has stript the Briareus of his hun-



dred arms, and is soon to topple him down with the dust, giant that he is, standing there, blackening in the moonlit air? But here comes a question, mightier than the sphinx-riddle, or all the riddles ever propounded to mortals. Where is the soul of that Briareus—that old century-stricken denizen of the forest? Where is the life-principle that reared that towering structure, and *animated* it for so many hundred years? Its *material* part, or, in other words, its most *immaterial* part, lies there, and is the dust you trample upon. No particle of it is lost, or ever can be lost. It may answer to the call of some other life-principle, and enter into other forms, whether in the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdoms; but it must exist *on* and *on*. And yet the *soul* that once animated that structure, had it no existence beyond the hour in which it threw off the dust that encumbered it? Is it a law of Nature, or, rather, a law of God, that annihilation shall seize upon the *superior* part, and hurl it down to its own deep, dark, abyssmal realm, and leave to God and Nature only the *inferior* part? Believe it not, my brother; for thou art journeying on with me to an Eternity in which this same grim, awful Annihilation may seize upon thy soul also.

I love to contemplate Nature as she is, full of the great life-principle that God has implanted in her—it affords me so much of happiness to do so. I go out into the fields, it may be of a Sabbath morning. I feel that it is God's great sanctuary. The very *silence* around is so full of utterance, that it seems almost voice-like. It imparts such lessons of instruction, that my soul would be there continually. It is no Mr. Kirk's Church, or Mr. Knapp's Church—no Anti-This-Church or Anti-That-Church, with their confined atmospheres and horrid mephitic gases; but it is God's great Life-Sanctuary, full of *religion*, because it is full of *activity*. The sturdy, stalwort ox is there. He has no rituals, no liturgies, no platforms, or creeds; but he is there *at work*. God has given him appetite, strange as it may seem, to be satisfied on the Sabbath; and he, like a rational ox that he is, is satisfying it. There, too, is the horse—the glorious horse, with his "neck clothed in thunder," working lustily for himself. He has labored all the week for his master, (who is a considerate man in some respects, for he has not taken his horse to meeting,) and now he is laboring for himself. Behind the hill the parson has planted his field of corn, and the little stalks are now peeping out for the first time, to get a glimpse of God's sun-light. A burly flock of crows are apparently making merry of the parson's sermon, and helping themselves with a most voracious stomach to his corn. They are doing this even in defiance of some half-dozen *sham*-parsons, having on the *real* parson's clothes, stuck up, in different parts of the field, as ineffectual bugbears to these old black philosophers of the "raven plume;" but they stalk on, regardless of these inventions of the parson, obedient as ever to the calls of their nature. A little crazy-headed woodpecker, who has the real spirit of *work* in him, is industriously hammering, as it were in spite, at an old dead tree, and faithfully drumming to the music of his more joyous, but less enterprising, companions. The nearest grove is vocal with the songs of the morning choristers, who are perfectly intoxicated with delight, and split-

ting their little noisy throats in a wild excess of rapture ! They are all *life—all activity*. There is no note of discord in all that wild gush of music. All is harmonious—all uniting in one great, joyous anthem to their Creator, poured out upon the silent air, and under an approving Heaven !

To the true lover of Nature and of God, such a scene has more of *truth* in it than all the creeds that were ever written, or all the liturgies or church formularies that were ever enforced under pains and penalties in all the religions of all the worlds that God ever created. It is here that you can look into the great, eternal, inner facts of the universe, and learn Nature's inestimable truth. All that is in and around you is but the outspeaking of an Infinite Mind. Would to heaven that all within the tropics, and without them to the polar seas, could comprehend its meaning ! We should stand out then as true nineteenth century men, laboring for the good of ourselves, and what we should esteem infinitely higher, the good of others. All heaven would smile down its approval upon us, and the stars, "keen glancing from their immensities," would look out each with a more beneficent beam.

He who thus seeks instruction from Nature, will find, that,

"For his gayer hours,  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile,  
And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides  
Into his darker musings with a mild  
And gentle sympathy, that steals away  
His sorrows."

Her instruction is simple, yet full of life. The air, the sun-light, the shade ; the green grass and many-tinted flowers ; the meadow and the hill-side, with their flocks and herds ; the swift gliding stream, and the little sparkling brook that brawls at his feet ;

"The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute ;"

these are his pastime, these his priceless treasures, these his lessons of instruction.

If his mind be at all enriched with the treasures of the classic ages, he recalls the time when Socrates wandered with his disciples along the banks of the Illyricus—when he sat with them beneath the shades of the Lyceum, and listened to the play of its fountains. He thinks of the time when the old god-like Plato frequented with his pupils the groves of Academus—when he held high converse with Nature, and taught the great truths she revealed to him within the inner temple of her great Life-sanctuary. His mind carries itself back to those ante-christian ages, and yet, strange as it may seem, he feels the warming rays of genuine religion falling upon it there. No crusades have as yet kicked up their terrible dust on the surface of this planet. No love-stricken knights have as yet bestrode their chargers in quest of chivalric amusement, or the violent *melée* of a Gothic tournament. The age is a simple one, and classic. Orpheus has just come from

Thrace, and Greece is alive with song and the worship of her deities. And yet, after all, how much of *life*—of that inarticulate mysterious *force*, in that early age, earnestly seeking and working out its manifestation! No new world has as yet been discovered. The old Iron Horse of the nineteenth century has not yet robbed Jove of his thunder or Neptune of his trident. Nor has the lightning been snatched from heaven and made the vehicle of thought.

But there exists this same internal, animating, vital *force*—this same living, indestructible principle—this same great uncreated mystery within us, the concentrated energies of which were so astonishingly manifested in that early age. We feel that such a force was no mere *vitalized* or *dematerialized* matter, but we have no power to reason ourselves beyond the *feeling*, and we should have none.

All that we can say of the principle of life—of that mysterious relation between function and structure—of the wonderful construction of the intellectual faculty—is, that they exist. We put an acorn into the ground, and it becomes an oak. We erect our lightning-rods, and the crashing thunder descends harmlessly upon our dwellings. We extend a little insulated wire across the continent, and our thoughts traverse the earth in a twinkling. At the sight of the speculum and the microscope, the heavens bow down to us that we may inspect their wonders. The earth is weighed as in a balance, and so are the sun and the far-off planets; and yet, that acorn is a mystery, and the ethereal agent, and the obedient heavens. We perpetuate our species, but we have no power to comprehend the living principle we impart. We are, in fact, the great, ever-comprehending, incomprehensible mystery of the universe, and it is the happiness of our being that we are so. Were our knowledge complete, our happiness would be at an end.

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#### "COMBE'S CONSTITUTION OF MAN."

THE above is widely known as the work of an able writer, earnestly and forcibly setting forth the laws which, in his view, govern the mental and physical powers of man in the *present life*. His philosophy is based on the system of Gaul and Spurzheim. With that system we do not propose at present to meddle. Our design is to inquire into the weight of some objections which have been strenuously *urged against the moral character of the work*, since its introduction into the common school libraries of the state of New York.

One of the most respectable journals of that state has more than once denounced it as *dangerous* to the *young*, and *tending directly to infidelity*. There is one difficulty in replying to these charges, for with one exception, (presently to be noticed,) so far as we recollect, they are so general, and so entirely unaccompanied by proof, that we

really have little to rebut. But we shall, perhaps, learn enough of the character of the work by a hasty survey of its plan, and by quoting, as far as our limits allow, from the author's own words.

We find, then, on his title-page, a sentence from Bishop Butler, as follows: "Vain is the ridicule with which one foresees some persons will divert themselves, upon finding lesser pains considered as instances of divine punishment. There is no possibility of answering or evading the general thing here intended, without denying all final causes." This gives a clue to the author's design, which seems to be, to show that the mind and body of man in this world are so constituted, that *obedience to the laws which the Creator has appointed will give happiness, and disobedience inevitable pain.*

And here let it be understood that our author does not extend his reasoning beyond the present life. He simply desires to prove that "God has so made and so governs men" that vice and misery in this world are infallibly linked together. If this be infidelity, we confess it widely differs from our idea of that term. It has been further alleged that Mr. Combe would bring discredit on the doctrine of future punishments. This is the definite charge we alluded to. The passage quoted, if we recollect right, was this. "The infliction" (of the punishment) "is approved of, \* \* \* \* because the law in its legitimate operation is calculated altogether for the advantage of the subject; and because the punishment has no object but *to bring him back to obedience for his own welfare, or to terminate his sufferings when he has erred too widely to return.*" If the objector had read the whole chapter, he would probably have been spared the pain of supposing that the annihilation of the soul is intimated in this passage. The author is speaking of "*punishment inflicted under the natural laws*;" and one might as well attempt to convict Paley of infidelity when he argues that pain, disease, and death, is an evidence of the "goodness of the Deity." Again, we find in the introduction the author's opinion, "that, in all respects, his views, as here developed, correspond with the doctrines of the *New Testament*; and the objection 'that, by omitting the sanction of future reward and punishment, this treatise leaves out the highest \* \* motives to virtuous conduct,' is founded on a misapprehension of the object of the book." He adds, "it is my purpose to show that the *rewards and punishments* are infinitely more certain and efficacious, *in this life*, than is generally believed, but *by no means to interfere* with the sanctions to virtue afforded by a prospect of *future retribution.*"

Again, in the first chapter he says, "I do not intend to predicate any thing concerning the absolute perfectibility of man by obedience to the laws of nature." "Neither do I intend to teach that the natural laws, discernible by unassisted reason, are sufficient for the *salvation of man without revelation.* Human interests regard this world and the next." "Man's spiritual interests belong to the sphere of revelation, and I distinctly repeat that I *do not teach* that obedience to the natural laws is *sufficient for salvation in a future state.*"

We could wish to make a fuller extract in reference to this part of

the subject, for sure are we, that few candid minds would believe, that on this point, at least, Mr. Combe desires to advocate any opinion inconsistent with divine truth. His opposers, alluded to above, seem to have left out of view the fact, which Mr. Combe repeats again and again, to wit: that throughout the whole work, he speaks of the laws of God and their penalty only in regard to the *present life*. We do not intimate that any one has *intentionally* misrepresented our author; but we do not see how a person could have read the work *thoroughly*, and yet suffered the passages already cited, and the following, in the article on "death," to escape him. "I repeat," says Mr. C., as if to guard against the possibility of being misunderstood, "that I do not *at all allude* to the state of the *soul*, or mind *after death*; but merely to the dissolution of organized bodies."

If now, in spite of these reiterated assurances of the author to the contrary, any one still persists in charging this work with intending to subvert the doctrine of future punishment, we hope he will condescend to specify the passages and principles which so appear.

A word, also as to its infidel designs. For our own part we do not believe that the genius of infidelity will thank any of his disciples for making this work an ally. Our reasons are, that it continually refers to the Creator of all things, as the author of our being, and of the natural and moral laws under which we live, and aims throughout to "justify the ways of God to man." It continually appeals to the reason and common sense of men, to satisfy them, that He who has placed them here is a *merciful and benevolent*, not an *arbitrary* lawgiver. It maintains, moreover, that God has endowed man with "faculties to observe phenomena, and to trace cause to effect, and he has constituted the external world to afford scope to these powers." From this it argues that man's condition may be every way improved by cultivating his abilities. We think no intelligent man will deny either the premises or conclusion.

Mr. C. next endeavors to show that man cannot attain supreme happiness (in this world) without a knowledge of these laws. Does any one doubt this? Will anybody endeavor to show that the naked Hottentot, who "looks on the sun with the eye of an ox," enjoys the world as well as the philosophic infidel? Hear what President Wayland says on this subject. "A nation without knowledge, like a blind man in the garden of Eden, might be surrounded with every thing lovely to the eye, or delightful to the taste, without ever being able to ascertain, either where a single object of desire was to be found, or how the possession of it might be secured." Will the objector endeavor to show that the ignorant savage, but yesterday converted to Christianity, enjoys as high a degree of pleasure as a Chalmers, an Edwards, or a Newton? If he is willing to attempt this, we will "leave him alone in his glory."

Again, Mr. Combe says that the great motive for finding out the laws of nature, is the conviction that increased knowledge will furnish us with increased means of happiness and well-doing, and with *new proofs of benevolence and wisdom in the Great Architect of the*

universe." A few sentences further on he adds, "I am not rearing a system from ambitious motives, neither is it my object to attack the opinions of other men. It is simply to lift up the veil of ignorance, and, in all humility, to exhibit the *Creator's* works in their true colors, so far as I imagine myself to have been permitted to perceive them." Call you this the language of infidelity?—then the astronomer, the chemist, the geologist, must be the very prince of infidels.

There is one point, however, on which we differ from our author. On the subject of prayer we think, if we rightly understand him, he has to some extent erred in representing, "that the *only* benefit of prayer is its effect on the mind of the suppliant." It is true he cites some high authority in the Scottish Church to substantiate this point, and maintains that even the advantages thus derived afford sufficient reason why both public and private prayer should not cease to be offered. We think many of his remarks on this topic worthy a careful consideration; but we do not believe that the laws of the human mind are sufficiently ascertained to enable any man to say with certainty that 'there is no possible way that the Supreme Being can influence the will without destroying its free agency.' The numerous promises, also, scattered throughout the Bible, would seem, at least, to convey more meaning than Mr. Combe would allow.

Our limits forbid us to pursue the subject further. We only desire to see justice done, and, if after all, it can be fairly shown that the "cloven foot," which first polluted this earth in Paradise, is concealed beneath that specious exterior, we shall not hesitate to join the cry of '*procul, O, procul, esto profane.*'

But to make this appear plainly, requires more than ordinary skill. A *bungling* or *unfair* attempt to fasten the charge of infidelity upon a work of this sort, is but to injure our own cause. Christianity needs no such assistance. Her 'foundation standeth sure,' and her friends can defend her bulwarks without a resort to treachery. We repeat it then, if the work is *immoral*, let it be made clearly manifest. We need stronger arguments, however, than merely to be told that infidels have adopted the work as their champion. They might do this to any work, even as in one sense they have often done to the Bible itself, and yet it might after all only prove the weakness of a cause, whose friends seek to prolong their existence by taking refuge in the camp of their deadliest foe. If, on the other hand, the work is what it professes to be, we venture to assert that its circulation will greatly promote the cause of true religion. And if any one who has not particularly attended to the subject, will read the fifth chapter, and especially the section on "calamities arising from infringement of the moral law," we think he will arise from the perusal with an increased sense of the wisdom and goodness of God, in framing such perfect laws for the government of this world. He will understand, as he did not before, that the same principle the Saviour lays down regarding the Sabbath being "made for man and not man for the Sabbath," is at the foundation of the Deity's requirements; hence, he is compelled to admit that no one of them is despotic or unreasonable.

The chapter concerning the "influence of natural laws on the happiness of individuals," is also worthy of special attention. This, too, goes to illustrate the same great truth as the fifth chapter, and in so striking a manner that he who has once read will not soon forget it. That we are not alone in this opinion, will appear from the following. Some three or four years since, while listening to an eloquent evangelical clergyman, not a thousand miles from New Haven, we were strongly impressed with the idea that he had read the work under consideration. It may be imagined our suspicions were *somewhat confirmed* when we saw, (as we suppose,) a *bona fide* copy of the book produced, and heard him read from it several paragraphs of this very chapter. At that time it had never entered our mind that the book was infidel in its tendency; on the contrary, we thought it a *powerful enforcer* of the truths of revelation.

The author, in conclusion, urges with great ability the necessity of making mankind at large, and especially the young, acquainted with the physical, intellectual, and moral laws under which they live. Otherwise, he thinks it impossible that individuals or nations should be delivered from mental or moral degradation, and be enabled to move in that exalted sphere for which they were designed. It may be said that this is barefaced infidelity, which sets aside the necessity of regeneration or of a Saviour's atonement. But we beg leave to deny that this is *necessarily* true. It is universally acknowledged that science and the arts are the firm allies of Christianity, without which it cannot long remain uncorrupted. It becomes those, therefore, who charge Mr. Combe with infidelity in this particular, to show that he intends, when advocating the wide diffusion of knowledge, as a *necessary means* to make men good and happy, any thing more than our missionaries do when they urge the importance of establishing schools among the inhabitants of Ceylon.

Again we say, then, denunciation and dogmatism, however honestly indulged, cannot destroy the influence of such a work as this. If overthrown at all, it must be by clear, candid, closely-connected reasoning.

S. G.

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#### THE AUTHOR, VIEWED AS A "CUI BONO" MAN.

It is a prophecy of Holy Writ, that, "In the latter days, many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Men of the nineteenth century are beginning to see its fulfillment. Never was there a time when the means of information were afforded to all at so cheap a rate. At the same time, however, that investigations and discoveries are made so available, productions not only worthless, but pernicious and demoralizing, are equally multiplied; and the prevalent idea among authors seems to be, that the quantity of their works shall bear

an inverse ratio to their value, and their value shall vary directly as the price which they will command.

What at this day appear to be the reasons for writing a book? To this question several answers may be returned. One—that too, of quite extensive application, is, to get money. Often is it made the subject of complaint among us, that there is no such thing as literary patronage. We are told that because the author depends on his productions solely for subsistence, the question with him is, not how can I best hand down my name to Immortality, or how can I most enrich my country's literature, but how can I render my work most palatable, and so adapt myself to public taste as to realize a handsome revenue? It is undoubtedly true, that could you elevate him above all apprehension of want, you would relieve him of a burden which checks every bold aspiration, chills the enthusiasm of genius, cramps its energies, and binds it down to that path in which others have trodden, with which the public are acquainted and which they can appreciate. It is to this dependence upon literature for support, that we may trace the multitudes of novels, magazines, fancy sketches, love sonnets, and the flood of kindred trash which threatens to sweep away those great mental structures that have stood as landmarks along the path of time.

Love of popularity is another source of these productions. "Give us your hand, my darling public," says the author, who by chance is delivered of an idea, which, dressed up in tinsel and finery, he sends forth into the world to seek its fortune. Blessed with another, he disposes of it in a similar manner. The object of all this is to draw admiration upon himself. Dr. Johnson has given a ludicrous representation of the man of genius, afraid to show his face, lest it should be copied—to write, lest his correspondents should publish his letters, always uneasy lest his friends should steal his papers for the good of the public. Yet inconvenient as are its consequences, it is a reputation like this for which the short-sighted author pants. It is to him a comparatively trifling consideration whether his name reaches future ages; the great question is, how he may secure present distinction. Posthumous fame will not satisfy him, nor the noble consciousness of having conferred on the world a lasting benefit; but he must have his own praise resounded, and attract the gaze of an admiring public. What should we expect would be the productions of one imbued with sentiments like these? What must be their character? He has but one end in view—to suit the taste of his readers, and he will of course pander to their appetite, however corrupted and depraved.

The foregoing appear to be the two prolific sources of many productions which mark the present age. As to the first, the need of money, we acknowledge it is what Dr. Paley would call a violent motive, but would suggest that in all probability many writers could find some other employment more lucrative, and certainly one might be found in which they could be more serviceable to the world. And as to the second reason—love of present distinction, or popularity—small must be the soul of that man who is conscious of stooping to gratify a depraved appetite, and also conscious that if he succeeds in acquiring pop-



ularity it must be by sacrificing what is pure and noble. Those who entertain exalted views of human nature and are continually expatiating on the moral dignity of man, may deem it an absurd supposition that an author should seek a warm reception from the public by infusing into his works a loose morality. We are not of that number who believe in such high moral excellence as natural to humanity. It is the express testimony of revelation, corroborated by observation and universal experience, that man is prone to evil as sparks to fly upwards. What better evidence can be desired of this truth than the fact that by the world at large, books which enforce the claims of a rigid inflexible morality are neglected, while those which fall in with the current of human passions form the aliment of the reading community?

But not to dwell upon dark and melancholy facts, let us inquire what should induce a man to become an author? And in this we have not the presumption to suppose we are going to give laws to the philosopher, the poet, the orator, or the man of letters. It is not our intention to discourse and reveal new motives by which the author should be influenced, but to specify those which mankind have in fact acknowledged as admirable.

We hear much in these days of an author's writing because his subject drives him to it. He conceives thoughts too big to be contained in his own mind; it is therefore essential to his happiness, perhaps to his existence, that he be delivered of these huge conceptions. If this be his case, he is to be pitied. And so much the more as he is himself the judge of his own conceptions; and we imagine that no man ever yet claimed the dignity of authorship who did not attach to his own ideas a marvelous magnitude and importance. To such an unfortunate man we would prescribe the remedy of Horace, to let his ideas lie by, known only to himself for nine months or nine years, (as the case may be, for we forget the exact terms of the recipe,) and then give them a thorough review. However, if this be too bitter a prescription, he must be regarded, according to the old Greek philosophy, as a victim of inexorable fate. If under this omnipotent impulse, his sayings and actions are injurious in their tendency, he deserves no censure; if salutary, he can claim no praise.

A frequent and powerful motive among authors, is the desire of extensive, permanent fame. We refer not to that contracted love of popularity which retails essays in quantity or quality to suit subscribers, but a more noble and generous impulse. A spirit like this does not sacrifice the interests of virtue and morality to gratify a corrupted taste. It does not study the manners and prejudices of an age, or of a nation, but appeals to their feelings, and those passions which are common to humanity. An intrepid, magnanimous mind, struggling with the tide of misfortune, at one moment buried beneath the waves, and the next rising triumphant, enlists the sympathies of man's nature. Boldness in conception of plans, firmness of purpose, inflexibility in execution, are attributes of a superior character. So true is this, that we admire the high resolve, the unbending will, and the hand to execute, even irrespective of the object about which they are employed. The novelist

who has read the human heart knows this, and often makes these commanding qualities atone for, or palliate vice and crime.

We may go even farther, and say that it is natural for man to love, rather than hate virtue ; to admire intrepidity of mind when guided by reason, morality, and right, more than when it appears in the degenerate form of bold recklessness, giving a more fearful energy to vice and corruption. Man admires virtue in itself. It is repulsive only when it conflicts with his own passions and lusts. He admires morality in itself. It assumes a fearful, odious aspect only when he contemplates its stern laws as applying to himself. These are the common feelings of humanity, and he who writes for an enduring name, makes them the groundwork of his productions. On the contrary, the author who aims only at transient fame, humors the passions of the age in which he lives, and the characters with which he is surrounded. You see in him no independence, no high-souled purpose ; he is the literary demagogue.

But the desire of never-fading glory is not the noblest impulse by which the author can be actuated. To use a trite, but apt illustration, consider the character of him who is justly styled the father of the American republic. How would the lustre which encircles the name of Washington be tarnished, could we suppose his brilliant achievements all to have been prompted by a crafty far-sighted selfishness ! And this admiration of disinterested benevolence is not confined to a country or to an age. It is universal and illustrative. You may find a human heart from which every other mark of original impress has been effaced, still there is a chord within responsive to the touch of benevolence. The pulse of gratitude ceases to beat only when the last vestige of humanity is lost. As this is the highest attribute of man's nature, so it is the last to desert him. Nor are admiration and gratitude called forth by the patriotic services of the warrior, the statesman, and legislator alone. They are likewise yielded to the poet and the man of letters. Though Robert Burns lived and sung in a foreign land, yet we love him when he tells us in what spirit he wrote, speaking of his boyhood in those familiar lines :

"E'en then a wish, I mind its power,  
A wish that to my latest hour,  
Shall strongly heave my breast ;  
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,  
Some useful plan or book could make,  
Or sing a sang at least."

There is much said in derision of "cui bono" men. As some sublimely express it, they are the rabble, shut out from the holy of holies, excluded from the inner temple of genius, who revel not in the spiritual ecstasy of man's ethereal nature ; but the truth is, they are the men of reason. Instead of soaring to play with the airy phantoms of a crazy imagination, and exclaiming in proud self-sufficiency, "*Odi profanum vulgus*," they employ their powers to some purpose. They consider, to use the language of an admired writer, that "the gifts of nature and

accomplishments of art are valuable but as they are exerted in the interests of virtue, or governed by the rules of honor." When such sentiments become prevalent; when enlightened minds are influenced by an enlarged philanthropy, a sincere desire to benefit mankind, we may expect a higher tone of morality and virtue to pervade our popular literature.

ἙΛΠΙΣ ΒΡΟΤΟΙΣΙ ΣΥΜΜΑΧΟΣ· (A FRAGMENT.)

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Ἄσπερ ἐλευθερίας ! Ἴδου δι φιλοπάτριδες εἶλαι,  
 Οὐ πολλοὶ μὲν δριμύν αληθῶς δ' ἀνδραγαθόντες,  
 Ἰσχυροὶ διασώζεσθ' ἱρὰ τὰ φίλτατα πάντα·  
 Ὑλῃ ἀγερθεν ἐπ' ἐσχατιῇ· Ἐν τοίσι παραστάς,  
 Ἠγεμονεὺς αὐτῶν κατὰ θέμον μερμήριζεν,  
 Ὡς ἂν λάθρα δόλοισι τοῖς ἀσφαλῶς κρατίουσι  
 Δεινατάτοις ἐχθροῖσιν ἐλευθερίας ἐπιχείρῃ·  
 Ἐγχεί ἐπειδόμενος μεγάλ' ἔμματα διακυλινδεῖ·  
 Οἱ δὲ συμμαχέοντες ἱμοῦ πυκνοὶ λαλέονσι,  
 Οὐ θαρσύνοντι δ', ὡς ἐνεδρεύοντες τοῖς ἐχθροῖς·  
 Φρικτὴ ἦδ' Ἰννοια δ' ἐπέρχεται αἰρίων ὡς ἂν  
 Αἰσιμον ἡμαρ ἰδῶσιν· Ὅδ' ἐν σιγῇ μάλα πολλαῖς  
 Εὐχῶλαις τὸν Παγκρατῆ αἰδοίως ἱκετεύει·  
 Ἔρχετ' Ἀρης—ἔμα δ' Ἑλπίς—ἐλευθερίος γε θανοῦμαι  
 Φράζει· ἑκαστος, αἰψ' ἐπὶ νίκην ἢ μόνον αἰσῶν

Κεῖται δὲ κατὰ γῆς ὁ φεγγὰς, τ' ἄρθρ' ὡς ἀναπαύων,  
 Πενθήρης, θαρσύνος, ἀνοικτρος, ἀνοικος αλαίνων·  
 Φαντασίᾳ δ' αὖθις τ' ἀνθη τ' ἐγγχώρια τῶλλαι  
 Οὐκ ἐτώδε· ὅταν τῇ ψυχῇ γ' ἦσ' ἐπὶ μνήμῃ·  
 Χάρματ' ἀπαξ οἴκοι τῆς ἡδῆς, φίλτατα τ' ἄλλα  
 Πόλλα φρόνει, καὶ μακρὰ τὸ χαίρειν ἱσχατα φράζειν,  
 Ὡς περ ἀνελπίς ἐκεῖ κάκα θ' ἔμνῶν, ἐλπίμενος δέ  
 Ἔς πατρῷ' ἵναι χαίρων εἴτ' οἴκαδ' ἐσαύθις  
 Εἴθ' ἔραων ἐς γῆν τὴν δαΐδιον οὐρανὸν ἴσως·  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Εἰς Ἀιγαῖον ὁρῶν καὶ σύννοσος διὸς ὁ φεγγῶν  
 Σάββατον ἦν δαίλης ὡς ἡδέ· ἐκαστοτε μείδων,  
 Κείμενα φύλλα, νέφη τ' ἀκίνητ', ἠχῶ τὲ καθύβει·  
 Ἐξαπιναία δ' ἰδὼν ! ἐκπιλήσσει τ' ὥτα τίτ' ἤχη;  
 Ορματ' ἀναστρεφείη, φωτίζει· ὁ οὐρανὸς αἰψα·  
 Ἄπνοος ἔστι γαλήνῃ· Νῦν ἀνελίσσεται ἀγνὴ  
 Αὐλαία κωνή· Σκηπὴ δ' ἐβία ! τὸδ' ἀληθῶς  
 Αἰδία πῶλις ἐστὶ, θρόνον χρουσανγ' ἔχουσα·  
 Ἑλπίς καλλιπάρης ἐν' ἐνθ' ἦρ', ἐνθάδε τ' αἶραι  
 Πάντας ἐφημερίων ἄξει ἂν πενόμεθ' αὐτῇ  
 Νῦν ἔγ' ἑκαστος, οὐν ἐφ' ἐπ' αὐτῇ ἐπ' αὐτῇ ἐπ' αὐτῇ

## PUBLIC OPINION.

NOT an inconsiderable portion of our younger days is employed in preparing us to yield an unqualified obedience to public opinion. It is instilled into us from the cradle upwards. This homage becomes a part of our practical religion. The study of human nature, that "proper study of mankind," is only an inquiry how we may best adapt ourselves, our theories and our schemes for self-interest, to our fellow-men. It is a study of the prices-current to know what goods we may bring into the market with the best advantage. When, therefore, we mingle in the affairs of the world, we find some of the busy and restless mass setting traps for popularity, and endeavoring to delude the less sagacious; others madly, but vainly, demanding justice of the public; many the victims of its foul-mouthed slander; but the most numerous class committing themselves to the current, and accommodating their actions to every whimsical absurdity of popular caprice. Example and precept and the experience of maturer years soon teach us to appreciate the value of this policy. The public is a wayward, willful creature; there is no concealment which its numberless eyes cannot detect, nor any spot of earth where its myriad feet cannot follow, and he who endeavors to cast contempt upon its imperious dictates, becomes its victim. Hence we see the man, who has been a devoted student of science, submissively approach the public, and ask them to examine into the correctness of principles, in the development of which he has spent years of toil and study, and the truth of which he has tested by the exactness of mathematical accuracy. The author, in language of humility, submits to them his productions, trembling lest by a single breath they forever blast his reputation and scatter his hopes of attaining an honorable fame. The young man just entering upon his professional career, becomes a member of the *most fashionable* church in the community where he resides, and confines himself strictly within the limits which society has prescribed. The lower orders of the people wear out their energies in fruitless struggles to reach the standard of perfection which popular opinion has determined shall designate the 'highest respectability;' and all ranks throng to pay obsequious court to that Protean child, Fashion. The artist *et id omne genus*, "crook the pregnant binges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning;" whilst the politician and journalist, who are excellent tacticians, admirably play the part of Polonius to the "dear people."

*Hamlet.* Do you see yonder cloud, almost in shape of a camel?

*Polonius.* By the mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

*Hamlet.* Methinks it is like a weasel.

*Polonius.* It is backed like a weasel.

*Hamlet.* Or like a whale.

*Polonius.* Very like a whale.

Such is the extent by which social influence over individuals is characterized; and such the extent of the servility to which it leads. The acts and opinions of the majority constitute the will and thoughts of the public—a sovereign arbitrary and severe, and at the same time reckless and irresponsible.

But however high the degree of veneration with which we are disposed to regard public opinion, we are not prepared to endorse its character for infallibility. We are not among those who have incorporated into their creed the maxim, "*vox populi, vox Dei*;" though the body politic, which is egotistical even to impiety, (and doubtless destitute of a conscience as well as a soul,) applies it to every syllable that it utters. This stereotyped text is employed on all occasions, and from the *nonchalance* with which the public condemns, applauds, and decides, we are left to conjecture that it has reached out its impotent hand to Heaven and plucked down the very attributes of the Deity for its judicial robes.

But it dares not face the past with such blasphemy upon its lips. The shades of Aristides and Socrates; of the hosts of martyred reformers; of Dante, Shelley, Byron, and Hume, those unfortunate men of genius, who

———"rejoined the stars  
Unlaureled upon earth;"

their shades, we say, would leap from their graves at the insult; and the cunning demagogues who have duped the public would laugh it to scorn. Every conventional act of a people is nothing more than a type of its intellectual character, since it is merely a form of expression given to public opinion. Its institutions, cities, customs, manners, and fashions, are the sum of a nation's thoughts. Consequently, wherever we find such traces of a people, we witness records of error and iniquity—rotten constitutions, corrupt manners, disgraceful customs, and acts of violence and wrong. Such results have ever followed in the track of social empire. We are not naturally disposed to brood over the gloomy points in the human character, but we must take as we find what History, the faithful witness of past ages, has left us; and each, according to his disposition, may weep with Heraclitus, or laugh with Democritus, at the follies of mankind—for follies they are.

There is but one instance wherein the voice of the people can be recognized as the voice of God. It is in the great contest for human rights, when every heart throbs for political and religious liberty, and every tongue pleads for that self-evident justice

———"which always with right reason dwells,  
And from her hath no dividual being."

And even in this solitary exception it is *instinct* that prompts, rather than reason. It is that hidden principle of self-preservation which is common to the whole animal creation. It is the "half deity" of which we are composed, uttering its "still small voice." In all cases where the interference of this principle cannot be traced, we must expect to

meet with but little of the public sentiment entitled to the name of truth.

The public is no philosopher. Its mind is not to be fettered by a systematic course of reasoning, nor wearied by profound thought. It derives its conclusions from *impressions*, rather than reflection and a reference to facts. The philosopher's object is truth, in the pursuit of which the liberal mind delights, for the secret satisfaction of testing its own capabilities and energies; and this is the only true standard by which we can measure them. But the heterogeneous mass of popular mind, characterized, as it is, by every grade of enlightenment from that degree of self-knowledge which teaches us that we know nothing, down to absolute ignorance which flatters us that we know every thing, is operated upon by different motives. Here the elements of opinion are a passionate bigotry, malignant prejudice, and supreme selfishness, without a sufficient intelligence or conscientiousness to guide the impulses which they generate. Hence we are driven to those extremes of ultraism by which society is constantly racked. There are many who are credulous enough to believe every thing. They feed on marvels and absurdities. Every individual who has a favorite scheme or theory to propose, makes them the victims of his humbuggery. Opposed to these we have the class of men who are too skeptical to believe any thing, whose characteristic failing was well caricatured by that sapient philosopher who could not conceive that in reality he had any existence! Both of these classes throw impediments in the way of truth: the former recognizes all that is true, but likewise all that is false; the latter rejects every falsehood, but also every truth. The one is the blind follower of Faith; the other prides itself upon the perfection of Reason.

Between these extremes there exists every variety of mental constitution. Therefore it is not singular that the popular mind gives birth to so many intellectual monsters, or that a community so often is guilty of the grossest wrongs and absurdities. It is forever agitated by antagonistical opinions. Reformers are met by anti-reformers. The first are disposed to apply their radical principles to every institution that exists. The beautiful and good must perish alike with the evil; no matter whether it is sanctioned by ancient and modern wisdom, no matter whether it answers the end for which it was created, if the most inconsiderable flaw is found to quibble upon, they will lay their irreverent hands upon it, and attempt to crush it. Their zeal becomes a passion and their principle is to prosecute their labors of regeneration until not a vestige of the magnificent Past remains. The opponents of this class resist the slightest innovations, fearful that it will be productive of bad results. They have no confidence in the march of improvement. They worship antiquity, and must go back to it for models and instructions.

This partisan bigotry prevails extensively both in religion and politics. We claim to be governed by moderation in the one and reason in the other, but it is not so. There is an inevitable tendency in man's nature towards a union of interests. His religious and political sym-

pathies must form a connection; and hence arises a disposition on the part of the majority to suppress all doctrines and opinions which cannot stand the test of orthodoxy, by the energies of government. This is a fearful union. It is the fruitful source of persecution and proscription. Already have political influences found their way into the American pulpit, and the minister of God, forgetful of his high dignity, not unfrequently descends to the province of the party stump orator.

In questions of state, two parties array themselves against each other on principles diametrically opposite. They cannot both be right, yet each with the same assurance assumes the infallibility of its own position, and claims that the other is wrong. The parties are transmitted from generation to generation, and as men rise up from boyhood to manhood, they place themselves in the same ranks where their fathers stood before them. It is the prejudice imbibed from the surrounding atmosphere which determines their course. The idea that they may possibly be wrong, never occurs to their minds. They instinctively sanction or reject a national measure, accordingly as it originates with their own, or the opposite party. This is the best evidence we can desire to show that they do not arrive at their conclusions by reasoning from one truth to another.

So long as the popular mind is governed by this arbitrary impulse, many evils must result from it. The chief one, and that on which most of the others depend, is the obstacle which it interposes to active, earnest, and individual thought. There is labor in thinking, and the world does not sufficiently appreciate truth to endure the fatigue—the “brain-sweat” of an investigation which would lead them to it. Men will voluntarily yield themselves to such prejudices as chance to float about them, or let others take the pains to think for them. Then, such persons as enjoy a conspicuous position in society, will be able to shape its opinions into whatever form shall best please themselves. For example, the popular preacher may establish or prohibit any articles of faith whatsoever independent of their merits. “Our minister says so,” and that is enough. It is impossible that “our minister” could be wrong in what he asserts. The leader of the partisan press utters a new political dogma, and it is immediately caught up by his disciples, who retail it as the last orthodox doctrine. But observe the non-committal evasion of one of these subordinate party-men, if his views be solicited respecting a political measure whose paternity is doubtful. He will carefully refrain from expressing an opinion for or against it until its *origin* is ascertained, and *then* he “will not hesitate to say boldly that it is productive of the highest blessings to the world in general, and our own country in particular;” or, as the case may be, “that it is calculated to strike at the very root of liberty, and sap the foundations of our republic.” The caressed critic may, with impunity, assure the public that the books of his friends, (or such as have plied him with “black mail,”) are eminently worthy of patronage; and on the contrary, those written by persons in whom he takes no especial interest, are mere *trash*, totally unfit for the refined sensibilities or pure morals of the community. They condemn a book from its title-page. How many gentlemen of

this description, with an equally worthy discrimination, have denounced the first works of Eugene Sue before they had read a page in them? They supposed, doubtless, as the French press was noted for the immorality of its productions, and because there were some unholy "Mysterics" in Paris which might be developed, that, of course, this book was of a kindred spirit with the "yellow covered literature" which has recently been so fashionable. This is as far as they thought or cared.

The same unlimited confidence is placed in the sayings of the distinguished gossips who infest every city, burgh, and village throughout the length and breadth of the land. These vampires feed on the reputation of their fellow beings, and since the process of anatomizing the subject is performed by the tongue, old maids are generally the most active in such business. One of these Pythian Goddesses hears a given fact relative to some of her neighbors, and either misunderstands it, or puts upon it the construction which she fancies it *ought* to bear in order to gratify that propensity for the marvelous, so characteristic of our nature, and then circulates it by innuendoes, or as coming directly from Mr. Jones, Smith, or Brown. With many, slander is a profession. There is a secret delight in talking about the follies of others, and they are, on all occasions, exaggerated that they may be more interesting, for then they create a greater excitement. The community never fails to lend its faith to every item whispered in its ear, no matter how extravagant.

Such are the oracles which the public set up with the intention of making use of them as guide-posts to direct them through the world. They hope by such an arrangement to relieve themselves of all trouble in finding out the way by their own exertions, and they scarcely ever have the good fortune to be directed aright. It would be infinitely cheaper to do what they leave to others. They should think for themselves. Then their progress to truth would be right onward. They would not, like the wandering Jew, be obliged to walk up and down the mazes of error, forever lost in its labyrinths, and forever retracing their steps, uncertain where to rest.

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In the following purely imaginative piece, the mountains which surround Lake Leman, as also the lake itself, are personified.

#### THE LOVES OF SPIRITS.

THE moon wan'd dim, and faintly shed  
 Her silver sheen o'er Leman blue,  
 And on old Jura's hoary head  
 The stars dropp'd gems of pearly dew.  
 On high was seen each snow-wreath pl'd;  
 Below, the blooming heather slept;  
 While zephyrs play'd mid glaciers wild,  
 Then down the lake their music swept.



So low—so sad—so softly broke  
The note upon the dimpled wave,  
Seem'd Nature's self a requiem spoke,  
As moments hasten'd to the grave.

Then Fancy waved her magic wand,  
And soon from out their elfin bow'rs,  
To weave the dance on Leman's strand,  
Troop'd forth a host of fairy pow'rs—  
Troop'd forth the sprites of every glen—  
From nook and grove and flow'ry grot,  
From mountain drear, from sedgy fen,  
Troop'd spirits to the joyous spot.  
Slow-moving, there was Jura drear,  
With warlocks from each haunted vale,  
Blanc's monarch lord, stern Argentiére,  
Flit through the air with garments pale.

And with their queen all gath'ring round,  
Came elfin forms of love and light,  
And joining hands, with flow'rets crown'd,  
Mov'd o'er the sward so dewy bright.  
Then ope'd the lake her waters blue,  
For the train of the mermaid gay :  
A form arose of the vermil hue,  
Yet pure and bright as the foamy spray ;  
For queen of all, as beauty's queen,  
Fair "Leman" claimed the sway ;  
And none was there would chide, I ween,  
The lov'd of the "Orient ray."

Then wheeled the dance  
In the mazy trance,  
And gaily then revel'd they there ;  
A measure they trod  
On the smooth, green sod,  
Led by the queen so passing fair.

Music sped quicker,  
Mazes grow thicker,  
Round and round they merrily flew :  
Elfins were skipping !  
Warlocks were tripping !  
Rings they left on the pearly dew.

The glee was great, the mirth elate,  
As quickly flew the passing hour ;  
Each sprite did wait on fairy mate,  
In harebell cup or rosy bow'r.

At length, when hushed  
 The mirth that gushed,  
 Queen Leman sang from her lily flow'r :—

LEMAN'S SONG.

Come kiss me—kiss me,  
 Tinkling rill ;  
 Come kiss me—kiss me,  
 Tinkling still ;  
 Oh love me—love me,  
 Bubbling brook ;  
 Oh flee thee—flee thee,  
 Mocking look !  
 And a warbling lay,  
 As wayward child,  
 No longer pay  
 To Echo wild !  
 Then kiss me—kiss me,  
 Glist'ning light,  
 And kiss me—kiss me,  
 Star so bright.

Kiss the child of the sparkling stream,  
 Kiss me, thou of the "Orient beam."

Then Jura's Lord, so sternly proud,  
 Blanc's monarch of the snowy shroud,  
 And spirits all of airy light,  
 Woo'd the love of Leman bright.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

All hail—all hail !  
 To the vestal nymph  
 Of the crystal lymph ;  
 All hail—all hail !  
 As a clust'ring vine  
 Shall love entwine  
 Each nook, and vale,  
 And heath, and dale.  
 Then hail—all hail !  
 For "Fate" has said,  
 Our Queen shall wed  
 Ere wanes the moon so pale.

SPIRIT OF JURA.

Oh, Empress fair of the dancing wave,  
 Oh, beauteous Queen of the crystal cave,  
 As stars recline on thy bosom pure,  
 Or flow'rs reflect from thy fragrant shore ;

As clouds fit o'er thy surface fair,  
 And sketch of thy thoughts an image there :  
 As laughs the moon in her maiden gleam,  
 When zephyrs steal o'er thy mimic sea ;  
 So let my love be shadowed true,  
 Oh, Leman, sweet, in thy wave so true :

LEMAN'S QUEEN.

Oh, Jura, on thy brow so bold  
 The chilly blast falls drear and cold ;  
 Encircled round with snowy wreath,  
 Thine heart can scarce beat love beneath :  
 And ne'er will I be called a bride,  
 Till passion's glow shall tinge my tide :

SPIRIT OF JURA.

Cease, then ! My suit was humbly told,  
 Yet scorn shall meet with scorn as bold ;  
 And keep, proud Queen, thy am'rous heart—  
 I'll to my Alpine halls depart !  
 True love ne'er moves in ebb and flow,  
 Nor constancy in passion's glow.

SPIRIT OF MONT BLANC.

Child of the storm and the fleecy cloud,  
 Yet levelier far than the rainbow's hue,  
 Since then thou hast spurned from Jura proud,  
 The love that he meekly proffer'd you,  
 E'en now must thou be my bridal mate,  
 And hasten forth with thy mermaids gay,  
 To dwell in my halls of icy state,  
 And whisper to me a murmur'ing lay !  
 For Fate has said  
 The Queen shall wed,  
 Ere pales the disk of the silvery moon ;  
 And none there are  
 'Gainst me will dare  
 His suit to risk for the priceless boon.

QUEEN LEMAN'S LAMENT.

Ah ! sad to my soul is the murmur'ing song,  
 And sad'ning the mirth of the breezes to me ;  
 Ah ! lonely and drear do the echoes prolong,  
 And sad is the music when waves catch the glee.  
 With grief and with sorrow my bosom is torn,  
 And woe in my soul chimes woe to the lay ;  
 Oh, come to me, love ! as thus cheerless I mourn  
 The troth I had plighted the "Orient ray."

Alas! is there no one whom pity can move  
 To shed but a tear for the desolate fair?  
 Ah! woo is the heart that e'er fondly shall love,  
 And twine its sweet hopes around spirits of air.

But quickly as the plaint was o'er,  
 And ere an Echo had replied,  
 A spirit from the farther shore  
 Came blithesomely upon the tide.  
 'Twas cradled in the curling wave,  
 'Twas rocked upon the waters blue;  
 A merry laugh each ripple gave,  
 And smiling seemed each dimple true.  
 The brooklets all in music gushed,  
 And zephyrs woo'd the glancing spray,  
 While Leman in her gladness *blushed*,  
 As kissed her cheek the "Orient ray."

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ROBIN HOOD.

"Lythe and lysten gentylmen.  
 That be of freeborn blood,  
 I shall ye tell of a goode yeman,  
 His name was Robyn Hood."—OLD BALLAD.

THEY who truly love Poetry, love it whether it is breathed forth in the rough, unpolished strains of a nation's infancy, or in the more chaste and elegant expressions of refined society. To such, the verses of Chaucer and Spencer, replete as they are with *thought* and feeling; the rough strains of ballad literature, abounding in that free use of metaphor which is ever the chief characteristic of early poetry; the highly imaginative and animated rhapsodies of the fathers of song, afford full as much delight as the more polished and musical, but less natural versification of modern times. So, too, the different departments of poetry, though each has a host of admirers peculiarly its own, are loved almost equally well by all, and a chord of sympathy, that beats responsive to the poet's heart, is struck in the breast of his reader, whether listening to the animated notes of spirit-stirring war-song, to the wild strains of passion and emotion, or to the more simple descriptions of the beautiful in Nature.

We were led to these reflections by the sight of an old and well-thumbed copy of "The *veritable* history of Robin Hood and Friar Tuck," which we accidentally met with a day or two since, in a corner of our book-case, where it had lain unnoticed for many long years.

It was emphatically *the* book of our childhood, and aside from the many pleasing reminiscences of school-boy days which its old, yellow covers call forth, we see much within it, as we turn over its soiled leaves, to remind us of a still more 'olden time.' Should we spend an hour or two in attempting to delineate the character of that time—more particularly of one of its most prominent men—we shall perform a work not unprofitable to ourselves, and we trust not uninteresting to our readers.

The early periods of English history are replete with the chronicles of war. Strife and contention, both civil and foreign, are depicted on every page. A government not firmly established, and containing few of those elements of freedom which the British constitution now secures, was constantly striving to harass its subjects, while they, on the other hand, were as vigorously struggling to resist oppression. A priesthood, possessed of many privileges and immunities, exercised a despotic sway over the lower orders of the people; and a system of laws, both cruel and oppressive, infringed on their natural rights. Their condition was indeed miserable. For trivial offences, to which they were impelled by absolute necessity, they were rigorously punished, and if any found means to escape from the grasp of the magistrate, a sentence of outlawry was immediately passed upon them. They were driven forth from the abodes of men to the haunts of wild beasts, to the dense forests and high mountains of their native land.

Such was the condition of England immediately after the memorable contest between Henry Third and his powerful barons, which took place about the middle of the thirteenth century. A large number of the yeomanry of England had attached themselves to the cause of their feudal lords, and when this contest eventuated in their defeat, they were by act of parliament declared to be outlaws, a price was set on their heads, and they were constantly exposed to an ignominious death. Prompted by revenge and impelled by want, they betook themselves to the fastnesses of the wilderness, to the mountains, forests, and morasses of the sterile 'north countrie,' where they still had recourse to the sword, and for a long time carried on a predatory warfare, which furnished them with the means of subsistence. The king, at length, weary of vain attempts to exterminate these obstinate rebels, determined to offer such inducements as should lead them voluntarily to submit to his authority and return to their allegiance. Many accepted the proposed conditions; others, who from long habit had become attached to their present mode of life, rejected every offer, and for a long time defied the utmost efforts of their assailants. They were finally, however, compelled to yield, and were all reduced to a state of miserable subjection, save a few bold spirits, who preferred the freedom of the forest, and the outlaw's life, beset with perils and hardships and bereft of the endearments of domestic life, to the clemency of a king, who so mercifully offered them the gift of their lives and limbs, on the most disgraceful conditions.

The little band who thus preferred to make the shadowy desert their dwelling place, betook themselves to the vast forest of 'Sherwodde,'

a wild and almost uninhabited tract of country, extending for many miles in all directions, and covered with a luxuriant growth of old forest trees, under whose shade herds of deer browsed, and in whose branches innumerable birds had built their nests. Already were there in the wilds of this vast forest many who had been "outlawed for venyson;" that is, for the infraction of the barbarous game laws, which forbade any the privilege of killing deer without the royal authority, and reserved the vast forests of the country, with all their antlered inhabitants, for the sole use of the king and his court. These, uniting with the outlaws who collected here soon after the great political crisis of which we have spoken, soon became an organized force, with a chosen leader, ready and able to provide for their support, either by the pursuits of the chase, or if need be, by appropriating the goods and chattels of some fat prior, who could well afford to contribute to their necessities.

Here it is, that we first hear of the bold yeoman Robin Hood, the outlaw of Sherwood forest, at whose exploits, recorded in the "veritable history" above mentioned, our youthful eye used so often to kindle. Whether he was engaged in the great civil conflict above mentioned or not, we have no means of determining. The Latin chronicles of that period are silent on this point, and the ballad literature of the age seems to regard the later actions of "bowld Robyn," rather than the events of his early life. In an age, however, when the existence of extraordinary personal strength was far more requisite in a soldier than now, an individual like Robin Hood would naturally be found wherever the danger was greatest, or wherever the most strenuous and persevering resistance to tyranny could be made.

It is difficult to conceive of a robber as a brave, free-hearted, noble man. The *profession* has in our day sadly degenerated, and so long have we been accustomed to associate the name with all that is vile, cowardly, and mean, that the famous wand of the 'Magician' can scarce avail to rescue the name of Robin Hood from an undeserved ignominy. That he *was* a brave, and withal a kind-hearted man, we cannot doubt. Though driven forth by a cruel king from a participation in the rights of subjects, though the leader of an obstinate band of insurgents, an outlaw, and a freebooter, he was a redresser of injuries and a succorer of the oppressed. Many a *poor* yeoman or unfortunate knight who stopped in his course to contribute to the funds of the outlaw, was regaled with the best of cheer and sent on his way with a loaded purse. Among other characteristics of the outlaw, we may notice his devotion to the Virgin and his respect for the female sex. He had, to be sure, no great affection for the wealthy ecclesiastics of his day, and not unfrequently helped himself from their golden store; yet, as our "veritable history" declares,

"He loved our dere ladye,  
And for doute of deadly synne  
Wolde he never do company harm  
That ony woman was ynne."

From such characteristics as these, as well as from his personal prowess, the fame of which was widely spread through that region, he soon became a great favorite among the neighboring people. The aggressions of royal power, and the enormous exactions of the clergy, had caused much dissatisfaction in the minds of the free-hearted sons of "merrie England," and he who so successfully withstood the former and refused to comply with the latter, could scarcely fail to acquire their good will. He soon became the hero of their ballads, and on May days and other festivals, the wandering minstrel (the sole source of information in that rude and uncultivated age—for the chronicles of pious monks were not open to the body of the people) would chant to eager ears the story of his deeds. Nor are these old ballads to be rejected as mere fables, composed to satisfy a love of the marvelous. Like the rhapsodies of Homer, they give us the best picture of the age in which they were written. They describe to us the forest-life of old England's sons. They tell us what objects they admired, what pleasures they pursued. Though irregular and unpolished, they are full of enthusiasm, and their uncouth and antiquated expressions are more than balanced by their animation and vehemence. It is from them that we gain our knowledge of the popular heroes of the times which they describe, of the manners and customs of the people themselves, in short, of the whole character and framework of the society in which they were originated. Hence, they are not inaptly termed "veritable historys," for we learn from them more accurately than we do from the dry details of diplomacy and court intrigue, the true character and condition of a nation. We have loved to linger over their descriptions of old baronial halls, decked with the implements of warfare and the chase, and while reading these descriptions, we have seemed to listen in very truth to the hearty songs and tales of the old barons, over their old oak tables, groaning with good cheer. We have, in imagination, walked in the shade of those pathless wilds, and we have there seen the woodmen engaged in their rural sports, wrestling, leaping, or perchance, feasting on the rich food which the forest furnished.

"Bread and wyne they had ynough,  
And nombles of the dere ;  
Swannes and fesanntes they had full good,  
And foules of tho reveere."

Of the events of Robin Hood's life we have said but little ; most persons are familiar with them, and they who are not may find much concerning them in the works of Scott ; more in the " veritable historys" of the age. Our object has been rather to give a brief sketch of the times in which he lived, and if any are led by these desultory remarks to peruse the old ballads of that period, they will not fail to be charmed with their glowing descriptions of forest-life, as well as with the simplicity and beauty which everywhere pervade these rude memoirs of a distant age.

## SHREDS AND PATCHES.

## NO IV.

HAIL ! all hail to thee, thou glorious, "leafy month" of June !  
 Thou deckest the green earth with flowers, and makest the air as mild  
 and fragrant as gentle gales from Araby the blest ! "Meadows trim  
 with daisies pied" are thy pathway ; sweet vales, all strewn with pink  
 and pansy and gay primrose, with gorgeous "flowrets of a thousand  
 hues," lap thee in their soft and grateful couch ! Pale and dewy violets,  
 ruddy, buxom roses, kiss thy feet, as with step all music, and with  
 voice all song, thou trippest merrily onward—onward—to join the nu-  
 merous throng of months and years gone by !

"The milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe,"

as the rising day-god pours his flood of golden light along the hills.  
 Sweet month, would thou wert longer !

I love at this season to go forth among the quiet and hallowed haunts  
 of Nature, and listen to her gentle teachings. Her mild whispers fall  
 on my ear like voices from the spirit-land. I love to steal away from  
 the hurly-burly of this noisy and work-day world, and

"In close covert by some brook,  
 Where no profaner eye may look,  
 Hide me from day's garish eye ;  
 While the bee with honeyed thigh,  
 That at her flowery work doth sing,  
 And the waters murmuring,  
 With such consort as they keep,  
 Entice the dewy, feather'd sleep."

Ay, that last is the pleasantest part of it. "Blessings on the man who  
 invented sleep," saith Sancho Panza, and the doughty squire knew a  
 thing or two, if he had a fool for his master. 'Tell me not that it is  
 shameful to part with one's precious hours in the unprofitable way of  
 sleeping when he should be up and doing. Call me sluggard, call me  
 what you will ; but give me that blessed morning nap. Pleasant a  
 thing as it is at all hours, it is thrice pleasant at that time. Tired  
 nature has been restored ; the deep, death-like "slumber which has  
 prisoned both body and soul is partially broken, and you can lie there  
 in a half-unconscious sort of existence, with pleasant fancies floating  
 through your brain and wafting you gently off, as on angel's wings, to  
 the bright fairy-land of dreams. Oh ! 'tis delicious sweet. I hate  
 your early riser. He tumbles out before he is half rested, gets his  
 body saturated with those execrable morning damps, goes round with  
 his flesh as blue as boarding-house cream, and his visage as dark and  
 lowering as the northwest corner of a thunder cloud, becomes hungry



and fretful before breakfast, and with limbs all shivering and teeth all chattering, he looks like a very goblin sent from that big, infernal hole which Symmes supposed to exist in the Polar regions. It makes one cross and ill-natured all day. Give me the easy soul, who takes his sleep out and gets up jolly and good-natured. 'Tis a blessed, blessed thing, this sleep. The ancient mariner of Coleridge, after "seven days, seven nights" of wakeful suffering, with a bloody, burning sky above, a sluggish, slimy sea below, and ghastly forms, all rotting round him, with living curses in their moveless eyes, is then relieved, and thus he gratefully relates it :

"O sleep ! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole !  
To Mary, queen, the praise be given ;  
*She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,  
That slid into my soul."*

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'Tis now the very witching time of night, that I am struggling to keep off the gentle influence, that fain would steal over my senses, and lock me in its soft embrace. The dim lamp flickering over the pale and thoughtful face of the student, hath long been extinguished. Darkness hath long since shrouded these time-stained walls with its thick gloomy curtain,

"And tortured melody hath ceased  
Her sufferings on the evening flute."

All is solemn, death-like stillness. Not a leaf rustles in the branches that overhang my window. The streets are silent and voiceless. Innocence is softly sleeping, and ministering spirits are hovering round. Guilt is vainly wooing slumber to its relief, while tossing in feverish restlessness upon its uneasy couch. And if slumber does at length come, it is to unfold new scenes of terrors. He who has broken the laws of God and man, cannot enjoy the sweet influence that seals his eyelids. Visions of horror await him in his dreams. It is not often that his spirit then wanders to the scenes of youth and early innocence ; it is not often that he "babbles of green fields." Though he may still be in all the pride and glow and lustihood of youth, it is all the same to him. With no bright pictures will dreams cheer his vision. With no sweet voices will they whisper in his ear. With wailings such as "goblins damned" might utter, will they cause him to start from his troubled repose. With adders will they bind him round, which with their cloven tongues will "hiss him into madness." The black and fearful gallows will they show him, higher than Haman ever reared ; ay, and there will glide around him gaunt and ghastly spectres, with their bony hands all clutching at his throat. Nothing can deliver him from the direful visions, when Guilt, "with fingers bloody red," doth draw his midnight curtains. Yes, there *are*

"Shapes that walk  
At dead of night and clank their chains, and wave  
The torch of Hell around the murderer's bed."

But softly : it is not quite so still as I was talking of a short while since. Sounds now break upon the midnight air, and such sounds—oh, heavens ! It is a troop of maudlin serenaders, "making night hideous" with their most unmusical performance. I love a good serenade. It steals in at your window, like a strain from heavenly visitants, soothing the restless soul and filling it with sweet harmony. But from such a serenade as that, good lord deliver us ! Learning to play on a French horn is seraph-music, in comparison with it. As Holmes says,

"You'd think they are crusaders, sent  
From some infernal clime,  
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,  
And dock the tail of Rhyme,  
To crack the voice of Melody,  
And break the legs of Time."

Jeremiah Jennings—or Jerry, as he was familiarly called—was my "chum" during my first two years in College. What on earth brought us together, I never could fully understand ; for we were the very antipodes in our habits. I had "come to College"—how that old Freshman phrase calls up to mind that period of my course, which Mrs. Child would reckon among the "sunny spots of *greenery*" in life ; and in sooth, there is something sunny and pleasant about it, with all its toil and trouble and timorous apprehension—I had come here, as I was saying, to study. As for Jerry, that was no part of his design. I don't believe he had ever thought of such a thing. He used to say he thought before coming, that College was a great place, full of a literary atmosphere, where one would suck in wisdom at every breath, without any kind of effort on his own part. Or else he thought knowledge would grow upon him, in some way or other ; a sort of *accretion*, was his idea. How in the world he ever studied enough to gain admission, I am at a loss to imagine.

"This is a devil of a hard world to live in," would Jerry say, as he tilted back in his easy chair, with his feet against the top of the stove.

Jerry had an unconquerable propensity to put his feet upon the stove ; and he never sat in the room five minutes at a time, in any other position. I have known him burn out half a dozen pair of boots in a single winter, besides ruining the tops of three stoves. College stoves, dear reader, are fancy articles, and will not endure rough usage.

Always when I returned from my morning walk—chum never went with me ; indeed, he would always take it as an insult to be asked to walk, save to his dinner—I found him with his feet in the aforesaid position, with Handy Andy, Boz's works illustrated, or some book with similar embellishments, lying open on his knees. Strange as it may seem, it was always open at a picture. He never seemed to be read-

ing, but studied the pictures, and filled up the rest with his imagination. He had the most comic way of studying a comic picture I ever saw. He would scrutinize it in the closest manner, and trace out every line and figure, all the while preserving the most staid and sober visage imaginable. But like the jar of a battery, which changeth not in appearance while being charged, (here's a scientific figure with a vengeance,) so also did chum maintain his gravity, till he had taken in every ludicrous and grotesque feature, when he would burst into one long, loud, prodigious roar. I always shut my book for the next ten minutes, when Jerry began to laugh. His laugh was always contagious. No one could hear that jolly cachinnation of his, or see that round oily face all luminous with the intensity of his mirth, with the merriest twinkle of the eye, and the drollest sort of a jerking about the corners of his mouth, without joining heartily in his merriment. Chum never laughed in any other way. What he would call a *smile*, might be heard half the length of Chapel street.

We roomed directly under Tutor K., one of the most nervous men I ever saw, who had as lief hear it thunder as hear one laugh in study hours. I believe he thought laughing wicked—one of the vain and sinful trifles of this world. He used to come down when Jerry had got up one of his regular peals, dash into the room and confront him face to face, and with the most threatening gestures and horror-stricken countenance, command him, “in the name of the Faculty,” to “stop disturbing the entry.” But Jerry was constitutionally unable to stop, until he had his laugh out. He would keep on roaring in the face of the Tutor, shaking his sides and catching for breath, until Tutor K. would get as furious as a mad bull with half a score of red shawls before his eyes. Once, however, a different result followed. Some unusually droll expression on Jerry's face caught the Tutor's eye; and he burst out laughing in the midst of his wrath. He rushed out, and hastened back to his room. I verily believe he repented on his knees for that involuntary sin. At any rate, he never ventured to enter our room, and expose himself to the same temptation afterward.

Jerry would peruse his mirth-moving pictures, until half an hour before recitation, when he would ask me to reach him his text-book—still keeping his angular position of body.

“I say, chum,” he would then break out, before he had looked over the first line of his Memorabilia, “this is a devil of a long lesson. What a bore Tutor O. is! Blast him! hope he won't call me up. There's a confounded long lesson in grammar, too.” Little difference did it make with Jerry, as to the length of those Greek Grammar lessons; for he was never guilty of looking at one of them.

He would then glance along the lines of his book, and when he saw a word for which he could not possibly *hatch out* the meaning, he would ask it. If it occurred to me, I told him; if not, it made no sort of difference. He was just as well satisfied, and would go on to the next sentence. Thus he would sit till about five minutes after the bell had rung, when he would start up and hurry out, upsetting chairs, table, &c., come into the recitation room with a rush,—the only sort of a *rush* he ever made there,—and plump down on his seat before you had

time to look up. Those were the only times he was ever known to run.

But Jerry always kept his Sabbaths most religiously. There was no danger of his infringing in the least upon that statute in the "Laws of Yale College," which forbids students to walk on the Sabbath. He had been bred up in the good old puritanical way; and one of the parting gifts of his mother was a huge family Bible, thickly interspersed with plates. After breakfast on Sunday morning, he would take down that big Bible, seat himself in his customary position, and learn what he could of the contents in his usual method of reading. There were two large pictures, that used to engross much of his attention: the creation of the world, exhibiting Adam surrounded by every beast and bird and creeping thing, and the entrance of Noah into the ark, with the animals two and two of every kind. Jerry would study these by the hour together, stopping ever and anon to make some sagacious remarks on the probable size and number of the stables in the ark; how long it took to feed the animals; and wondering how Noah ever managed to "bow up" a beast, with "such a devil of a long neck," as the Giraffe has. There were several other pictures, which shared his attention; and he took special delight in contemplating that of Jacob, at the well of Laban the Syrian.

"That Rachel was a devil of a pretty girl, I suppose," said he, "and Jacob was lucky in falling in with her as he did." But to have to take that blear-eyed, wrinkled old maid of a Leah into the bargain, it was too bad. I'd have pitched old Laban into his own well first."

Jerry applied his passion for pictures to practice. He could sketch the best caricature of any man in the class; and he usually spent his hour of recitation in that employment. How often have I seen our fellows, wriggling on their seats, and vainly endeavoring to smother their mirth, at some grotesque representation of our Tutor, with an almighty long augur, and some poor wight of us writhing on the end of it!

The doors and walls of our room bore numerous proofs of Jerry's talent. Every term bill of ours had a huge item of "individual damages," for defacing the room.

Alas, for poor Jerry! His fate was the fate of many, who enter our Alma Mater. It was at the close of our last Sophomore examination, that I sat by my window, musing on the events of my half-completed course. Jerry entered. His merry eye twinkled not, as it was wont to do. I saw at a glance that *his* course was run. His companions had been apprehensive of such a result, for weeks before the examination. Jerry said not a word, but opening his trunk began to pack in his books.

"Have they dismissed you, Jerry?" said I, somewhat hesitatingly.

"Yes, yes—that devil of a Tutor O. has just advised me to 'leave college for an indefinite time.' Blast his picture! Wish he had his Greek themes all stuffed down his throat. Wouldn't have minded it if they had sent me off a year ago: but to wait till we had finished Euclid and Conics, and such an infernal mess of Greek and Latin stuff as we have had these two years, and then send a fellow off when

he has got so far through the wilderness, and in sight of the blessed land of promise, (but one more change to get into Senior seats,) it's too bad. Don't care a straw for myself; but it will kill my mother. She has set her heart on my obtaining a degree. I can't bear to meet *her*."

I called on Jerry at his home a few months since. He grasped me warmly by the hand, while his face seemed rounder and brighter, and his eye merrier in its twinkle than ever. He has done nothing since leaving College; for his easy circumstances enable him to go through life laughing like a Democritus, and doing nothing else. Right jollily did we pass a couple of hours together, talking over the roistering scenes we had witnessed in days gone by. At the close of an obstreperous peal of laughter, occasioned by the mention of an old adventure of his with Tutor K., he exclaimed, (at the same time kicking over a bowl of coffee on the top of the stove,) "Ah! chum, *this is a devil of a hard world to live in.*"

Reader, if you never met with a person of the foregoing description, consider it a shred-and-patch sort of a character, whereof the materials were clipped out of several different pieces. But it's all truth—oh, certainly!

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"The course of human life is changeful still,  
As is the fickle wind and wand'ring rill;  
Or, like the light dance, which the wild breeze weaves  
Amidst the faded race of fallen leaves,  
Which now its breath bears down, now tosses high,  
Beats to the earth, or wafts to middle sky;  
Such, and so various, the precarious play  
Of fate with man, frail tenant of a day!

We have given you the longest quotation we could think of, for the "printer's devil" swears he must have so many pages, whether the "fit of writing be on one or not," and the clock is just ready to toll the hour when he must have them. So here goes for something or nothing—probably the latter. But what shall one write about—change? Shall I take you back to the days of waddling infancy, and descant upon what has happened since? Shall I tell you of

"Other years,  
When boyhood had its idle throng  
Of guiltless smiles and guileless tears,"

those days of sportive and joyous innocence, when "kisses were no sin?" Shall I recount the changes that have "swept over the spirit of my dream," since first I donned the hat and coat of stripling manhood? Oh, spare—for Heaven's sake spare the tale—methinks I hear you say! Well, then, if you don't like this small *personal* stuff, shall I point you to nations that have risen, spread their giant arms to grasp a world, and fallen in an hour to rise no more? Shall I tell you of old and mighty fabrics, that have towered aloft in all the pride and pomp and massive strength of kingly power, and then tottered and crumbled

away to mingle with the dust of those that perished ages before? I'll not do any such thing.

Shall I then moralize upon the changes of our little embryo college world, which might seem quite as natural as any thing else, just at the present moment? Alas! the theme is one of a saddening though a pleasing kind. There have been many changes among us; some of them *sad* ones. From the time we first met in our Freshmen habiliments, which I will not stop to describe, up through the days of Sophomore vanity and Junior pomposity, to the *dignity* of the staid and sober Senior, it is not strange that many changes should have befallen us. What a different group of countenances do we now present, from those which were first ranged along the seats by the Chapel doors! Some of us became disgusted with this quiet, plodding life, and left for other and more congenial employments; others went, *because they couldn't help it*. Their places have been filled with new comers from time to time. We shall leave with the images of many pleasant scenes clinging fondly to our memory. Friendships have been formed, which, God grant, may never be sundered! Yes, we have spent hours here that are not to be forgotten. In the beautiful words of Præd:

"There are tones that will haunt us, though lonely  
Our path be o'er mountain or sea;  
There are looks that will part from us only,  
When memory ceases to be."

#### EDITORS' TABLE.

'Tis true! reader, true as holy writ, that they had a supper! Who? did you ask? Why, the Editors of the "Yale Lit,"—those self-same "blades" who have so often feasted you! And why should they not? Lean Jack could never fatten upon air, and surely neither Hal, Bardolph, Hotspur, or King Jowl, could live upon their reputation. Then why begrudge to starving men a single feast!

But a feast they did have, whether you will or no, gentle reader, and one prepared by their Chairman, whilst the others were absent. Yes! the table was covered with dishes, and all were there, gazing wistfully upon it, save Lean Jack. A noise—a shout—a heavy tread—a rap—the door flew open, and he too was there. In he came—stared around, to be sure that he had not entered the cook's sanctum by mistake—then gave Hal a sly wink, slapped Bardolph on the shoulder, and lastly, swore (in good old Saxon, of course) that it was, the best "*Editors' Table*" he had seen for a six-month.

Yet where were the new Editors? Not yet come, although it is past the hour when the ceremony should begin! Hotspur was accordingly sent to hunt them up, and act as their usher.

In they came at last, as lovely an "awkward squad" as ever delighted the eyes of a militia drill captain. In they came, spinning round like so many tops, scraping and bowing to every chair, stand, table-leg, book-case, and coal-box, in the room, and then huddling together in one corner, there they stood, pulling and tugging at one another's coat-tails, and all looking as demure as possible. After the utmost difficulty, however, King Jowl finally succeeded in arranging them in the order of their *beauty*, placing the ugliest nearest himself. Here Lean Jack was in his element. "He thought the one who suggested the plan of a supper was worthy of a donation—eh—adoration, he should have said." "In fact he always knew that there was more sense in the club than had ever yet been gotten out of it, and he could now swear to it." "Yes, he thought that he was as good a judge of an idea when he happened to cross one, as

any person, and he must say that a finer one he had never yet either seen or heard in that body." Then too the fancy shown in labeling the dishes was inimitable. That large tureen marked "Genius" he could vouch contained "calf's-head soup;" there stood the bowl of *straw-berries*, titled "Trash," and he was willing to bet his last coat that a leg of mutton was concealed in that dish of "First Offerings." "Yes, yes, he knew it all—could see through it at a glance—and if the gentlemen would not be offended, he would say,"—Here he was cut short by Hotspur's asking him if he could tell why the "Coffin" has "Sham" written on it! "Ha! ha! a motto of your own choosing, I guess," said Lean Jack, as he thrust both hands into his breeches-pocket, as far as they would go, and commenced humming, "Oh take your time, Miss Lucy."

King Jowl, who had taken the head of the table, at length arose in his majesty, and gave the nod. Each one seized his chosen dish—off flew the covers—one was thrown half way across the room—another went jingling out of the window, while Lean Jack's went whistling past Bardolph's nose, evidently with "malice a prepense" and intent on injury. But horror of horrors, what was there? not the savory contents which all had anticipated, but plates and bowls filled with poems, essays, prize compositions, sonnets, tales, sketches, etc. "Blood and thunder," shouted Lean Jack, as he sprang up from the table. "And is this the way, Mr. Chairman, that you tamper with a man's affections? Is this the way that you scout at his *first love*—his only love, and trample upon his cherished hopes? Do you think, sir, that I'll stand it, sir! What, I—I, Lean Jack—a student—a Senior—a Poet—an Editor, suffer myself to be hoaxed, and bear it as tamely as a Freshman? No, sir! I am not the genius you take me for. I am a—a—a—(stretching himself to his full length)—a—above that, sir, and I'll not stand it." So down he sat, accordingly, in a puff of rage.

"I say, Jack, d'ye know what 'Sham' means?" cried Hotspur. A muttered "Blood and thunder!" was the only reply vouchsafed, while Jack scowled upon him with that terrible look of his, which seemed to say, "Now you have caught a tartar!"

All this while the "new regime" had not altered in the least. They were filled with wonderment at the commencement; they wondered at Lean Jack; they wondered at Hotspur—at the supper—at the coffin—at every thing; and there they sat, with eyes slightly globular, and mouths which they had opened for the purpose of eating, and which they had forgotten to shut—wondering still. Here King Jowl increased their wonder by a speech:

*Gentlemen and Successors*.—It is now my mournful duty to deliver into your hands the Magazine, of which you have doubtless heard *too much* and seen *too little*. Its delights you have already tasted, (an angry groan from Lean Jack,) but your labors are yet to come. As you are ignorant, moreover, or at least supposed to be ignorant, of all that Editors should know, it may not be amiss that I should also give you a few suggestions relative to the conduct of that Magazine. As good and true Editors, your first care, then, will be for yourselves—your last, for the beloved offspring which may rise up around you in the shape of "articles." The principal difficulty which you will have to surmount in reference to yourselves, will be in acquiring the habit of *looking like Editors*. Nor is this as small a matter as you may at first suppose, for upon your striking and literary appearance greatly depends your subscription-list in the lower classes. Here you cannot do better than model yourselves after your "illustrious predecessors." Dress shabbily, and every one will say you either are or ought to be *smart*. Walk always with your hat well slouched and your head down—it looks like you were *thinking*, and as no one will ever have the presumption to inquire, you are sure of the credit at all events. Having duly provided for yourselves, your next solicitude, as I before remarked, will be concerning your Magazine. Here your motto should be—not *quality*, but *quantity*. Neither will the old adage, "let all things take care of themselves," answer your purpose. This has already been resorted to, and found to fail most lamentably. Articles must be had, and you are appointed to collect them; indeed, you will, at times, even have to go so far as to write one or two yourselves. This, however, is not always necessary, and if you have not time at your disposal, you may choose a half dozen pieces from the "balaam" in the coffin—cut a few paragraphs from each—give it, as a title, whatever word you find in them most frequently repeated, and the composition will be sure to pass muster. All from whom you have made extracts, will be sure to unite in its praise, wondering at *their own* genius. Such articles have been known to answer admirably.

If you are at a loss for poetry, fix upon some one who was never known to write prose; make him dash you off any number of stanzas; cut them into lengths to suit

your subjects; get the printer's devil to punctuate them, and then label them according to fancy,—“translations from the German,” “Cherokee,” or “Sanskrit.” If you have any friends whom you would gratify, insist upon it that you *are sorry* that there is not room enough left for them to contribute. They will be sure to feel the compliment—take the hint—write something for the next number, and you will enjoy the pleasure of seeing the next Editor in a pucker.

I would also caution you, gentlemen, against “Plagiarists.” You must never be duped by them. And this you cannot better guard against, than by first copying, yourself, a portion of some well-known author, and afterwards giving it a most withering review in your Editors' Table. It will be like placing a scarecrow in your literary field to keep off “trespassers.”

In general, it will be best for you not to have any “Editors' Table,” for although you are there privileged to act the buffoon with impunity, yet you are expected to act it well, and none but those who do it *naturally* can succeed. Permit me with all modesty to say, that I flatter myself that I am an exception.

Your last and greatest trouble will be to infuse *interest* into your Magazine. In this it will be absurd to oppose the public taste, even though it be vitiated. You must pander to it. Nothing that is high-toned, or sensible, must be permitted to cross it. If it desires wit, you must at least attempt a pun; if humor, some one must sit for a picture; if sarcasm, then must an editor be cut up and served out. Nothing less will satisfy your readers, and you need never fear insulting their common sense, for no one would ever suppose that you alluded to that.

Lastly, always announce your Magazine three months before it is actually to appear. It shows that you are, at least, thinking about it, and are meditating upon a family crisis. It excites curiosity, too, renders a mystery still more mysterious, keeps your readers in a delectable state of suspense, makes them willing to discount their due-bills, to be satisfied with any thing, and to inwardly pray for your safe and speedy delivery. When bringing it forth at last, swear the coffin is full—the printer a knave—you yourself a hero—and every one who does not believe it, will yet admire your independence and spirit. These, gentlemen, are some of the suggestions I would make to you on parting. Others I could add, but my time is up, and simply remarking that you, of course, are expected to *pay for the supper with which we have treated you*, I would in the name of my associates say to you that mournful word, “good night.”

Here King Jowl, Bardolph, Hotspur, and Hal, vanished into air, never more to be seen, while Lean Jack, not being cut out for serial voyages, attempted to descend from the Sanctum by the stairway. The last that was ever heard of him, was a muttered “blood and thunder,” as he fell down the fourth flight of stairs.

#### LITERARY SANCTUM, June.

A peep, reader, only a peep, and we shall leave them to their mirth. Look yonder in the corner! would you ever recognize an old acquaintance in Ephraim Smooth? Note him well; see his foxy hair, which some in derision call “carrotty red,” but which he insists is a “beautiful auburn;” mark the cut of his dress; the “curve of grace” prominent in every thing; see his old white hat; hissegar in his mouth; his feet upon the top of the mantle piece; see him, how he stares at a heroic verse he has found in the coffin, and notice with what ease he scratches his head as he tries to remember King Jowl's advice about making poetry out of doggerel. Did you ask who that was on the other side, in his undress uniform? What, the one in whose face a laugh and a frown seem squabbling for the mastery; the one that has such an air of “nonchalance” about him, and who leans back in his chair, as though he had nothing in the world to do? Why, that is “Mr. Habakuk Quick!” No, he is not lazy, reader; not in the least. It is only a genteel carelessness; a stray fancy. But he is generous, too generous of his time, and you must bear with him, else the minutes will be hours. Remember he is our Secretary. Ah! I see you already know that one in the arm chair, who is busy making memoranda of “promises to pay.” Yes, that is “Jonathan Doolittle,” the Treasurer. Did you say that he owed you a visit? Well, he'll pay it, never fear. Did you request him to call to-morrow? Yes, yes. I'll tell him to be there punctually. He'll come.

And do you know also those two persons who are sitting astride the “balaam box,” and laughing their eyes out at the “curiosities.” What! not know “Mr. Tobias Slow” and “Mr. Theophrastus Augustus Stubbs.” Let me introduce them! Splendid fellows they are too; and can see through a joke as well as anybody, when it is



explained. But come, let's leave them to themselves! What, not willing to go? Well, only one moment more!

Ephraim Smooth runs his fingers through his locks, so as to make each hair stand up for itself. (Mr. Habakuk Quick, slowly taking his pipe out of his mouth, rises and crosses his hands under his coat tail.) "I say, Smooth,—Smooth,—I say!"—(giving a long low whistle,) "wh-e-e-eu—*what a rip-snorting red head you have got!*"

Ephraim Smooth. "Any more remarks to make, Mr. Quick?"

But reader, come, bid them adieu for the present.

The following was found the next morning on the floor.

"*Resolved*, That we do hereby resolve ourselves into a Committee of the Whole, to discuss the State of our Union, also, that we do go into an election for the purpose of choosing a Chairman, Scrivener, Treasurer, Proof-Reader, and Secretary of War."

On the first ballot for chairman, each one voted for himself, and Ephraim Smooth, who was acting Speaker, gave the casting vote in his own favor.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

COLLEGIANA.—The following Literary Notice will explain itself to those who are initiated. To those who are not, we would say, never seek to fathom the mystery.

Tutor X. "Mr. C., you were absent from morning prayers and recitation! Have you any excuse to offer?"

#### TRIAL NO. I.

Student. "Yes, sir, I was sick."

Tutor. "Well—ahem—ah—what was the matter?"

S. "Had a headache, sir!"

T. "A very bad one?"

S. "Very bad indeed, sir!"

T. "All the time?"

S. "Yes sir, all the time!"

T. "Was it *dropsical* and sickening, or merely temporary?"

S. "Sa—ar! oh—ah—it was—was both, sir!"

T. "Did it ache when the bell rang?"

S. "Yes, sir! I think it did—but I didn't hear the bell, my alarm woke me."

T. "Did you call in a respectable physician? What did he say or think?"

S. "Yes, sir, 'Dr. Gull'; he didn't say anything, sir! but thought it was a very 'decided case'!"

T. "Well—I don't know! but as we have never before had a case of this kind on hand, I will refer the matter!"

#### TRIAL NO. II.

Student. "Sick, sir!"

Tutor. "Too sick to go out?"

S. "Yes, sir, *didn't leave my room.*"

T. "Did you go to breakfast?"

S. "I didn't go out, I tell you, sir."

T. "I know! but did you go to dinner?"

S. "No, sir, haven't been out to-day, sir."

T. "Well—did you hear the bell this morning?"

S. "Yes, sir, both of them!"

T. "Did you wake up when you heard it?"

S. "Shouldn't like to say certainly, sir! but I believe I was asleep when it first woke me!"

T. "Are you positive?"

S. "Yes, sir!"

T. "And you are sure that you are telling the truth—and not laboring under a mistake?"

S. "Can't be sure, sir, but think I am."

T. "Well—just call up to my room, I should like to ask you a few questions."

#### TRIAL NO. III.

Tutor. "And so you were really sick this morning?"

Student. "Yes, sir, I was sick, and I had a headache—and it was a severe one—and I couldn't go out, and if I could—I wouldn't—and if I would, I didn't—and if I did, it was not to breakfast—and what is more—I've been sick for a month—only I didn't like to say so—and I haven't eaten any thing for a week—and I did go to see a physician, and he was not in—and I went again, and he did say it was very bad indeed—and he did give me a prescription, and I should have taken it, only I lost it. And I am telling you the truth, and I am not mistaken—and I am positive—and I am in earnest—and I was unwell all the time—and I can prove it by my roommate—and here is the physician's note, and"—

T. "You are excused, Mr. C."

C. "I say, Jack, what a darned screw our Tutor is—shouldn't wonder if he thought I was lying—and to tell the truth, I was—only I shouldn't have told half so many if he hadn't pushed me. I guess I'll tell him a whopper next time, and astonish him so that he'll forget his screws." (Exit Jack and "C.," laughing.)

VOL. XI,

No. VIII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



BY THE STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE, UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF  
CHARLES C. SMITH, and others.

JULY, 1846.

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XI.

JULY, 1846.

No. 8.

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THOUGHT MADE VISIBLE.

THIS result is achieved not only by the marvelous contrivances of the present era, but by those ancient inventions, *painting, sculpture, and writing*. It is one object of the fine arts to enliven existing notions, and awake to new vigor ideas that already lie slumbering in the soul. The arts of painting and sculpture flourish to maturity only in the highest perfection of civilization. At such a period they lose their first character of simple utility, when it is their sole purpose to make thought seen, and contribute to the luxury of an age when wealth has emancipated a large class from the necessity of constant toil, and cultivated intellect and taste demand appropriate gratification. The artist is impelled to his labor, not only by that love of ideal beauty which exists in his mind, but also by the hope that fame will give him a reputation, brilliant as the hues of his own colors, and much more lasting. The desire of wealth may also mingle in his wishes without degrading the nobleness of his high aspirations. The encouragement necessary to stimulate his exertions is furnished only in a state of society when his works may be sought to adorn the mansions of wealth and the palaces of nobility; when mind is polished to derive keen pleasure from the perception of beauty in works of art; when taste is cultured to such delicacy as to appreciate inventive and imitative skill, to be improved by the view of its productions, and qualified thus to admire still more successful efforts of creative genius. Civilization ripens the luxury of art. The fine arts, however, are matured into the perfection which they ultimately attain, by the assiduous cultivation given to the germs of them which spring up in a rude state of society. The uncouth figures which the Indian makes upon a piece of bark with the point of his arrow, representing by the rough sketch some event that he wishes to narrate, merit greater notice than their intrinsic worth can claim. In executing his design he exercises the same faculties which work in the mind of Canova or Titian, as they pursue their labors on the marble or the canvas. *His* rude carving marks

the embryo state of the arts. *Their* figures of life and beauty denote the arts in their expanded bloom. The progress made is like that of a plant transferred from the field or wood, to the hot-house or the garden, where that which was a humble blossom on a thorny shrub, becomes a rose with deepened color and more splendid form—the queen of flowers. The humble sketch of the savage is the first in that series of attempts which results in a finely wrought picture. He aims only to convey thought; there are ideas in his mind, which, by the materials that nature affords him, he seeks to transmit to the mind of another; and this is the primary design of almost every attempt that man makes at imitation. The thoughts and feelings that teem in his soul first find utterance in language, revealing themselves in speech to the mental world. He employs next the expressive language of signs, and soon, by mere marks of imitation, begins his alphabet of artificial expression. He rudely graves figures of men and things, and endeavors to make their position and arrangement tell the story of transpiring or past events. As the practice continues, changes creep in, arbitrary marks are introduced to widen the range of expression; and from this common origin may grow the arts of writing by pictures, by hieroglyphics, and by characters representing vocal sounds.

The arts of painting and sculpture never lose this primary design. Their germs sprang up simply for the *utile* of expressing thought. The skillful artist seeks the *dulce* of gratifying luxurious taste by investing thought with life and beauty. He creates an ideal form, and endeavors to transfer the beautiful conception laboring in his mind to the marble or the canvas. He must have as clear an apprehension of the idea he would develop, as the poet who would touch our sensibilities by his numbers, or the orator who would move us by his eloquence. The elegance with which thought and feeling are expressed constitute the attractive beauty of the piece. Thus there is a style in the fine arts as well as in writing. The colors on the canvas are but unmeaning stains, unless they breathe with thought: without expression the statue is but a marble block.

We may now view the peculiar advantages and proper sphere of each of these arts, and of writing, as the medium of thought. The most proper field of painting is to express the beautiful. The sensible objects which excite emotions of pleasure in the mind by their loveliness, are the subjects to warm the fancy and employ the art of the painter. The features of the human countenance, beaming with expression and intelligence, the graceful form, the symmetrical edifice, the landscape, may all be vividly represented to the mind on the breathing canvas. But painting, although most pleased to linger among the beautiful, does not confine itself here, but often attempts to delineate objects of sublimity and grandeur. The sky blackened by the tempest which is spreading desolation beneath, the forked lightning which plays among the sable drapery of the sky and reveals the rolling billows tossing the despairing mariners, have often been rivaled by the colors of the painter. Many of the passions which agitate the human breast he may depict in the countenance which comes from his hand, almost glowing

with the flush of life and illumined by the immortal spirit. In the features appears ambition, with its high purpose and inflexible determination, or benevolence with its heavenly expression. Malice and revenge frown in the contracted brow, scorn exerts its withering power in the curling lip, and envy scowls in every feature of the distorted countenance ; sportive humor appears playing about the flexible mouth and expanded brow, giving the whole visage its mirthful expression.

Painting has indeed great scope for the display of its power, and a wide field in which to select its subjects. These it presents directly to the sight—the sense through which impressions are most forcibly made on the mind. The idea of a landscape, with much of its beautiful scenery, its hills and vales, its green wood and silvery stream, is conveyed to the mind at a single glance, with a strength which description might despair of equaling, except to one of the most active fancy. An eye-witness might exhaust all his resources of language in relating the horrors of a battle, and still fail of conveying an adequate idea of the scene to those unaccustomed to the din of arms and the fury of the conflict. But on the canvas the whole scene is spread before us. We stand on an eminence from which we behold the field of strife. The heavy columns meet in deadly conflict ; the shock arrests the advance of the bands ; carnage rages with fury, and the crimson blood dyes the ground. A lingering death depicts agony on the features of the wounded ; their groans almost reach our ears ; our feelings are absorbed in the scene, and we are almost hurried into the belief that the reality is before us. Such is the power of painting to convey a vivid impression of the things it represents.

The field of sculpture is more limited. This art is incapable of expressing any extensive scenes of ordinary occurrence. The landing of the pilgrims, which forms a fine subject for the painter, with the ship in the distance, the bay, the snow-mantled hills, and the bleak sky, would mock the art of the sculptor, except, perhaps, in the branch of it called relief, which in some respects resembles painting. A battle represented by a group of statues in the act of engaging in deadly conflict, would be a violation of true taste. Sculpture has not so wide a field in its power of representing in the features the passions of the mind. A frowning brow or an angry countenance wrought in the marble of almost ethereal whiteness would excite disgust ; the leer of envy or the expression of scorn would offend every correct taste ; the playful smile of mirth would degrade the noble art.

But if the true province of sculpture is less extensive than that of painting, if it cannot express as great a variety of ideas, it can exhibit those of the most noble and exalted character far more forcibly. The effort most congenial to it, is the representation of calm dignity and noble elevation of soul in the human countenance, and the rounding of the person in the most beautiful proportion. Were a man to be described at the moment when anger or revenge had thrown its discomposing lines over his features, or mirth clothed them with a sunny smile, the painter might there find a subject of his pleasing art. But were he to be represented with his feelings in the calmness of repose,

the fire of his intellect unobscured by the dark clouds of passion, and his countenance reflecting the living spirit, the image of its Maker—that were an object to warm the fancy and inspire the enthusiasm of the sculptor. He forms in his mind the image to be copied in marble, and with thrilling delight in the perfection of the living picture, seizes the chisel and commences his labor on the rude mass before him. Anxiously he watches the progress of the work, and when, after much toil and care, he realizes the triumph of his art, with what ecstasy does he view the exact copy of the original! The brow bearing the marks of intellectual greatness and magnanimity of soul, the lips indicating firmness of character, every feature conspiring to express the noble qualities that adorn humanity, are before him, and attest the consummate power of his art. As we stand before the marble, and recognize the majestic form of some benefactor of our country or race, we gaze with enthusiastic rapture on the representation, and almost forgetting it is but cold and lifeless stone, clothe it with the attributes of life. Fancy almost persuades us that those limbs have motion,—those features power to express the varying feelings of the soul,—that mouth a tongue about to address us in words of breathing eloquence. Or perhaps we almost imagine, that having become a celestial inhabitant, he has descended to earth adorned with the flowing robes of the upper city; or that his earthly form, freed from every thing repulsive in death, and retaining only its loveliness, is invested with permanent beauty.

Such feelings, however, are experienced only when we are wrought to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and suffer our imagination to gain the mastery over our reason. The greatest effect which the view of a perfect statue has on most minds, is to convey a correct and vivid idea of the character presented, and to excite high admiration of the power of the art and the skill of the artist. In statuary the human form can be perfectly represented to two of the senses. It would be difficult for one born blind, to conceive from the act of touch, how the prominences of the person can appear on the plain canvas; but in the statue, they would be perfectly obvious. In exhibiting colors sculpture makes no pretensions; it overlooks such minor distinctions, and is satisfied to express the noble feelings—the soul. Painting excites our admiration; but sculpture heightens this feeling to reverence, almost to adoration. It strikes us with a degree of awe, being more ideal, ethereal, divine.

To the expressive power of writing we find it difficult to fix a limit. Almost every idea which has ever sprung into existence in the mind, from the earliest impressions of the child to the sublime conceptions of a Newton, might be embodied in words, which might be placed in permanent characters upon the written page. Language is equally well suited to the description of the material creation,—of the events of history,—of the actions performed on the theatre of life,—of abstract truths. And writing is the body enclosing language as the soul vivifying its envelop. The sounds which convey ideas, and are fleeting as the breath of man, are associated in constant fellowship with artificial shapes, displaying thought to those who behold them. The letters are

informed with mental life. Writing feels a confidence in its power to record all the kinds of ideas and feelings that arise in the soul. As a far-running vehicle of knowledge, nothing is more fit than the characters flowing from the "pen of a ready writer." They are the panorama of thought. Painting has indeed been used to perpetuate the knowledge of historical events; and in the Mexican empire, it was the principal medium of intelligence, though very imperfect. It can represent an action only in a fixed state. The description of a single day's events in our revolution would require a vast number of paintings. How would the battle of Bunker Hill, with the many and rapid events of that glorious day, be described by this means? The embarking of the enemy, their passage across the bay, the landing, the forming of the troops in array of battle, the conflagration of the neighboring town, and the other scenes of the action, would require in their delineation as many different paintings. But in the written descriptions, the mind is conducted through each successive scene by easy transitions, while the imagination being kindled forms for itself a *living, moving picture*. It may not indeed be excited as by a painting which brings the subjects directly to the sight—the impression may be less forcible and less firmly fixed in the mind—but the history would be learned more correctly, and the ideas conveyed have a closer connection. It is a drama in which we see not only the great actions and personages, but the smaller circumstances of the shifting scenes, the joints on which turn the grand events. A play with which we are unacquainted is made more intelligible by an attentive reading, than by the most gorgeous representation. The latter is most pleasing when it exhibits a familiar and favorite piece. Such is the relation of historical painting to historical writing. And in the description of natural scenery—what painter could draw a more lovely picture than that delineated by Milton in his description of Eden? A painter might draw the objects as they appear in the camera of the poet's verse. Thus the bard assists the painter; and the painter in turn contributes to inspire the lay of the poet. The deeds of heroes are best described by the historian, or the living strains of the bard. The achievements of Achilles need not a painter to give them finer touches than Homer has done, nor those of Æneas a more skillful delineator than Virgil. But in describing the persons of the heroes themselves, writing must yield to its sister arts. The ancients have told us of the form of Alexander, of the turn of his head and the quickness of his eye, of his fair countenance and fragrant breath: but could we view the paintings of him by Apelles, or his statues by Lysippus, we should feel the inadequacy of language to give us a perfect idea of the countenance and form of the conqueror. But writing will perpetuate ideas a longer space of time. The statue stands alone, a single work of art, and when time crumbles it, is forever lost. The colors of the painting fade away no more to brighten on the canvas. But written works, multiplied by the pen and the press, will remain to the end of time.

Sculpture, then, produces works which most resemble the objects they represent; is the most exalted means of describing the most noble



objects, and impresses them forcibly on the mind. Painting is wider in its range, less ethereal and exalted in its nature, and, presenting its objects to the sense of sight, strongly affects the beholder. Writing has the power of expressing the whole range of thought, but in a manner less forcible and impressive.

A curious thing it is,—this impressing the mind on marble,—on canvas,—on paper. A thought—what is it? An impalpable, spiritual something, seemingly too ethereal to be caught by our gross instruments, and, more swiftly winged than the lightnings, too light to be detained, even could it once be taken. Yet man holds it a prisoner. A few strokes of the chisel, and it is fixed in the stone. The brush glides over the canvas, and thought is fast imbedded in the colors. The pen disfigures the fair sheet with a few marks, and even in those most humble traces dwells divine, godlike thought.

---

#### THE GRAVE OF HEARTS.

CAROLS glad through sky are thrilling,  
From a songster of the air,  
Till he sees a vale of sadness;—  
Hearts of truth are buried there!

Solemn cypress-boughs o'erhanging,  
Cast a dense and holy gloom;  
Clouds above with brows enshaded,  
Softly weep upon the tomb.

Richly laden, comes Ambition,  
Gazer on the sun till blind,  
Sighless, throws away his treasure,  
Leaves a heart of truth behind.

Years roll by and now returning,  
Hoar Ambition totters slow,  
Gropes to find his ancient treasure,  
Strives in tears—'tis far below!

Let the true heart, never yielding,  
Learn to live alone and brave!  
'Gainst the World's dead body struggle,  
Beating lifelike in the grave!

Friendship here wings down immortal,  
Love, with sweet and heav'nly art;  
Linking in embrace celestial,  
Bend above the Grave of Hearts.

Mingled clouds are now fast flying,  
Holy sunbeams, shining strong,  
Through the last drops, flash bright rainbows,  
And the bird renews his song.

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#### A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

LIVING under wholesome laws, and in the engagement of civil liberty, the present generation is apt to forget the hardships encountered by their forefathers. So long and uninterrupted has been our possession of freedom of thought and action, that it now seems a natural right, to which none would deny our claims. Yet reflection tells us it was not thus a century since. Ere that boon, compared with which all others are as naught, was granted, many a hard-contested battle was fought, much noble blood was shed. The battle-field bore witness to the reluctance with which others yielded to our just demands. All the tender ties, which unite heart to heart, were severed by the raging strife. Those were truly the days in which the metal of men was tested by the crucible of dangers. Although numbers acquitted themselves in the trial with honors, we only wish to mention the example of one, whose patriotism compelled him to make the greatest of human sacrifices—the object of his ardent love. Nor do we intend to portray a romance of fiction, but a romance of stern reality.

“Sunset was flinging the golden mantle of its sinking god on mountain, wave, and tree; the song of birds was dying as each sought his nest in the clustering foliage or scented bower,” and the landscape, as far as the eye could reach, presented the tranquil and mellow appearance, anticipative of approaching twilight, when two riders issued from the park fronting the mansion of a Carolinian planter. The one was a handsome, prepossessing youth; his companion a beautiful fair one, in whose rosy cheek and laughing eye might be traced the sweet innocence of girlhood. Onward they cantered, making the forest ring with their merry voices. Bright hope, and still brighter love, gladdened their youthful hearts. To them the present was a scene of bliss, and the future only appeared as the fulfillment of their bright dreams of wedded happiness. No dark cloud had as yet lowered over their sunny horizon. This young couple continued their ride, until low, ominous mutterings of thunder, accompanied with quick flashes of lightnings, warned them that it was time to return. Before reaching home, black clouds were sailing over their heads, and big drops of rain were descending. These fair equestrians were Alexander Hume and Ellen Lacy.

Young Hume had been for some time anxious to join his countrymen in their contest for Liberty, but refrained from doing so at the solicitation of his father. Although he had not arrived at maturity, he

would not have been so easily constrained, had not other than paternal influences swayed his inclinations. He had frequently resolved to join Sumpter or Marion, but whenever he mentioned the subject to his lady-love, her tears and pleading looks melted his determination. But before the present evening, he had never expressed the wish nearest his heart. With a lover's eloquence he had made the fair Ellen confess her fondness, and consent to become his plighted bride. The eager lover was anxious for the marriage day to be appointed. The lady, while the tell-tale blushes mantled o'er her cheeks, finally consented. Amid such sweet communings and fond glances, the hours flew on unnoticed.

But they were suddenly awakened from their happy dreams. One of young Hume's family servants burst into the room, with the startling intelligence, that a band of tories had surrounded his father's mansion, and were committing the most horrible atrocities. The young man bade a hasty adieu to his betrothed, received a miniature of her charming features, and mounting his fiery steed, dashed off. His father's dwelling was some miles distant, but by application of his spurs, he soon arrived within sight of what was once his home. But now, alas ! all that could be seen was a smoking heap of logs. For several minutes he stood mute with astonishment and surprise. His manly soul was dismayed by the appalling sight. Even at the distance where he stood, he could perceive a body of terrified slaves grouped around some object which he could not distinguish. He hastened forward, and there, horrible sight for a son ! he beheld his father hanging from the limb of a tree, with every muscle stiffened in the agonies of death. For some minutes he stood overcome with grief. He then cut the rope, and enfolded the cold corpse in his arms. The death of those we love is a source of sadness at all times, but when it occurs in such a terrible form, the sight almost pierces the brain. This was young Hume's only parent. His mother had been taken from him in infancy, and the father possessed all the affection, which would have been due to her. He now reproached himself for not taking arms and joining the defenders of his country. He saw how closely the chain of Love had entwined his heart. That cold, calm face seemed to reproach him with inactivity. He now made a vow to devote himself to his country, and avenge the murder of his parent.

After discharging the last duties to the dead, with a heart sad, but thirsting for vengeance, he joined the army on its march against Savannah. The prospect of fame or military advancement awakened no emotion of emulation within his bosom. His enthusiasm was tinged with despair. The lightheartedness of his companions in arms sounded like mockery. The polite courtesy of the Count D'Estaing, in granting the besieged twenty-four hours for deliberation, chafed his impetuous spirit. Instead of granting a delay, he would have immediately rushed on to the assault. While the pall of night hung over the slumbering army, he passed the sentinels and wandered in the neighboring woods. The cool breeze that fanned his cheek, in some degree tranquilized his mind. His thoughts would mount to the em-

pyrean realms, from which he had so suddenly been precipitated. His imagination painted his betrothed in tears and disconsolate. A prophetic warning seemed to whisper, that the approaching day would be fatal to him. He endeavored to shake off his despondency, but without success. But he determined, if death should come, his life should be sold as dear as possible.

The morning's reveille summoned him back to the camp. The commander selected him as a herald to bear the flag of peace to the enemy. In answer, he received their defiance. The soldiers were drawn up in battle-array, and the destructive cannonading commenced. Rank after rank was mowed down, and still others continued to advance, to share the same fate. The French were cut to pieces, or had already retreated. A few brave, invincible Americans still stood their ground. Alexander Hume, as a young lion, rushed where the fight was the most fierce. He heeded not the balls whizzing around him, the glistening swords, or the bloody corpses that obstructed his path. His little band was dropping off without hope of succor; the only alternative was to retreat, or strike a bold stroke for a glorious victory or death. The latter was their choice. At their leader's command, as a foaming billow dashed against the stony breakers, they rushed up to the very cannon's mouth. The forked flames glared in their faces, but their dauntless hearts never flinched. Young Hume raised the flag staff, and with his reeking sword cut his way at the head of the little band who were determined to conquer or die. At length, hemmed in on all sides, and covered with wounds, they fell.

The battle was now over, and sorrowing friends were searching among the dead for their loved ones, when the stiff corpse of young Hume was discovered. The clotted blood showed where the sharp, mortal steel had entered. The funeral shroud was prepared, and the body was stripped, when a miniature, crimsoned with the blood of his now lifeless heart, was discovered. A few weeks more and he would have clasped the blushing bride to his bosom. That countenance, pale and frigid in the sleep of death, would have been wreathed with smiles of happiness. In sad array they bore him to the tomb of his fathers. The blow was too heavy for his plighted bride. Like the drooping lily, she gradually faded. The cord of Love was snapped, and that of life ceased to vibrate. Her grave was made by the side of her lover's, and there she sleeps. And their loving souls now commune in that bright land where all are happy.

PATRIOTISM AND PHILANTHROPY, DISTINGUISHED AND  
RECONCILED.

THE love of Country and the love of Mankind are two leading principles of action in the human heart. Each in its appropriate sphere is exalted in its aims, and well worthy the man and the Christian. And when properly blended in the same individual, they help to make up that beautiful symmetry of character, which at once adorns and elevates the fallen nature of man, and restores to view traces of its primeval excellence. Both are the offspring of Benevolence, and are nearly allied to that great principle of love, which alone distinguishes heaven from hell; and which, if universally acted upon, would make a paradise of earth. He who is destitute of these, or, in other words, who acts from mere selfishness, irrespective of the rights and happiness of others, is undeserving the name of man, and needs nothing but a removal of all restraint from his heart, to render him a fit companion for the spirits of the world below.

The love of Mankind is evidently an inherent principle in the heart, implanted in man by the hand of his Maker. And only by a long course of flagrant crimes, calculated to do violence to this principle, or by a series of successive injuries and disappointments, tending to alienate the heart from all feelings of sympathy with fellow beings, are its traces ever entirely obliterated.

It implies in its full force, the cherishing a kind regard toward the whole human family, and a disposition to promote, as far as in us lies, the happiness of every individual. It extends to the enemy as well as the friend. And not only demands that we spare our deadliest foe, when he has fallen into our hands, unless the attainment of some higher end requires the sacrifice of his life; but also bids us administer the healing balm to his wounds, and soothe his dying agonies. The treatment of Col. Ledyard and his gallant band by the British, was one of the most flagrant outrages against the principle of Philanthropy the world ever witnessed; while the rescue of Capt. Smith by Pocahontas, is a no less noted example of the triumph of that principle. The one cannot be too highly censured, the other elicits the unqualified approbation of all.

It may perhaps be a matter of some doubt, whether the love of Country, like Philanthropy, is an innate principle of the mind, or whether it is the result of cultivation merely. The roving disposition of men in the earlier ages of the world, and of many of the more rude and barbarous tribes of the present day, would seem to indicate that man, in his natural state, is a migratory being; and that a cultivated mode of life, a desire for mutual improvement and assistance, and an attachment to friends, have kindled up the fires of Patriotism in his breast. Whatever may have been its origin, the present constitution of society renders its existence essential to the highest good of the whole.

From the family circle up to those governments on whose domin-

ions "the sun never sets;" like so many wheels of a machine all subservient to the general plan, the complicated machinery of society tends towards one general result; and by this wise arrangement men are mutually bound to protect each other, and to assist in strengthening the common bond that unites them together. Patriotism does not demand that we hate our foes, in order that we may the more effectually defend our country; but it does require that we cherish so high a regard for our country, that when its safety demands it, we stand ready to take up arms in its defense; just as it is the duty of a father or elder brother to protect the weaker members of a family from an enraged neighbor, while kind feeling may prompt him, at the very next hour, to deny himself for the sake of obliging that neighbor.

Patriotism may be carried too far. This fault was perhaps more common formerly than at present, especially among the Greeks and Romans. Love of Country with them was considered the first of virtues, and seems, in part at least, to have rooted out Philanthropy. This doubtless led them into wars that might in some cases have been avoided, had these two principles been more equally balanced. And yet we are constrained to believe, that a more ardent Patriotism was called for then, in order to secure the safety of their Country, than at the present time; and more now than will be when wars shall have ceased from off the earth. But some, in anticipation of that day, have proceeded faster than the progress of Christianization in the world would dictate; and as a consequence have erred on the side of Philanthropy. (Pardon the misnomer.) But that human governments will be entirely abolished, even in the glorious days of the millenium, remains yet to be shown.

Having thus briefly touched upon the origin of these two principles, we will next proceed to notice some of the points in which they differ. And, first, they differ in respect to the nature of the objects to which they relate. Patriotism seeks to guard the nation's honor and the nation's rights from outward assaults—to adopt that system of government which will result in the greatest present good to the country, and which will also perpetuate and secure the same to posterity—to enact, and execute on principles of justice, those laws, that will best protect the personal rights of all.

Philanthropy aims at both public and private happiness. It discards every system that would exalt one portion of community, by infringing upon the rights of another. It bids us extend the friendly hand of charity for the relief of the distressed, of whatever name or nation, color or condition. It only waits to know that the sufferer is one of the lost race of Adam, however degraded by iniquity or sunken in pollution; and like some angel of mercy it flies to his relief. In the language of scripture, "it comforts those who mourn, lifts up those that are bowed down; strengthens the weak hands and confirms the feeble knees; binds up the broken-hearted, proclaims liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison-doors to those that are bound; feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, and visits the widow and the fatherless in their afflictions."

They differ also in the extent of their benevolent influence. The one from the very nature of the case is limited to a single country, and has in view at most the good of only a few hundred thousand individuals. The other is world-wide in its interests; it knows no bounds. It regards alike the well being of the Pagan, the Mohammedan, and the enlightened Christian. It grasps the world in its embrace, and looks upon the remotest of the human family as a brother. Like the sun in his course, it would leave no haunt of wretchedness unvisited by its cheering beams of sympathy; and, like him, it returns again and again to the lonely hovel, and smiles upon its miserable occupants.

But a still more important difference regards the amount of self-denial requisite for carrying out the two principles. A man may be a good Patriot without ever leaving the bosom of his country—separating himself from friends, or even descending from the higher walks of life. His duties, from their very nature and their relations to society, are well adapted to procure popular favor, as well as to gratify self. True, he is sometimes summoned to the field of battle, and called, it may be, to lay down his life for his country. But it is amid the dazzling glory of military honors, and loud acclamations of applause from admiring countrymen. Especially was this the case in former times, when he was oftenest called to meet such a fate.

Not so with the Philanthropist. A far distant shore witnesses his deprivations and sufferings; sufferings too in behalf of those who may never return a solitary expression of gratitude; nay, who perhaps will imbrue in his blood those very hands which he has been loading with bounty. Or should he not go to a land of strangers, his employment, as he visits the wretched inmates of the hospital and the almshouse, or like the immortal Howard, wanders from cell to cell, bearing joy to the lonely prisoner long since weary of life; often brings him in contact with all that is loathsome and disgusting to the eye, or painful to the heart.

They differ inasmuch as the former is more liable to corruption than the latter. The Patriot is so often and sorely beset with temptations and appeals to his selfish and baser passions, that his love of country too frequently degenerates, until at length he is no longer a Patriot, except in name. Others who bear this title, may never from the first have breathed one sincere desire for their country's welfare. The first of these is sacrificing Patriotism, principle, every thing, on the altar of party; the latter bending every energy to obtain the loaves and fishes of office.

On the contrary, the Philanthropist, though he may sometimes be actuated by wrong motives, or hurried madly onward by zeal without knowledge, has comparatively few inducements of a selfish nature to urge him to action. If he remain at home, his deeds of charity will often be of a retiring character, unnoticed except by him who receives them, and unrewarded save by that Being who "seeth in secret." If he leave his country, he will as frequently be stigmatized as a fanatic and a madman; at least he will carry with him the sympathies of but few of his fellow-men. Under such circumstances, not many will de-

vote their lives for the benefit of their race ; unless a genuine love of Mankind, nearly resembling what the Apostle Paul calls "charity," ardently burns in their hearts.

Again, they differ in respect to their uniformity. At a time when a country is threatened with a foreign invasion, Patriotism glows in an unusual degree in every bosom. Old and young are ready to rally around the standard of liberty, and freely spill their blood in its defense ; and, as was the case during our own struggle for independence, even the female sex may exhibit an ardent devotion to their country's cause, without incurring reproach or overstepping the bounds of propriety. Nay, they may even merit the highest applause, for their well-directed efforts in the cause of freedom. At such a time, therefore, the balance of feeling may, and of right should preponderate in favor of Patriotism. Whereas, at another time, comparatively few of all the individuals in a given country, need bestow any special attention on that country's welfare.

But the love of Mankind is far more uniform in its nature. Its reign should be constant and universal, pervading alike the hearts of both sexes and all ages. Like the fires that burned upon the altars of Vesta, it should never be permitted to grow dim. But so long as our race are exposed to suffering—so long as there is a broken heart to be bound up, or a tear to be wiped away—it should be present, to prompt us to compassionate that suffering, and to endeavor to exchange that tear for the smile of happiness ; and this will be as long as sin shall mar the beauty of the earth, and leave its stamp of woe and wretchedness impressed upon the human heart.

It remains for us to speak of the consistency of these two principles. And here we are met with the broad assertion, that Patriotism is inconsistent with Christianity itself, and of course inconsistent with Philanthropy, which is one of the features in which Christianity reveals itself to the world. It has even been declared, by at least one noted sceptic, (M. Bayle,) that "a state composed of *real* Christians could not exist." This has led to a more thorough examination of the subject, and, strange to tell, some *professed believers* have come to the conclusion, that a spirit of Patriotism is nowhere recommended in the word of God, and, consequently that the exercise of it is a sin, and that all human governments are a mere nullity, or directly opposed to the spirit of the gospel.

Space would not permit us to linger on these several points, nor are they necessarily involved in the subject we have chosen. We leave it for others to determine whether there can be found on the pages of profane history, a more noble example of disinterested Patriotism, than that of the Hebrew Lawgiver, throughout his whole course ; and particularly on those occasions when, notwithstanding the offer made to himself of becoming "a greater nation and a mightier than they," his attachment to his people led him to throw himself between them and their incensed Sovereign, and to intercede in their behalf, in this unparalleled strain :—"Yet now, if thou wilt, forgive their sin ; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast



written." Or whether a more beautiful sentiment ever burst from patriotic lips, than that of the devoted Psalmist:—"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning," &c.

And to pass to the New Testament, we will let others decide whether any inference can be drawn from the example of Christ, when at a second risk of his life, he sought the welfare of his own countrymen, the Nazarenes; or when the hills of Judea echoed with his touching lamentation over the ill-fated Jerusalem; or whether Paul breathed a spirit of Patriotism, when he was ready to wish himself accursed from Christ, for his brethren, his kinsmen according to the flesh. To say nothing of the charges given to the Apostles to preach the gospel, *beginning at Jerusalem*; or of the strain which runs throughout every portion of the Bible, relative to the peculiar claims of all the various relations of life—claims higher and weightier in proportion as those relations are more intimate; thus establishing beyond every shadow of doubt, that principle from which the duty of Patriotism must necessarily follow. Surely, if such examples as these have no bearing on the subject, then the most express commands might be set aside with impunity.

But we were endeavoring to prove that both Patriotism and Philanthropy might exist in the same heart and at the same time. And by Patriotism we mean, not the proud love of the Greek, the ambitious love of the Roman, or that selfish party passion of the present day, which is too often dignified with this high title; but "that Christian love, which, while it respects as sacred the rights and the welfare of *every* land—of *every* foreign individual—teaches us to manifest, within the limits of justice, special affection towards our own country, in proportion to the special ties that unite us to it."

It is true that some men exhibit one of these properties in a pre-eminent degree, while they manifest little or no evidence that they possess the other. But this is no proof that it does not exist, or at least may not be made to exist by proper cultivation. Its apparent non-existence may be accounted for on the principle of taste or education. One of the characteristics of man, is a power to cultivate those faculties and properties for which he has a preference, whilst others are neglected.

The nature and constitution of the human mind admit of the same conclusion. The heart is capable of cherishing two or more objects at the same time; else where is the consistency that God should command us to love him with all the heart, and our neighbor as ourselves: implying love to at least three objects at the same time; viz. God, our neighbor, and ourselves.

If, then, Patriotism and Philanthropy be not inconsistent with each other, both can be cherished, in some degree, at the same time. But both spring from the same principle of benevolence, and, as we have seen, both aim at the same great object,—the promotion of human happiness in the world. They are only different plans for securing the greatest amount of good. The one looks at the world as composed of individuals, each of whom has a personal obligation to discharge

towards every other one over whom he either has or can have an influence. The other looks at it as made up of nations, which, like so many families, have rights of their own to protect, and domestic wants to provide for. Since, then, there is no discrepancy of design, but, on the contrary, a perfect harmony of interests and aims; there is no more inconsistency in cherishing both, than of favoring any two benevolent objects at the same time. One may receive more of our attention than the other, yet both find a place in our hearts.

Experience and observation also concur in testifying to the fact, that these two passions have frequently existed, to an eminent degree, in the same individual. Gen. Washington is acknowledged by all to stand foremost among patriots, whether of his own or any former age. Even his enemies feel compelled to yield assent to this. In all the vicissitudes of his public career, he manifested the most distinguished zeal for the welfare of his country, and ever labored most assiduously to promote its prosperity. And that this zeal was not the offspring of ambition, was fully evinced by all his actions, both public and private. Yet scarcely was he less distinguished as a Philanthropist. Not only did he exhibit all the sympathy of a kind father towards his suffering soldiers, often denying himself that he might administer to their necessities; but he ever held out the sceptre of mercy to a fallen enemy, sparing life whenever it was consistent with the safety of his country. And if history and tradition can be relied on, he was actuated by the same blessed spirit of love to Mankind in all the walks of his private life. If, then, these principles appear thus prominent in one individual, they may both exist in some degree in all, since the nature of mind is the same in all.

And inasmuch as we have seen that both are essential to the securing of the highest good, it becomes an imperative duty that every individual cultivate both, to some extent. The love of our race is the first rule of our being; it is the dictate of reason, of common sense, and, we may add, even of instinct. Without it happiness would no longer sojourn among men, and life become a burden not to be endured. The love of country, though comparatively less urgent in its claims, is too important to be disregarded. The utility of governments of some form, no reasonable man will call in question. Yet without this principle it would be impossible to sustain them. The bonds of society would be sundered, and the materials of which it is composed left to float at random amid the general desolation. Mankind, in separate families or clans, would wander unprotected among the wreck of ruined nations, and a Babel-like confusion reign throughout the world.

Doubtless some should make it their more immediate business to labor for the good of their country; but never should their zeal for this cause them to forget the duty they owe their fellow-men as individuals, or to turn a deaf ear to the cries of the distressed whom Providence may have thrown in their way. On the other hand, some classes of community should make it their principal aim to cultivate a spirit of Philanthropy. Yet even these should have so much knowledge of, and love for their country, as would enable them, in case of an emergency, to afford timely assistance for its relief.

And since the highest individual happiness depends upon the highest cultivation of every separate principle of benevolence, we shall in the end experience more of that blessedness, which is ever the legitimate result of conferring blessings on others. For it is, and ever must be, "more blessed to give than to receive;" otherwise God, who is the giver of all things, could never be the most blessed of all.

D.

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## MY COLLEGE FRIENDS.

NO. II.

## THE TRIO.

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not."—*All's Well that Ends Well*.

"*Florizel*. Apprehend nothing but jollity."—*Winter's Tale*.

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense*."

THE first part of the melancholy Jacques's soliloquy is, *mutatis mutandis*, no bad description of college life; but not without such changes, for it is not true, *as a general thing*, that here, as in the larger world, men and women have their exits and their entrances. We are many of us players though, and each plays many parts. Some there are who "know what study is," and could tell you of their toil

"Through the hours of the sad midnight watch,  
At tasks which seem a systematic curse  
And course of bootless penance."

Others there are, in whose minds "the wee small hours ayont the twalve" are associated with anything but "brain sweat," as the poet calls thought, and who can say with Biron in the play,

"Oh! we have made a vow to study, Lords,  
And in that vow we have forsworn our books."

And others still, who have attained the happy medium, and, holding to the idea that universal plodding will wear out the man, occasionally indulge in a flow of spirits, or, as Ovid calls it, "that joyous folly which unbends the mind." To which of these classes we whose acquaintance you now make belong, you, gentle reader, must judge—that is, if you are anxious to know.

On a warm afternoon in the summer of 18—, we three were quietly lounging on two beds, (sofas by courtesy,) in an upper room of old South Middle, lazily puffing our cigars and wondering what we should do to dissipate ennui, for Rhetoric had long since been voted a bore, and it was decidedly too hot to study anything else. Project after project had been started and rejected, and we were about to give up in

despair of agreeing upon anything, when some one rapped at the oak. It was a peculiar knock : no one of 'our crowd' ever had sufficient energy to rap that way. "Who's that?" said Topboots, the proprietor of the room, in a low whisper.

"I don't know—let him in," replied Whitehat.

"But I have a holy horror of duns, and it may be the tailor."

"Not a bit of it—I know his knock, and it aint like that," said he, as the sharp, quick rap was heard again.

"Come in," shouted Topboots, and added, "sold, by George!" as a boy walked in and handed out a paper. But it wasn't a bill, after all; it was a letter, and with a feeling of relief he threw himself back on the bed to recover from his unwonted exertion, and examine it at his leisure.

"D—n it, it's not mine now—it's yours, Le Turc," and he tossed over the letter to me. It was postmarked L——, and the superscription seemed to have been written by one who was in the same circumstances as most stage-drivers say they are when a passenger wants them to stop while he gets out and picks fruit or flowers on the roadside, i. e. "in a h—l of a hurry."

Now I am decidedly too fond of enjoying the *otium cum cigare* to write my own correspondence, as most newspaper editors do, and my list of correspondents, in consequence of my own irregularity, had reduced itself almost to zero, there being but one left, and he a verdant kinsman of mine, who loves to talk to his comrades at school about his cousin the Yalensian, and who occasionally writes me a very deferential letter, post-paid, so the wonder was, who could this come from. A thought struck me! With many pious wishes for the health of a rich old bachelor uncle of mine, who lives up near L——, I turned over the letter and looked at the seal again; but no! *it wasn't black!* Stop though, let me look at the direction! No lawyer ever wrote that. It hasn't even got a Mr. to the name, and they treat clients in prospective with the greatest respect. I shook my head and lay back to dream of something else than legacies. There was a long pause, during which the wrinkles that thought makes slipped across brows to which they had long been strangers. At last Topboots suggested that it never occurred to him before, but he reckoned that, after all, the easiest way to find out the author of the epistle, would be to break the seal and read it. As were the companions of Columbus when the great navigator solved his problem by striking the egg on the table, so were Whitehat and I struck dumb with astonishment at our own obtuseness. In a pet at the dissipating of my golden dream alluded to above, I had thrown the letter back to Topboots, who now seized it, and acting as corresponding secretary, *pro tem.*, opened and commenced reading it. The rest of us heard now and then a word—as, "great fishing—capital sport—lots of pretty girls—bring clean shirts—landlord's got a splendid daughter—come up—introduce," &c. &c. "Yours, Frank Forrester, Jr." Few and short were the words we heard, but they were the ones to raise ideas despite the state of the weather. We got the diamonds and cared not for the setting. The



three spoke simultaneously. "Those pickerel," said one. "Capital sport," murmured another. "Pretty girls," added a third, with eyes sparkling at the thought. "But how came Frank to strike such a vein in selecting summer quarters?"

"That's one of the doubtful points we don't propose to go into," said Whitehat, "but what's that he says about clean shirts in connection with pretty girls?"

"Hang the shirts, and girls too," said Topboots: "I move we go into a committee of the whole on excuses, for I suppose it's unanimously resolved to go up to L—— to-morrow."

"S—— will let me off, for he knows my standing is always inverse-ly as the mercury in the thermometer," said Whitehat.

"Well, let us go up *solus cum solo* and try our luck, Le Turc?"

"Agreed; I'll go first, and we'll all meet here after tea."

At about seven P. M. we were again assembled, and on comparing notes found that all was right. An establishment was ordered to be at the door betimes next morning, and at an early hour the Trio retired to their virtuous couches.

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"Ho, there! Charley! Charley!" I sang out, about 5 A. M. Whitehat turned over, muttered something about landlord's daughter—sharp teeth—wired lines, and went off to sleep in a fast trot.

"But I say, Charley!"

"Well, what! what! Where is she?"

"Where's who?"

"I don't know. What do you wake a man up this time o' night, for?"

"The carriage has come and we must be off."

Whitehat sprang out of bed, and together we pulled Topboots out. Little time was spent at the toilette, and in a few moments the three were bowling up —— street at an easy rate, consoling each other as well as might be for the loss of the luxury of a morning nap.

Reader, did you ever ride forty miles over a hilly road in a narrow buggy with a double load? No, say you? Well, give us your hand: I congratulate you. But did you ever stop at a crowded hotel of a hot summer's night, and after a thorough search succeed in finding one bed that had but four in it, in which you commenced the second layer? Ah, well, you're the man that can appreciate that ride. We called at all the hotels, *of course*, to use a pet phrase of Topboots, who, by the by, on coming out of one met with a slight accident. Strange as it may seem, the ground flew up and struck him in the head! I never till then fully appreciated the truth and beauty of the expression in "Festus"—

"To raise the devil were an easy task

To that of raising man."

*Festus*, p. 227.

We had resolved to take turns at handling the ribbons, and the last twelve miles fell by lot to Whitehat, who by this time was rather "tired." Nevertheless, as the poet says,

"We let him do the driving,  
Though the danger wasn't small,  
For we thought he knew the windings  
Of the dangerous canawl."

But, alas, for the vanity of human expectations! In front of the hotel, where we designed stopping, were two posts, but Whitehat, conscious of the fact that he was in a condition to see double, and yet desirous of conveying a different impression to the minds of the crowd, which, attracted by our brilliant execution of that gem from the Greek Anthology entitled "Jim crack corn," now thronged the piazza of "mine inn," reasoned thus: "I *see* two posts, but enough of that old Monongahela must have 'evaporated,' on such a ride as this, to render it more than probable that I see double, and the true state of the case is, that there is but one post." Acting on this conclusion, derived, we cannot deny, from premises which would seem to justify it, Charley drove as near the one post as he could, without touching it, and came with a crash against the other, for he was not so musical as he himself supposed, and there actually were two posts. He got a few left-handed blessings for his awkwardness, and the carriage was sent to be repaired, while we strolled into the hotel to find Frank Forrester. We were unsuccessful in our search, he having gone out fishing; so, by way of passing away time, we went out to see the village. We had not proceeded far, before Whitehat commenced making love to the prettiest girl in the place, *a la* Hudibras. Somewhat alarmed, she ran home, and quoted from Fletcher's "Custom of the Country," the passage relating to cannibal epicureanism.\* Now, in ordinary circumstances, we are as valiant as Falstaff, on Gadshill, but on this occasion, our courage did little more than equal honest Jack's at Shrewsbury; so when she ran we ran too, and bolted into the house of refuge. When there, it occurred to one of the Trio, who, by the by, is an amateur in prison discipline, and a great admirer of the lamented Mrs. Fry, that the cells were rather larger than necessity demanded; and, with a view of suggesting this to the County Commissioner, he called to his comrades to enter one with him, and take its dimensions. Like Cassim, in the Arabian tale, we found no difficulty in getting in the cavern, but "sesame" was a word that couldn't begin to start the bars when we wished to return. The truth was, our *recherché* appearance and *distingué* bearing called such a crowd round to see us, that some of the chief men, fearing lest we might be incommoded by the rush, had, *sua sponte*, acted as a committee of arrangements, and closed the door to keep the *canaille* off. But we are not ambitious; and inasmuch as we were traveling in a quiet way, we thought the best way to preserve our incognito would be to resent the attempt to shower such

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\* A stronger case than this will be found recorded in the "New Englander," for July, p. 443, l. 3. It is of one who not only uttered sentiments which never occurred to him before, but uttered them in a foreign language! The cases are similar in this, that the anomaly is to be ascribed to mental injury in each.

honors on our heads. First, though with tones more blandly insinuating than those by which Orpheus beguiled Cerberus, when he sought to rescue Eurydice from a similar scrape, we bade them let us go. But they only answered,

—————"Na, na, na,  
Ye mauna luik sae at me."

Well satisfied by this, that though Orpheus could move bull-dogs, we could not, we reasoned with them on law, justice, and a judgment to come, and they, like Felix of old, trembled, and bade us go our way for this time. We sprang out and attacked them, but, as they were at least ten to our one, the result can be easily conjectured. Like "Bozarris, with the chosen band,"

"We fought like brave men, long and well,  
But couldn't come it, after all."

Reader, did you ever, when excused from recitations and prayers on account of "indisposition," take it into your head to attend a concert, and, on opening the door, see six feet from you your division Tutor! If you did, you can form some conception of the alacrity with which we left that building; not that we would have you think we were scared at all, but we had, as did you in your case, *business the other way*, and went into that business somewhat as a boy gets in love, i. e., head over heels. Once out, two of us went over to the hotel to order dinner with friend B—d—n, who had been *crossed in love*, and was now rustivating in consequence; the third stayed to exchange compliments with the County Commissioner, after doing which he was *honored* with an introduction to Mr. H., the *soi disant* "lawyer" of the village, and received from him an invitation to walk over to his office. This turned out to be one of those establishments where they make "men's and women's conscia recti," or, to use the generic term, "officina sutoris." A moment's conversation convinced him that the fellow was entirely too small a man to be a lawyer, and the result proved he was right, Mr. H. being a tailor, of which species it takes nine to make one man, the world over. He left soon, having first suggested to Mr. H. that he had better wear his degree of LL. D. plastered on his forehead, else no one would mistake him for a limb of the law, unless, perchance, pasting a calf-skin there might be thought too much like heaping Ossa on Pelion, gilding refined gold, painting the lily, or throwing a perfume on the violet. The degree of A. S. S., which he had doubtless received from the University at large, the world, he might safely keep in its tin box, for that he deserved that would be evident to any one who should converse with him for an instant.

Our dinner over, and Frank, with one or two others, having returned from their fishing excursion, we sent out for B—n, an old College friend, long since graduated, of whom we might say, with Shakspeare's Rosaline,

"A merrier man,  
Within the limits of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

Together we spent a merry evening, but how, it boots us not to tell, for so we should have to divide our story into parts, in the manner of the old Poets, treating of the morning as "Fytte (fight) the First," and the evening "Fytte the Second." Suffice it to say, that at an *early* hour we put Topboots to bed, and Whitehat and I soon followed, leaving the light burning. In the course of the night the "confined air" becoming oppressive, we concluded to open the window, and in doing so awoke Topboots, who started up, exclaiming, "There, Jack, I put that light out carefully before I got in bed, and you've opened the window and *blown it in again*. Do put it out."

"Oh, the light must burn on account of your *corn*. The Doctor ordered it, and your toe will be worse if you don't go to sleep."

"Will it? Then I'll go;" and ere many minutes more we had all yielded to Death's twin brother.

Of our landlord I can say but little. His reasoning powers are such as to impress me with the idea, that he is a lineal descendant of that man who would fain have reasoned his Jehu-like nephew into the belief that a horsechestnut is a chestnut horse. He was well enough in his way, though, and understood his business, that is, *taking* in strangers, to perfection. But his daughter, the fair "Corny!" For her sake we are tempted to forgive the joke the father tried to put on us. Shy as the wild gazelle, and with an equally "airy step and glorious eye," she caught my fancy at first, and I should have added another to the long list of victims of Cupid's drafts at sight, were it not that, like George IV. of happy memory, I am gifted with "a heart like a seive,

——Where such tender affection  
Is just danced about for a moment or two,  
And the finer it is the more sure to slip through."

The lassie had lovers enough, though, and were we not limited to a certain space, we should like to give "pen and ink sketches" of one or two of them. I shall not soon forget the evening I spent with her, nor the kindness of him to whom I was indebted for the introduction, and if ever I have the pleasure of playing another rubber with her, I will promise not to *gammon* her again; that is, not to mistake her pretty fingers for the dice, and talk love instead of going on with the game.

A Sunday in the country, and more especially in the village of L——, is pregnant with pleasure to one who is fond of quiet humor, and who has an eye for the ludicrous. At the people themselves, even were they inanimate, as at the curiosities in Tom Riley's Chinese Museum, one could never tire of looking, and then in their customs, manners, and every motion, even, there is a *naïveté* which renders them absolutely irresistible. Ten o'clock found us in the church, and gravely disposed as we were we could not but indulge in one of Leatherstocking's inward chuckles. The pulpit was placed between the two doors at which the audience entered, and from that the floor gradually rose,



like the pit of a theatre. Before hearing the sermon we imagined it must have been built so, but ere it was through we concluded that the depression of the pulpit was rather to be ascribed to the weight of former discourses. The parson was an aged man, and with deference we say it, quite too old to preach; not but that he had had life and spirit in him, for we saw his eye light up more than once, when, after church, we conversed with him and he told us of the scenes he had passed through in his earlier days, the battles of the revolution; but the fire flickered feebly now and he deserved the title "*Emeritus*." But we can hardly forgive him for one thing; he put us out of conceit with a favorite character of ours—the old parson in Goldsmith's "*Deserted Village*." Previous to the sermon he read a chapter from Isaiah, in which the prophet speaks of the thirsty earth's drinking in the rain, &c. and supposing that this was part of his discourse, one of the Trio remarked that he stole that idea from the Ode of Anacreon, so beautifully translated by Moore, commencing,

"Observe, when mother earth is dry,  
She drinks the droppings of the sky."

This error, though, he could "pardon more easily than his quoting from Shakspeare and calling him Shaking Peter!"

In the afternoon there was no preaching, and, preferring to do nothing rather than attend the Episcopal Church and hear the "Father of all Freshmen" execute psalm tunes on the flute, to the delight of a gaping crowd, verdant as himself, we staid at home.

The next day we were to return, and the carriage having been brought to the door we were about to start, when Topboots, merry as usual, insisted on driving. To this we had decided objections; however, considering it no more than fair to reason with a rational man rationally, we determined in this way to convince him of the folly of his wish. So one of us helped him in and handed the reins while the other unfastened the buckles by which they were attached to the bits, and all being at last right, we told him to drive on.

"But get in."

"Turn round first, and then we will."

"Well," and he chirruped to the horse, who, not feeling the bit move, stood still.

"I say, Topboots, draw in the lines; you must keep a taught rein."

"Yes, I will, but he don't pull at all; I can sling him back into the buggy. See here!" and he gave a jerk which drew the lines clear out and came near throwing himself out behind.

"Well, I don't see him in there, and I reckon I'd better drive."

"Well, drive, but if the d—d horse had only kept hold of his end I would have pulled him in."

"Of course you would, my dear Topboots, but good bye," and the carriage dashed off toward the house of refuge amid three loud cheers from our friends we left behind. We stopped there to gaze a few moments and then left for Yale, where we arrived safely in the evening, well satisfied with our three days "*keeping tavern*."

JACK F.

NEW YORK CITY.

## SONG OF A GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

MAIDEN, wherefore do thine eye-lids  
Drop upon thy face a tear?  
Maiden, wherefore do thy features  
Tell there's something dark they fear?  
Have sad doubts of late appalled thee?  
Chilling fears disturbed thy breast?  
From these harsh and cruel bodings,  
Never here shalt thou find rest.  
Lethe's stream alone can cover  
Treachery, such as thou hast borne;  
Ah! poor maiden, by thy lover,  
Long since thy fond heart was torn.  
Did'st thou not behold the storm-cloud,  
Hiding from the moon the sight,  
When thou, in his truth confiding,  
Unto him thy troth did'st plight?  
Heard'st thou not the night-wind sighing,  
Whispering faintly through the air,  
"Maid, the flower he now is culling,  
Soon will wither—Maid, beware?"  
Felt thou not the hand that moved thee  
From th' enchantment of his smile?  
Know'st thou not I wished to save thee,  
With thy heart so free from guile?  
Maiden, fairest, tears most bitter,  
Did I weep for thee that night;  
Well I knew the vows were falsehoods,  
That were vowed thee in my sight.  
Banish, then, thy hope of meeting  
Him who hast thy truth betrayed;  
He has left thee to thy sorrow,  
Poor, forsaken, love-lorn maid.  
Onward, down that valley, gaze on  
Water, dark—yea, black as Hell!  
Emblem of thy fair deceiver!  
Fair! alas, thou knowest well.  
Look—far down beneath the surface,  
Mark—thou see'st thy face so fair;  
Ah! there comes a wave of trouble—  
Now it is no longer there.

Maiden, one hope yet is left thee;  
 Thy fair fame thou yet canst save;  
 Make that emblem—faithless water—  
 Go—farewell! make it thy grave!

JULY 17th, 1846.

W. B. H.

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### THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

BY W. B. H.

AFTER passing through the dry details of college life, some time may be pleasantly and profitably spent in pursuing studies of a more intellectual character. Among which studies, none have a greater tendency to enrich and enlarge the mind than that of History. The vast field of Knowledge which it presents, demands the exercise of man's highest intellectual faculties. Equally distinct from the abstractness of Philosophy and the fervid license of Poetry, it calls in requisition both the understanding and the imagination; and if pursued with impartiality, its fruits will repay the most constant application. But if prejudice is allowed to intrude, the vastest acquirements become a mere heap of rubbish, bearing as little resemblance to a true knowledge of History as the flattering artist's profile of his noble patron did to the complete physiognomy. The deficient feature is undrawn. Or, had the opposite profile been presented, the impression would have been equally erroneous. Combine the two, and a perfect portrait is formed.

The love of History has its source in self-love, common alike to all ages and nations. The memoirs of former actors on the world's stage excite communings with our own hearts, and direct the imagination to the dim perspective of the Future, when our own acts shall be presented to the scrutiny of an impartial posterity. In childhood, the tales of a garrulous nurse first engage our attention. The cruelties of a Blue-beard cause our infantine eyes to sparkle with anger at the oppressor, or melt in compassionate tears for his hapless victims. In youth, we hang in rapture over the pictured pages of Romance, and in maturity we dwell with pleasure on the instructive lessons of History. The primary periods of every nation are characterized by rude attempts in poetic History. The ancient Britons celebrated the achievements of their ancestors in the songs of their Druids. These inflamed the tribes' martial spirit, while marching to battle. The war-chant of the American Indian is an enumeration of his great chief's valiant exploits, which enables him to brave death, and triumph over the agonies of the stake.

Of the students of History there are several classes, each of whom have a different aim in view. That of one is amusement. Another class consists of those who are desirous of collecting materials which will facilitate their intercourse with society. Their ambition seeks no

higher gratification than the praises of a ball-room coterie. They luxuriate in the glitter of conversation. There are other classes, needless to mention, with all of whom the exalted powers of History are perverted to ignoble purposes. With such, the acquisitions of a lifetime are productive of no real benefit, for all knowledge which does not tend to improve the morals of the possessor or the society in which he moves, is nothing more than a creditable kind of ignorance.

But we will dwell no longer on the improper use of History. Our object is to point out its benefits. Nothing is more calculated to contract and entangle the operations of the mind, than sectional or national prejudice. The Chinese government, until a recent period, prohibited all intercourse with foreign nations. In consequence of this policy, they have become wedded to institutions which the gradual advancement of civilization, and the diffusion of knowledge, have supplanted, and they are now enveloped in that mental darkness which once overspread the globe. Dam a body of water within the enclosures of a mountain, and unless fresh rivulets flow in to wash off the impurities of decomposition, it will become a stagnant pool, foul in itself, destructive to the purity of the surrounding atmosphere, a slimy den for croaking frogs. Such is the influence of national prejudice. Let the mind revolve in the same small orbit, and it will never acquire force sufficient to expand its circle. But once open to it the rich sources of History, the useless chaff will be winnowed away, and the nutritious grain alone remain. Moisten the germ and the beauteous plant will shoot forth. He who has never wandered from his native village, lives and dies in ignorance. But let him view the manners of distant nations, his mental vision becomes clearer and his heart more charitable. He is able to appreciate the excellences and sympathize with the misfortunes of his fellow-men, even if they are not fellow-citizens. The same benefits arise from a study of History.

Of all riddles, the human heart is the most difficult of solution. The most intricate mechanism of art is explained by close examination. But our knowledge of the mainspring to man's actions, even the most intimate friend's, is imperfect. In History, this disguise is torn off; some clue is found to unravel the mystery. The Poet says, with truth,

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

Virtues for which the living man received no due reward, shed a halo of glory around the dead. Prejudice, and the jealousy of party, may, for awhile, obscure merit, but justice will be meted out by an impartial posterity. Vice may rise and flourish on the shoulders of cunning and hypocrisy, but time will rend away the veil and expose its loathsome nakedness. The grave is a sweet retreat for the upright of soul, but in truth a dreadful reckoner for those whose conscience has been seared by crime. The lapse of a few centuries or years explains the cause of an Alexander's grief, or tests the sincerity of a Napoleon's patriotism.

History has been termed philosophy teaching by examples, and, in this view, we consider a study of it the most beneficial. We are so

organized by nature that in all our actions we are, in part, guided by the precedents of others. In early years we are influenced, for good or evil, by our parents and those to whom we look for advice and protection. As we advance in life, the sphere of influence is extended, and we begin to look abroad for examples by which to form our character. At this period, History is the most useful of all studies. Then we can appreciate the justice of Cervantes, where he says, "the mother of Truth is History, that rival of Time, that repository of great actions, witness of the Past, example and pattern of the Present, and oracle of future ages." The voice of Nature pays involuntary homage to the great and illustrious. Where admiration exists the character will, in some measure, be assimilated to those by whom it is inspired. The faculties of the soul are quickened, refined, and expanded by a survey of the conduct of mankind. Tacitus truly observed, "*Pauci prudentia, honesta ab deterioribus, utilia ab noxis discernunt; plures aliorum eventus docentur.*" Every generation, which has inhabited the earth since its formation, was guided by its predecessor. This is the most important cause of the advancement of civilization. Principles are tested by experience. The good are preserved and adopted as examples, and the bad are repudiated. Thus every succeeding age is an improvement on the former. "The whole world is a school, of which History and Experience are the teachers." The truth of this theory will appear by an attentive study of the life and character of the most distinguished men. Homer, with a masterly hand, delineated the character of an Achilles; Alexander strove to imitate Achilles; Cæsar, Alexander; Charles XII., Cæsar; and Napoleon followed and surpassed them all.

We might point out isolated instances of those who imitated none; in other words, never made a study of History, and yet received the praises of their fellow-men. But such examples are extremely rare. Patrick Henry, independent of historical knowledge, was the most eloquent orator of his age. But will any one deny that a study of Demosthenes would have added brighter lustre to his genius? From the powerful impression made by the living upon those who are subjected to their influence, we can form an estimate of that which is exerted by the revered departed. While marching through the drear deserts of Northern Europe, the army of Charles XII. became exhausted from the want of water. A soldier, with great difficulty, obtained a small quantity and presented it to the King, who, in the presence of his thirsting army, poured it upon the earth. This heroic example revived the drooping spirits of the soldiers, and thenceforward they cheerfully encountered hardships, in which their leader participated.

So wonderful is the force of example. "*Mitius jubetur exemplo.*" The institutions of the Romans afford arguments elucidative of almost every subject within the range of human comprehension. Among which, we admire none more than that of adorning their halls with the busts of their ancestors. These fired the living and aroused within them a spirit of noble emulation. In the learned language of Sallust, "*Memoria rerum gestarum eam flammam egregiis viris in pectore cres-*

cere, neque prius sedari, quam virtus eorum famam atque gloriam adaequaverit." Here History was embodied in a living form, which appealed to the deepest and noblest feelings of the soul. So long as the Roman youth approached those venerable images with reverence their beloved city was empress of the world. Rome is now a heap of ruins. Music and Painting are the only source of pride to the descendants of her once haughty possessors. Degenerate offspring of a noble race ! how long will you groan under the oppressor's yoke ? Look around upon the crumbling monuments of your ancestors' glorious feats ! Let your hearts commune with those broken statues and tottering palaces, which record the history of the Past. These awoke Rienzi from his poetic dreamings, and inspired him with the daring of a Brutus. If these speaking witnesses cannot inflame your souls, the slave's lot be your everlasting doom.

History is the proper school for legislators. The knowledge of past events is most valuable, as it enables them to understand the present, and form just calculations in regard to the future. Here are recorded the breakers upon which states and empires were wrecked. Fair-seeming hypotheses are tested by time and found erroneous. The framers of our national constitution were deeply impressed with the importance of attentively studying those models contained in the annals of antiquity. In all of them, they found institutions ill adapted to their own times. They then turned to those Republics formed at a more recent period. Each were discovered to be defective. "In Holland, they saw that the people did not participate in the erection of the supreme power ; in Poland, the multitude were oppressed by an incubus of monarchy and aristocracy ; in Venice, a small body of hereditary nobles exercised a stern sway." (Miss Martineau.) Like a skillful physician, who probes the wound before applying a remedy, they pondered over every clause which might contain symptoms of decay. Having thus examined the subject, they wisely discharged the duties imposed upon them. A representative government, previously considered an anomaly in politics, was reduced to a form which promises to be imperishable. Like meteors, which shoot athwart the vault of Heaven to dazzle and disappear, other Republics have lived their little day, and are now enveloped in eternal darkness. As a star, at first faintly discernible, but gradually growing brighter and brighter, until its effulgence obscures the pale glimmerings of surrounding constellations, our Republic arose and has eclipsed the glory of Europe's time-honored institutions. Guided by the light of History, the American legislators threaded the labyrinths in which their predecessors were entangled. Conflicting interests and party animosity appear at times to threaten the stability of our government, but when the excited passions are allowed to cool, the danger is removed. Our History contains a more important lesson than can be taught by labored tomes. The example of Washington has made an impression which time can never erase. His virtues are written on the tablets of our hearts. After a limited period he refused the office of Chief Magistracy, which his grateful country besought him to accept. What were his reasons ? History

had taught him that his acceptance would establish a precedent, which some ambitious successor might employ to accomplish his despotic aim. His example will ever live in the memory of his countrymen, and serve as a check for crafty politicians.

“ While the heart hath still  
 One pulse a generous thought can thrill,  
 While youth's warm tears are yet the meed  
 Of martyr's death or hero's deed ;  
 Shall brightly live from age to age,  
 ‘ Our’ country's proudest heritage.”

*Mrs. Hemans, page 179.*

Other arguments we might adduce to prove the utility of a study of History, but these we deem sufficient. We do not defend those who clog the memory with such a multitude of unimportant facts as to render the mind a perfect maelstrom of confusion. As we before remarked, the only useful knowledge is that which tends to improve our moral faculties. This object may be accomplished by an attentive study of History. Like the bee, which extracts from the flower its sweets alone, in our studies we should cull the choicest truths, and though our learning be less, our knowledge will be more. What we do acquire should be cultivated for practical application. As Pope says :

“ Thus useful arms in magazines we place,  
 All ranged in order, and disposed with grace :  
 Nor thus alone the curious eye to please ;  
 But to be found, when need requires, with ease.”

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#### AN ODE.

OH! blithe are the hours, and sweet are the flowers  
 Of Spring in its freshness and glee ;  
 A warm sun is beaming, and Nature is gleaming  
 With joy from her thrall to be free.

The Sun and the shower have broken the power  
 Of Winter's tempestuous reign ;  
 The insect awaking, his cover is breaking,  
 To sport in the sunbeam again.

Gay roses are blushing, pure fountains are gushing  
 Where Winter's white robe hid the ground ;  
 And zephyrs blow lightly o'er meads smiling brightly,  
 And waft their rich fragrance around.

All Nature is smiling with beauties, beguiling  
The mind from each sorrow and blight ;  
Their influence stealing through every feeling,  
Breathes o'er us a spell of delight.

Hail ! type of life's morning, earth's surface adorning  
With tokens of Youth's happy days ;  
A morning of gladness, unclouded by sadness,  
All gilded with Hope's brightest rays.

Then pleasures surround us, true friends are around us,  
And life is yet budding in Spring ;  
Our joy, never shaded by hopes that have faded,  
In freshness is still blossoming.

A fair sky is o'er us, and pictured before us  
A flowery vista extends ;  
Where Love weaves his fancies, in beauty's bright glances,  
And Joy on his footsteps attends.

Alas ! fairy vision, a gloomy transition  
Is doomed the clear sky to o'ercast ;  
For joy is soon blighted, and hearts now delighted  
Are given to sorrow at last.

Then while they are ours, let youth's sunny hours  
With Joy's gayest garlands be crowned  
Let Fancy's ray light us, where pleasures invite us,  
And flowers of gladness abound.

Thus Hope's star will bless us, and friendship cares us,  
And when the glad season is o'er,  
The sweet recollections of Youth's warm affections,  
A balm on our sorrows will pour.

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ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

THE Romish Church had gradually pressed claim upon concession, till the real sovereignty of all Christian Europe was in its power. Every defeat that it suffered, seemed only to stimulate it to greater efforts, till just previous to the Great Reformation, in the time of Leo X., it reached the very zenith of its power. Though France and Germany had striven spasmodically, and at times gained even the ascendancy, yet this great Church, by its unwearying efforts and secret plans, again ruled all with the same unbending law, and accountable to none, seemed indeed the representative of an Almighty power. It is not our intention to follow the Reformation under the



conduct of Luther, Melancthon, and Zuingle, in continental Europe, where the efforts of many individual minds, spread over some centuries, appeared to be gathered into a focus, by one monk, and brought to bear upon the sins and errors of the Romish Church with searching effect. In the words of another, "The Church of Rome is seen under Leo X. in all its strength and glory : a monk speaks—and in the half of Europe the power and glory suddenly crumble into dust."

Wickliffe, in England, seems to be the first that boldly attacked many of the errors and abuses of the Romish Church, and by translating the Bible into the vernacular tongue, gave to the people the power of examining for themselves the justice of the claims made upon them by their priests. Punished for his presumption, by being deprived of all ecclesiastic power, he died, leaving behind the Lollards, to foster and urge forward the truths that he had spent his life in disseminating. Slowly and gradually, but surely, the little leaven pervaded the whole nation, till in the reign of Henry VIII. the Reformation dared to show itself openly, and challenge the unavoidable contest with Rome.

Henry VIII., combining in himself the claims of the white and red roses, seated firmly on his throne, took upon himself to vindicate the Church of Rome from the arguments and attacks of Martin Luther ; for which service he received from the Pope the title of "Defender of the Faith." But a weak defender to the Popish faith did he prove ! Few years had elapsed, when he chose, from certain motives, to doubt the legality of his marriage with Catharine, and to wish to divorce her. We say "certain motives," as by far, do those ascribed by friends and foes, differ. The former asserting, that the early death of his offspring caused him to reflect upon the nature of the marriage, and the consultation of the pages of Thomas Aquinas, convinced him, that great as might be the Pope, he had not the power to annul the laws of God. He himself asserts, that he ceased to cohabit with the Queen in 1524 ; though not till 1527 did he take any open measures to destroy the marriage. His enemies declare, that his conscience troubled him not, till he saw and loved Anne Boleyn, to whom he was married in 1533. It was in connection with these events—the divorce of Catharine and the marriage to Anne—that we first read of the subject of our sketch, Dr. Thomas Cranmer. Born in 1489, and educated for the Church, he is first brought into notice by the advice that he gave to certain friends of the King, concerning the legality of his marriage ; which advice was, to take the opinions of the Universities of England and the Continent as to the command in the Levitical law ; thus taking his stand on the Bible, and denying the right of the Pope to abrogate the command of the Almighty. Here he took the first step from Rome, and broke the first of the bands that bound him to his Church ; and though on looking at his future course we may see that some chains yet held him, let us bethink ourselves, that truth opens upon the mind gradually, that it is not day when the first gray light is seen in the east, but first comes dawn—day-break—morning.

His conduct in this instance raised him to the summit of ecclesiastical power in the Church. The intervening time was spent in advan-

cing the Reformation, in which his whole soul was engaged. He spread copies of the Bible over all the land, corrected the abuses of the clergy, advocated the founding of asylums and hospitals, besides various other works, all tending towards the civil and religious liberty of the English people, i. e. urging the freedom of schools to all, and forming almost alone the book of Common Prayer.

His character has been freely discussed by Mr. Macaulay, in an article upon Hallam's Constitutional History, where for some reasons he judges of his acts in a manner that seems to us very far from just. Our readers will excuse us if we notice a few of his remarks. He first says, "Cranmer rose into power by serving Henry, in the disgraceful affair of his first divorce." The fact we grant, but all history conspires to prove that Cranmer acted conscientiously. Henry had wed his brother's widow. He believed the marriage to be incestuous, but could find no way of withdrawing from the connection. Cranmer pointed out one: did he then do wrong? He only advised the King to ask of the Universities of Europe their opinion. "He served the King," but only because their decision of the question coincided with that of Henry.

Secondly. "He promoted the marriage with Anne Boleyn, and on a frivolous pretence pronounced it null and void." That Anne Boleyn was most unjustly murdered, we fully believe; but that Cranmer was concerned in it, is incorrect. So far from this, the King, knowing the opposition that he should meet, in condemning her, were Cranmer near, ordered him to Lambeth, and not to present himself at Court. But he could not thus quiet the Archbishop. From thence he wrote letters of remonstrance, asserting his belief in her innocence; but all in vain—she was condemned. In his official capacity as primate, his duty was to pronounce the divorce, and this he was compelled to do, as Anne had confessed a pre-contract which would justify a divorce. It has been conjectured that from her conduct Shakspeare drew the example of love shown by Desdemona.

*Emilia.* O, sweet mistress, speak.

*Des.* A guiltless death I die.

*Emilia.* O, who hath done  
this deed?

*Des.* Nobody; I myself; farewell."

Thirdly. "He attached himself to Cromwell, while the fortunes of Cromwell flourished, and voted for cutting his head off, when the tide of royal favor turned." Yes: Cranmer did attach himself to Cromwell, and he was the last to desert him, when under censure; but Cromwell had been guilty of treason, or what was treason in those days, and Cranmer, as judge, could give no other decision. So long as hope could encourage, he wrote and plead to the King for him, till his enemies began to hope that the sinking of one would draw the other in its vortex. And is this the faithless friend Macaulay would have us believe him?

Fourthly. "While Henry lived he condemned to the flames those

who denied the doctrine of transubstantiation. When Henry died, he found out that the doctrine was false." True, he did find out that the doctrine was false, and deserves he blame for that? Does the man deserve abuse who owns his errors? "Found out the doctrine false!"

Oh, shameful words, that under guise of truth  
Enables man to give an inference of blackest lie.  
"Found out!" As though self-interest oped his eye,  
Or cause of cheating was removed.

Is Luther to be blamed because he did not declare the Romish Church anti-Christ, when he first opposed the indulgences of Tetzel?

"When Henry died." He found his error *before* Henry died.

Fifthly. "When Somerset had been destroyed, his destroyer (Northumberland) received the support of Cranmer, in his attempt to change the succession." These are the facts: Edward VI., fearful of leaving his kingdom in the hands of a Romish Queen, wished to annul the will of Henry and give the crown to Lady Jane Grey. All of his counselors he easily brought over to his opinion, excepting Cranmer. He alone refused, and it required all the entreaties of his own royal pupil, the influence of the King, and the decision and arguments of the judges, to induce him to change his determination. We intend not to justify him in an act that has been considered wrong by nearly all of his biographers and historians; but while condemning, let us make some allowance for the circumstances under which he was placed. The act of the King was to establish upon the throne a Queen favorable to the Reformation, under whose rule Cranmer could hope to see the principles and truths which he loved extended down to future ages. On the other hand, was to be sustained one whose title was doubtful, (she had been declared illegitimate,) who would undoubtedly delight to restore England to the Papal power, bringing again the dark night of ignorance over the fair dawn of true religion, thus overthrowing all the efforts of the reformers for a hundred years. Wavering between these two alternatives, when the learning of the first legal advisers assured him of its lawfulness, when his monarch from his death-bed made a last appeal to his love; can we do less than pity him for the circumstances under which he was compelled to decide? But "he gave his support to Northumberland." Verbally true, for Northumberland was supported by the King, and in yielding to his King he must support the other; but love was not the cause, as the words imply.

Lastly. "The plot failed, Popery triumphed, and Cranmer recanted." Good! Cranmer arose, put on his shirt, and was burned at the stake. There is just about as much connection between the triumph of Popery and his recantation, as there would be between his pulling on a shirt and being burned. Each, taken by itself, is true, but from the connection a deduction is drawn that is not true.

"*Glendower*. At my nativity  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets, and at my birth

The frame and huge foundations of the earth  
 Shaked like a coward.  
*Hotspur.* Why, so it would have done,  
 At the same season, if your mother's cat had  
 But kittened, though yourself had ne'er been born."

The Jews triumphed, the Saviour was crucified, and Peter denied him. Is that a fair sketch of the life of St. Peter ?

Upon Mary's accession and the triumph of Popery, the very first act of Cranmer was to contradict a rumor that he had said mass, and offered to repeat this Popish ceremony at Edward's funeral, at the same time re-asserting the principles of the Reformation, he offered to sustain them in dispute, against any one. Then, as though foreseeing the trouble and persecution about to fall upon the Church, he wrote to his friends, advising their removal to Germany, he himself disregarding the entreaties of his friends, urging the same advice upon him, paid all his debts, and made all his arrangements to await the coming storm:

The charge of treason, which was first brought forward, was changed to that of heresy, and upon this charge Cranmer was found guilty, degraded, and condemned to die. His enemies, thinking to benefit their Church, by making him recant, removed him from prison, gave him greater liberty, treated him kindly, and he recanted. We know not what offers were made to induce him thus to act ; but charity would prompt us to think, that an old man, whom threats, nor persecution, nor opposition, could move, and yet did change, was not an ordinary apostate. His age pleads for him ; the circumstances plead for him ; and all, who ever sinned themselves, would plead for him.

We have mentioned Cranmer's recantation ; but haste was now requisite, lest the good heart of the degraded Bishop should once more assert its power, and he declare the recantation false. Immediate orders were issued for his sacrifice. To complete their triumph, his disgrace must be known to the world, from his own lips, and a place was so arranged in St. Mary's that he might be seen by all, in this great act of self-condemnation. But how fatally were their hopes to be blasted ! During his funeral sermon, Cranmer is seen in tears ; that brow wrinkled, and that head, whitened by the frosts of sixty-four winters, hides itself for very shame ; that tongue, which his enemies were believing would publish its own disgrace, was pleading with his Saviour for strength in his resolve ; so that, when called upon to declare his belief, he pronounced the whole recantation to be rejected, asserting that it was the only lie to which he had ever placed his hand ; which, having sinned contrary to his heart, should be the first to feel the burning flame. Interrupted by the disappointed priests, he was dragged to the pile, where, amidst the fire that consumed his body, he commended his soul to Him who had saved it. Thus died Archbishop Cranmer. He had his faults, we well know. He did lend himself to the divorcement of Anne of Cleves, on too frivolous grounds ; he did persecute the Anabaptists, and urge the young King, to whom blood was an abhorrence, to affix his name to the death-warrant of a woman ; he did seduce Lady Jane Grey into usurpation : all these we confess ; but looking at what

the Church, Christianity, yea, and civil liberty also, owes to him, we can well afford to confess that faults stain the life of this man. His life seems not, like the night, black, yet illuminated here and there by bright stars ; but day, clear,—warm,—a few clouds scattering on the face of the sky, the darkest lying in the west, but showing a beautiful sunset beneath.

That he was not, as Mr. Macaulay remarks, “a supple, timid, interested courtier,” is evident from some of his acts. The stand which he took against the six articles, opposing, even when Henry appeared in person to support them, refusing to leave the house at the King’s command, replying, “It is God’s cause that keeps me here, not my own ;” his strenuous opposition to the appropriation of the wealth of the monasteries to the King’s use ; his conduct, when, to oppose the articles brought forward by the Romanists to crush the reformers, he, unordered, forced his way to the King’s presence, remonstrating against them in such a manner as to draw upon himself the frowns of one, whose disapprobation was death ; his successful efforts to obtain a mitigation of the six bloody articles, even when opposed by the whole force of the Papal party, supported by the King, prove such an assertion to be unwarranted.

Cranmer, naturally a timid man, loved retirement rather than public life, and being of a yielding disposition, showed no great decision of character in his own cause, or even in opposing the King, excepting where the subject of religion was involved ; then, indeed, governed by principle, he seemed ready to risk all, rather than allow the Reformation to recede. For this, his darling project, he more than once braved every danger, and if we could overlook his few faults, he would stand forth as one worthy of the admiration of all.

It is not meet to complain of the stars for twinkling, or to chide the sun for the few dark spots seen on its disc.

W. P.

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#### STUDY.

BROUGHAM is very aptly and prettily criticized by Gilfillan, in the following words : “In physical science, what is he to Sir John Herschel ? in jurisprudence, to Bentham ? in language, to De Quincey ? in history, to Macaulay ? in philosophical lore, to Macintosh ? in the gayer and lighter region of the *Belles Lettres*, to Jeffrey ?” This truly great man is an eminent specimen of his class—the zealous and successful searchers after knowledge. Such as him form a sort of neutral ground, whereon the old and deep-thoughted past and the superficial present meet, to battle for their claims. They yet draw from the earnest student a sigh for those great days when science was a religion, and its worshipers the holy and the high ; when truth was sought for itself, and its discovery made subservient to the twin ends of beneficence and progress. Why is it that we no longer see instances of that singular

and intense greatness, which have appeared in the "Ancient of days?" Why is it that genius is stripped of its kingly attributes and enslaved to the lowest drudgery? Not surely because Nature is void of her grand and beautiful antiquity of memories, or the heart of man of passion and power!

The structure of society is different, and the results of study are made subordinate to more selfish and practical ends. Men of genius do not live as they were wont, with an eye single to posterity and to the nurture of a large and world-wide philanthropy. They are cribbed to narrow spheres of association: they no longer make their age; their age makes them, and chained to its vulgar cares, shuttle-cocks of its low caprices, they live panders to its vices and die victims to its ban. Comparatively nothing is known of the private life of Shakspeare, while the lightest *bon mot* of our worldling great ones is embalmed more sacredly than their strongest efforts. This difference does not arise from the seclusion of his life, and the open activity of theirs. His life was a stormy and various history; but he appealed to the great heart of all time, while they stoop to coax and dally with the pet prejudices of a single age. He was the *resultant* of all the forces which his age created; they are representatives of *individual* powers. The men of his era were men of action, and constituent lineaments in the portraits they drew. It may be claimed, that authors of modern date are men who share in the pursuits and obey the motive of the society in which they move; but how different the springs which urge! Those were heroic days. The age of chivalry had passed away, but its nobler features still remained. Those were days when knightly faith and stalwart deed were sureties of the highest guerdon, and over all hung woman's softer spell. Now, lifting his plumed crest amid the shout of hosts, and now lapped in the graceful dalliance of brilliant courts, the knight yielded to the triune thrall of valor, beauty, and of wit. The impetuous part of man's nature ruled. Cold philosophy and shameless dogmatism were dumb. Even those who adventured into the regions of speculation were men of sensibility and imagination. Bacon was a poet in more senses than one.

Now turn we to a later age. The merry reign of Charles the Second intruded like a farce upon the stately scene of tragedy. The age for heroes and for hero-worship too had well nigh fled. Intrigue took the place of action, and *suppleness* of strength. Government became a machine, and society a dancing-board for automata. The last gasp of European heroism was the French Revolution; the last hero, Napoleon of St. Helena. America began her career without a youth. One spasm attended the birth of a new government, and she stepped forth at once a compeer and a rival of the mightiest. All the great nations of the earth are now engaged in the same struggle, and tending, with their different but converging influences, to the same end—national aggrandizement. So entire is their monotony of aim that no two could be married into a distinct hero-nation. If we could inspire the indolent Italian with a Spaniard's soul, we might create a nobility in nationhood. We have thus glanced at the connection between a nation and

its great minds, and passed a hasty review of the leading features of this nineteenth century, and now come to an investigation of the minuter influences which bear upon individual minds in our own age, and especially country.

We have said that this era is practical, and in nothing is this more eminently shown than in the preparation given to our young for the great business of life. We are, figuratively as well as literally, devotees of steam. How to achieve the most in the least possible time is our chief study. Almost before the child is out of his nurse's arms he is snatched from his baby-glee and childhood pranks, and hurried to an infant-school. Here he is taught by symbols, and learns, from the first, to regard the attributes rather than the essences of things. The little preferments given teach him that knowledge is at once a source of credit and envy; in fine, that it is a means, not the highest of all ends, a beauty and a part of God. His moral nature is laced up in the same bandages. He must learn his little prayer and sing it over at the stated hours, and must "be a man" at all the religious services. All his instincts are forced into a sickly precocity. He chaffers, he disputes, he is a man before he has been a boy.

At a later period he is sent to a "boarding school," removed from the watch-care of paternal anxiety, and yielded to stranger-influences. Here the same course is pursued, only on an aggravated and absurder scale. Under this tutelage he gives the first unmistakable tokens of genius, the earnest of a splendid future, and while yet in his chrysalis the mincing and sputtering manikin is sent to college. This is the "*Ultima Thule*" of his hopes, the great end for which he has tugged and strained in his literary small-clothes. See him now, in the halls of dignified and glorious study, thick-haunted with the spirits of a mighty past and the beckoning ministers of a dim future! How dwarfed this Colossus. He is a boy in giant's vest. College is to him and to all the threshold of a new being, a kind of purgatorial stage through which we must pass before our places are assigned us in the world of action. It is the decisive epoch, the largest segment of a life.

We shall now advert hastily to the popular systems of education adopted in our colleges, and conclude with a group of specimens from their offspring. When a young man enters a university at a proper age, and after suitable preparation, he is presumed (whether justly or not) to be capable of self-government. His choice of pursuit has been subject to no dictation, and the discretion which has determined his course promises to be his future guide. He begins, it is true, with all the wild, hot impulses of youth about him, but back of and motive to these, is a longing for something better and loftier than to-day can yield. The natural, (and we say it in all humbleness,) the proper schooling for such spirits, is that lenient but careful supervision which, while it detects the growing error, lays no check upon the inclinations of genial youth. The mind and body then grow up in the fullness of a tough and lusty energy. Instead of the arbitrary course of study prescribed in most of our universities, the predilection of the student should be consulted and obeyed. Invariable discipline for minds of every cali-

bre, like your quack panacea, professes all cures, is capable of none. Take a young man of an imaginative and excursive mind, and chain him down to the application of mathematical definitions, you *bestify* the spirit that is within him, you bid the eagle walk. Not that we would depreciate the dignity of the mathematics, subsidiary as they are to the highest and proudest of sciences; we merely differ with the practice of our seminaries of learning, in their apparent reverence for Voltaire's assertion, that there is as much poetry in the "Binomial Theorem" as in the "Paradise Lost." The name of Voltaire suggests a very opportune illustration of what we claim. His father's solicitude was shocked when he saw the son, in whom he beheld a future judge, engaged on a tragedy. He followed a medium course between a father's will and the tyranny of a ruling inclination, and became what he did, a sort of epitome of all the sciences and arts; now president of a new academy of science and again the crowned poet of a Parisian stage. His poetry shows the loss which imagination sustained by the culture of reason. He has written some great *mechanical* poetry, but where is the loftier principle—the soul? Does it animate *Zaïre*, the best of his dramas, or vivify the elaborate mechanism of the *Henriade*? No. We scout the idea that the object of education is to give a "proper balance and furniture" to the mind.

Genius is the intense love for and pursuit of a *single* object, whether that object be the highest reach of the orator, or the most ridiculous triumph of the buffoon, the loftiest flight of poetry, or the invention of a Yankee clock. A fig for that philosophy which would teach the mathematician to tremble with the poet's holy thrill, at great Nature's thousand contrasts of mountain and of wold; away with that infatuated nonsense which would bring the poet from his star-home to take the dimensions of a school-room. There is no such thing as *equability* in genius. Its office is to explore untrodden and eccentric fields. Under such education we *might* have more of those solid, practical men, who regulate the mechanism of society, but none of those meteor-minds who reveal strange visions to the world, who create new thought, and speed mankind to higher progress.

Another objection to our colleges is, the distance between instructors and instructed. They do not sustain the relation of co-searchers for a high knowledge, which must remain a novelty to the proudest. The student is placed in a state of subordination ill accordant with the spirit of liberal learning. Instructors seem to hold a kind of St. Petership in the heaven of knowledge, and feel the dignity of their station. The student is not admitted to their private hours, but sits waiting, like Lazarus, for crumbs at the hour of meals, while the wholesome and costlier solids are served at his master's board. Mere skill in the use of a lexicon, dexterity in quibbles, and fluency at recitation, are but the outward *forms* of scholarship; the subtle and diviner essence lies deep—deep below. The most essential truths must be got by a sort of induction. This kind of instruction is "banned and barred" to the student in our universities. He is told that such is the right and the truth; but what makes the right, and how truth has been evolved,



are mysteries: he is shown effects, but held ignorant of causes. How different these from the grand old days of Athenian study, of the Lyceum and the Academy, when the disciple was a familiar and even disputant of his master! how different this, too, from the course so successfully pursued in Germany at the present day! In Germany, not only the election of branches for study is yielded to the student, but the times and modes are measurably under his control. Freer scope is also allowed for those genial and relaxing convivialities which rob the hours of austere study of half their gloom, and warm the heart with those holy sympathies which make us members of a great brotherhood.

The secret of success, in any undertaking, is egotism. Ours is a selfish world; and, until a better and more sympathetic race of men shall spring up, no parts, however shining, no ambition, however vaulting, can win for their possessor the "undying meed," unless backed by a chary and vigilant love of self. We would not be understood to mean an unsympathetic selfishness, but that kind which commands the aid of subordinate minds to the furtherance of its own great design of ennobling an age. Small stars appear larger to common vision than the remoter orbs of suns; so small men, by dint of active and confident effort, keeping their good deeds before the eyes of men, show greater than those proud autocrats of genius who sit far and solitary in the pure empyrean of knowledge. The first object of education, then, is to teach self-reliance, to bid the young aspirant to bear as "haught a crest" as the loftiest, and in the meantime to nurture those winning qualities which lay hold on the sympathies of his fellow-men.

No course is more inefficient toward the attainment of such an end than that pursued in our universities. A college course is a history of mean and cringing obsequiousness to professors and tutors, and a struggle for Commencement honors, rather than of high-headed independence, ambitious for that large furniture of mind which shall arm it to grapple with the iron necessities of life. The student is cooped up in his college cell, muzzing over books and going the mill-horse round of lectures, hall, and chapel, with the reputation of being a vastly regular, plodding, rising kind of young man, while those great stores of collateral information, which lie aside from the mere scholar's path, are to him the "holy of holies," from which it were sacrilege to withdraw the veil. This latter is the only available knowledge. A course of four years is meagre time to discipline a mind for the rough trials and stormy exigencies of the world. Time and trial are the only sure disciplinarians. We would not be thought by this to question the usefulness of systematic study; it is the inefficacy of an *unalterable course*, at which we cavil. There is more mental discipline to be gained from an intelligent study of one of Shakespeare's plays, in tracing the bearing of one character on another, detecting the strokes by which the magician summons up nature from her caves, than in the whole of Euclid. One of these plays is a pantomime, in which a whole epoch of human history is made to live and speak.

The student's moral nature is also governed by the same work-house rules. A guiding presumption appears to be, that all young men are

inherently vicious, and, without arbitrary restraints, liable to the grossest appetites. Instead of pilgrims to a shrine of study, they are deemed a herd of adventurers after pleasure, in search of means to vent the vanities of youth. They must rise for prayers at fixed hours, attend the church at stated seasons, and conform their private morality to a system of rules. The result of such training is either a factitious morality or a degeneracy into the most wayward vice. If a young man is naturally vicious, there are more effectual means for his recovery than a resort to tyranny over his propensities. Law is not always the best check for the unruly. The subjects of a despot are not better governed than the citizens of a Republic, where each man knows himself a part of the governing power. Such strict ward over a young man's desires awakes a curiosity to indulge his banned desires.

Now mark we the effects of this mental and moral culture. By what sort of men are our colleges filled? They consist of three classes; the Student, the *Dilettante*, and a third class, which is an amalgam of the loafer and the "gay deceiver," tinged with just enough of the qualities of the two first, to make him *current*.

The first is a dictionary of definitions and quibbles. His quietest hours are haunted with visions of College honors. Look at his stooped and shriveled frame! see his great soul staggering about in his rickety body! How *spirituel*! He is wrinkled, not with thought, but with poring over the thoughts of others. He is bowed, but with a load of *foreign* knowledge. Such men might excel, but they want that re-productive faculty which stamps the thoughts of others with an individual impress; they know not that precious alchemy which transmutes the baser metals into gold, and each fresh acquirement is an accretion, not an assimilation. A stout man this to set adrift in this crowded and hard-handed world of ours! Without the physical strength to make his acquirements respectable, or the mental originality to leave a legacy for succeeding ages, he lives the wonder of a village school, and dies the victim of a—College honor.

"Oh, ye whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands  
In the unvexed silence of a student's cell;  
Ye, whose untempted hearts have never toss'd  
Upon the dark and stormy tides, where life  
Gives battle to the elements, and man  
Wrestles with man for some slight plank whose weight  
Will bear but one—while round the desp'rate wretch  
The hungry billows roar, and the fierce Fate,  
Like some huge monster, dim-seen through the surf,  
Waits him who drops; ye safe and formal men,  
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!"

The second class are of a less decided character. Of a more impulsive nature, and less capable of restraint, they pursue an *independent* course, and obey, as far as possible, the promptings of inclination; they are Freebooters in every field of knowledge. Their minds are a kind of museum, in which every rare and exotic curiosity in literature is

stored. Deficient in those solid acquirements upon which true greatness rests, they seek a precocious distinction by making show of knowledge which young men are not expected to possess. In this class may be found the genius—he who by a quick intuition gets information for which others strive through long and laborious years. They have a private entrance to the Temple of Fame, and, disdaining to climb the craggy height, shoot gracefully over flowery paths. These comprise the world's future Editors of Magazines, Fourth of July Orators, "*et id omne genus inutile.*"

A few words will describe the last class. Half fancy men and half fools, they are entirely devoted to "love and the ladies;" without the boldness to be vicious, they occupy themselves with the fashionable, kid-glove amusements, pass unnoticed through college, graduate *speciali gratia*, bilk their tailors, and slink home to their oat-meal and their mothers.

Such is a general summary of the characters which our universities send forth into the world. There are, however, exceptions—some on whom the royal gift has been conferred of receiving and transmitting the sacred legacy of the past to the coming years—who are to become a part of the great thought of all time. America offers a peculiar field for this ambition. The restless life which pervades our whole body politic, equality of political condition, a free press, and the new phases which society has assumed—all full of inspiring promise, invite to aspiring effort. Here no flattery wins its way to the hearts of Princes, or wrings unwilling pittance from haughty patrons; the unbought suffrage of princely hearts, and the support of a free, thinking people, is guaranty of success. The bold, brave man can never fail. He may meet with untoward fate, but like the mystery-sounds which echo from the *Laxas de Musica*, even from the rocks and steeps which frown above him, come tones of encouragement and cheer; he hears the rustle of spirit-wings, and the whisper of angel voices—above the slough and the mire, stirring his soul with solemn prophecies. Let him then be of cheer; though lonely he toil "through the sad midnight watch," his is the mission to mould the young literature of a nation, and his reward will be the blessings of other times, when that nation shall have crumbled and gone.

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#### AFFECTATION.

Who does not like an open-hearted, ready-handed man, whose honest, rough voice, though it sound like the roaring of a bull, still assures you, that his words speak his real sentiments? But there are people as honest as he, and who are as true, that speak more softly. The former is very likely unpolished, and for this reason appears somewhat repulsive; the latter are equally removed from boorishness and hypocrisy. These two varieties of the frank sort of people are somewhat rare, for most men are too wary, or have too much to conceal, to be perfectly

frank. Hypocrisy of some sort seems natural, and few are they without it. But so long as the concealment of trifles, the polite speech, the professions of good will, meaningless though they be, may do no harm, we are content to endure them; it is that conduct which conceals the true character, which cloaks the base design, that receives the merited contempt of mankind.

So far, then, as *affectation* is a hiding of the true character, and so far as it arises from a desire to appear different from the reality, it is hypocritical, and to stigmatize it thus may be enough. But usually it springs from vanity or the desire of singularity. And we may say that it is like a good thing abused—it is often some right habit or peculiarity exaggerated. Heads, for example, are very good things in their way, and few care to part with them. It would seem quite odd, certainly, to meet an acquaintance out walking without his head; and hardly less odd, if you should find it swelled to twice its usual size. You would keep thinking of his head all the time you were talking with him, and when you thought of your friend, you would be sure to recollect, that he had a head, though you might forget body and legs. Thus, some very worthy people become consummately ridiculous, by having their natural peculiarities exaggerated, or by planning some way of behavior to distinguish them from the *ὁ πολλοί*.

Now, there never was a greater mistake, in our opinion, than to be affected. I have seen a very worthy young man, who had excellent natural parts, and whose learning was quite extensive, well-nigh spoiled by this conceit. He used to take very well with the ladies, till they found what an inveterate habit he had of *punning*, and how much he thought that it recommended him. He had naturally no particular taste for this jingling of sound and spoiling of sense, but through some freak took it into his head to become distinguished in this line. You could not make mention of a doctor in his presence, but he would remark about his sobriety, and insinuate that he was a *grave* sort of man. And if you spoke of a general dearth of news, he would very innocently inquire what brigade this military man commanded.

Affectation does not of necessity imply a want of talent or good sense, though one is prone to infer that the latter, at least, of these is lacking, where the former exists. At any rate, affectation hides the good qualities the man may possess. It will vitiate every part of life—dress, habits, style of thinking and speaking, nothing escapes the influence of this propensity. Lord Byron wore a seaman's collar, and straightway all the clerks in England added a quarter of a yard of linen to the shirts they were supposed to wear; sentimental young gentlemen neglected their hair, looked despairing, and made love to people they had no business to look at. Every fool that could make a rhyme, wrote himself a poet, and made proposals to the booksellers. All this mania of affecting one whom we know not whether to consider the greater poet or libertine, has, happily for this generation, pretty much passed away; though even now we find some who try to imitate his collars and licentiousness. This bad imitation of notorious characters is no new thing. Alexander had a wry neck, and every courtier, of

course, wore his head on the left shoulder. Catiline was reproduced in Clodius, who imitated his vices, though not his daring courage. The peculiarities of every prince are eagerly seized and copied; and all remember what a passion our republican ladies had for Prince Albert bonnets, although no prince ever kissed the fair owners. We will omit French fashions, opera girls, and short petticoats.

Our young miss, just returned from Europe with her head full of fashions and folly, lisps bad French, wears a Paris hat, talks of "the dear Rhine," and is in raptures with its ruined castles, most of which you may safely swear she passed in the steamboat asleep in her berth. We hope that all our traveled ladies know more than the Englishman, who, being asked respecting Rome, replied, "Oh, I remember, a very fine city—we stopped there to change horses." His interrogator continued: "You must have spent some time on the continent." "Why," replied he, "you know one must 'do up' these sort of things; so I put it through as fast as possible. I came from Rome to London in ten days, taking the Rhine in my way. I made my valet arouse me at every castle we passed, till one damp night I caught cold holding the lantern to look at one, and after that I slept the rest of the journey." Knowledge on such a foundation must be profound indeed! Another pitiful imitation is that of smoking. But I will not include all smokers. Yet fairly one half who smoke do it for no earthly reason except that it is fashionable for your "high blade" to sport a "meerschaum;" it looks like—heaven save the mark!—like a German student! Such men may resemble German students in their drunkenness and their contempt of good morals; but certainly never in their knowledge. Why should any American wish to imitate the manners of a most graceless set of "rowdies," as they are while in the university, whatever they may become after they *leave* it; to whom all possible vices and evil passions are bosom friends; whose discipline is that of the slave kept in subjection by the civil law and by dragoons; whose arbiters are the *schläger* and dueling pistol? This is affectation with a vengeance! Why not finish by swilling beer and gulping down "Crambambuli?" How prone men are to imitate, however poorly, what is bad! The good, alas! they leave for their neighbors to imitate.

Great authors, as well as great generals or great drunkards, have their "umbræ." Genius is said to imitate, first, art; then, nature; but dullness likewise imitates; and then we have books, whose sole recommendation seems to be the resemblance which the style bears to that of some author whose fame is widely spread. Thus, we find innumerable imitations of Carlyle, of Dickens, and of Wilson—each like the model only in the faults which belong to these authors, and destitute of the masculine energy, the brilliant narrative, the refined simplicity, which characterizes their writings. An awkward imitation is sure to appear affected, and as surely will produce disgust. Why not look within, and not without, for the form as well as material? To write in an affected style is like borrowing another's coat because it looks well on him, and, by analogy, on you. But analogy is not necessarily argument or proof. The coat may either pinch your shoulders or hang on

you like a meal-bag ; the sleeves may be a great deal too long or too short. Be original in style ; choose the words which best express your meaning ; place them so that the meaning is clear and harmony is preserved ; then, granting your thoughts to be worth hearing, what more is necessary ? what more can any one, any genius, do ? Will the words which Carlyle uses express your ideas better than classical English ? Then use them ; but good writers lived before Carlyle, and, please Heaven, will live in spite of him.

Affectation is so diffused, it meets us so often, that we may almost despair of reforming it, and assert that it is only waste of breath to denounce it. Before ending, permit a word respecting one phase of affectation—namely, the pretension of a love for music—which the mass of people put forth. Amateur singers are charged with affecting reluctance to sing, when it is said, in reality “they are dying to sing.” Now we venture to affirm, that nine times in ten this is a *real* reluctance arising from affectation, but not that of the performer. The auditors pretend to love music, but they love the sound of their own gossiping tongues far better. Who likes to be asked to sing, and then sing all to herself ; to hardly hear the sound of her own voice ! If the company would acknowledge that they care not a straw for music, that flirting is much more agreeable, that scandal is much more effective than crescendos, they would be far less impolite and more endurable to all who have an ear for nature’s own language.

A witty observer of men and manners will find many weak points to contemplate ; but however imperfect man may be naturally, it is true that imitation and affected graces do more to show his relationship to monkeys, than all Lord Monboddo’s theories and folios.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF COLLEGE LIFE.

BY DELTA.

“Wryten as they sholde comen into my mynde.”

MESSRS. EDITORS :—Have you ever met with one of those unfortunate individuals, who, after passing through the pleasant years of the “Preparatory Course ;” after weathering in safety the perilous storms of College life ; after threading, for some little time at least, the pathless mazes of life in general, still find themselves, as far as usefulness in the world is concerned, almost *in statu quo* ? If not, I can inform you that there are, nevertheless, many such ; many who remain in an obscurity as undesirable as it is unprofitable, although amply competent, both from natural abilities and intellectual attainments, to make “no small stir” in their day and generation. Not naturally retiring in their dispositions, they feel perhaps a desire of being known, but from a want of confidence in their own abilities, or a reluctance to make the necessary effort, they still continue to plod wearily on, unknown and

unregarded. Of this unhappy community, I acknowledge that I have too long been a willing member. The fact is, I have never allowed my thoughts to confine themselves to any particular subject for five minutes together, and my reflections are consequently too discursive to attract much notice. Unlike Pollock's rustic, "who never had a dozen thoughts in all his life and never changed their course," I have been troubled perhaps with a *superfluity* of ideas; ideas so jumbled up and intertwined, however, that it is almost impossible to extract from them any connected *course of thought*.

But this evening, Messrs. Editors, as I sat gazing listlessly from my window on the world without, and felt how slight was my connection with that world, how strong my sympathies in its behalf, I formed a resolution which, should it meet with your approbation, may perhaps be remembered as an era in my existence. This was nothing less than a fixed determination to unlock the portals of my brain, and to unfold, through the medium of your pages, the many scraps of desultory thought, the many recollections of remarkable "sayings and doings," which had there accumulated, while I, like you, boasted myself to be a constituent part of Yale College. I know not that in so doing I shall contribute to the gratification of your many readers; I know not that I shall succeed in raising a single smile, save at my own expense; yet I do cherish the hope, that in the budgets of nonsense and gravity, fun and frolic, which I may from time to time place at your disposal, there may be some hints, which, if followed out, may render the four years of those who *take* them, less wearisome and less vexations than many find them to be.

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I was a proud boy when I received from the hands of the senior Professor that important document which informed me that, "having passed a satisfactory examination," I was entitled to attend the exercises of the Freshman Class. In all the pride of incipient Freshmanity, I took my seat on a broken-backed bench in the mathematical recitation room, and there, with some thirty classmates, as verdant as myself, awaited the coming of our new Instructor. With what an air of mingled awe and reverence did I rise from my seat as he opened the door, and how did my young heart throb with trepidation, when I first rose to recite! I remember that scene as if it occurred but yesterday. Strange how matters of trifling importance will sometimes fix themselves in the memory, when others, almost absolutely necessary to be remembered, are forgotten in an hour! I rose to recite; every eye was fixed upon me, and for a moment I felt dizzy—almost faint. Partially recovering myself, I stammered out some answer—I know not what—to the question proposed, and amid a roar of laughter from the whole division, sank into my seat completely abashed and disconcerted. I ventured, at last, to look up towards the tutor. His very sides were convulsed with laughter. For what, I knew not, nor could I guess, but, confused and bewildered, I seized my hat and rushed from the room.

In the silence and solitude of my own apartment, I strove to recall my unlucky answer. I knew my lesson perfectly. I had spent hours in committing it, and I could not conceive, for my life, to what circum-

stance my failure was owing. Shortly after, my chum entered ; but, to my great surprise, instead of condoling with me at my misfortune, as soon as he saw my face he burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which lasted, if I remember rightly, nearly ten minutes. I began to be angry, and was just about to evince my displeasure by a *knock-down* argument, when he placed a looking-glass before me, and disclosed to my astonished gaze, a queue of silvery hair, some three feet long, which a *friendly* Sophomore had attached to my neck, while expatiating on the advantages to be derived from my connection with a certain Literary Society.

Some weeks of my college life had passed away without any remarkable occurrences, save an occasional visit from a masquerading party of Sophs., armed with pipes and *asafetida*, or a slight drenching from the rain, as it poured, of a stormy night, through my bed-room windows, from which some friendly hand had kindly dashed the sashes, when I was one evening started from a reverie by a loud knocking at the door. I rose to admit the visitor. He was a stranger, and *apparently* a gentleman. Not so, in reality, however ; for while I stood at the door, expecting him to declare his errand, he coolly walked in, and ensconcing himself in the snug rocking-chair, which I had just left, placed his feet on the table and commenced singing a song.

“*Fas est, ab hoste doceri,*”

thought I, and, drawing up a chair, I adopted a similar position, and listened to his words. As nearly as I can recollect, they ran as follows :

“What a jolly young Soph'more am I !  
I am slender and very well made,  
My forehead is fine, and my eye  
Has a glance that no heart can evade.  
The ladies all look at me sharp,  
And wherever I go I astonish,  
Then what if the sober ones carp ?  
And what if my tutor admonish ?”

He was a tolerable singer, and as the words of his song somewhat amused me, I did not interrupt him. He sang several verses, accompanying his voice by the beating of his heels on my table, at the same time giving additional force and spirit to the entertainment, by sundry ludicrous gesticulations, well calculated to interest and amuse the spectator. Having finished his song, he drew forth a cigar-case, and selecting a fragrant Havana, tossed it over to me. The delicious weed had never yet stained my lips ; but, astonished at his effrontery, though softened by his coolness, I took the proffered cigar and quietly lit it. He did the same. For some few moments we puffed away in silence, and, strange to say, I felt no sensation of sickness, not the slightest twinge of nausea. Indeed, I even then derived from the fumes of that fragrant roll, a satisfaction almost equal to that which I now experience some half-dozen times a day, albeit, now a “seasoned smoker.” My



resentment, however, was beginning to rise, and as the streams of saliva, ejected from the lips of my visitor, found their way in various directions over my new and elegant carpet, I sprang from my seat, and with all the force of which I was master, hurled my cigar full in his face.

Stung by the blow and enraged by the insult, tenfold more aggravating as coming from a Freshman, he sprang upon me with the violence of a wild-cat, and, seizing me by the throat, hurled me to the floor. I struggled to release myself from his grasp, but without success. As his fingers tightened around my throat, I felt the blood rushing to my head, and a horrible sensation of strangling was just creeping over me, when he suddenly relaxed his grasp and fell prostrate on the floor. A blow from an iron hand had knocked him flat.

I rose to thank my deliverer. He was one of the most singular specimens of flesh and blood arrangement, that I ever had the pleasure of beholding. Without stopping to hear my expressions of gratitude, he seized my enemy by the collar and lifting him like a child from the floor, politely showed him the staircase. Meanwhile, I had time to glance at his person and habiliments. He was rather tall and gaunt-looking, with long yellow hair, flowing down his neck; a beard of the same hue, which somewhat resembled a carding machine; and a pair of shoulders that seemed borrowed from Atlas. A coat of rough gray cloth encased the upper part of his person, from the sleeves of which protruded some three inches of brawny wrist, and a hand that Vulcan himself might envy. His lower limbs were fancifully ornamented by a pair of pantaloons, striped with almost all the colors of the rainbow, while a pair of thick cow-hide boots, and a rough coonskin cap, completed his "*tout ensemble*."

"Well, stranger," said he, as he returned from the entry, "Fair play is a jewel any how. I happened to pass your door just now, and hearing a rumpus inside, I thought as how I'd see the fun. Lucky for you I did, p'raps."

"Yes, indeed," said I, "and many thanks do I owe you for your kindness. It will be incumbent, however, to 'make a night of it,' or, as the poet saith,

'*Carpere noctem, quam minimum credula diçi*.'"

To this proposal my guest agreed without the least hesitation, and a "wee short hour ayont the twal" found us still prolonging the joyous hours. My first college friend was a Kentucky hunter, a man of little refinement, but of a noble mind; of a rough exterior, but of the kindest heart. Through the whole four year's of college life we remained first in each other's estimation, and many were the laughable scrapes and amusing adventures which we together enjoyed. Perhaps some future occasion shall introduce you to a more intimate acquaintance with my first, last, best friend. He is now practising law in L—e; is the best stump speaker west of the Alleghanies, and his future prospects are equal to those of any young man in the Western Country.

Apropos of *prospects*. I was walking for exercise, one fine spring morning, three or four years ago, when it suddenly occurred to me,

that there must be a magnificent view from the top of the Library towers—then in process of erection. No sooner did the thought strike my mind, than I turned my steps thitherward, determined to enjoy at once the fresh morning air from that elevated position, and the feast of vision spread out below. I pictured to myself, as I walked along, the neat white dwellings of the citizens, embowered in the thick foliage of lofty elms; the tall spires of God's churches pointing upward to that *other* paradise in the sky above; the lovely gardens and tasteful pleasure-grounds which adorn the suburbs of the city; and imagination soon revealed to my view the bold faces of Sassacus and the Regicide looming up in the distance, their dim and indistinct outlines scarce able to be traced in the gray light of morning. Far off in another direction I seemed to see the blue expanse of ocean, glittering in the beams of the rising sun; its azure surface dotted here and there by the white sheet of some "great merchantman." Beautiful was the picture, as I saw it in imagination. Far more beautiful I knew it would be, when I could take in at a single glance, trees, dwellings, rocks, and waters.

With slow and careful steps I commenced the ascent. The long ladders shook backward and forward at every step, but from my boyhood I was an experienced climber, and I fearlessly "looked aloft." I gained at length the topmost round, and the first object which met my astonished eyes, was the form of an old revolutionary veteran, then, I believe, over *ninety* years of age! He stood calmly on the top of the tower, apparently gazing from the dizzy height with feelings akin to rapture. He had "taken the opportunity, early in the morning, before the workmen assembled, to ascend the tower, and feast his eyes on the rich inheritance he was so soon to leave to posterity." Rich indeed, thought I, and well may you look upon it with joy, my father, for to you and your compatriots do we owe this goodly heritage!

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#### EDITORS' TABLE.

THE nones of July! what a season for hand-work or head-work! It makes us perspire just to think of it! We are in the habit of constantly perusing Thompson's vivid description of "Winter," and sleeping in an ice-house to prevent ourselves from evaporating in attenuated gas. We write beneath the sweltering heat of a vertical sun, and, under the circumstances, if any one could summon the energy to go into literary labors more *in extenso* than we have done, why—he ought to undertake, in the Summer season, the performance of the four cardinal duties laid down by Sterne.

We do not, on this occasion, address you in *propria persona* through the medium of the leading article in the Magazine, as is our wont; but the present number is not an earnest of those which are to come, with respect to the editorial department. In the present case we have stepped aside from the beaten path, for the purpose of breaking the monotony of custom, as discords are introduced in music to prevent harmony from becoming wearisome by being unvaried.

Many topics urge themselves upon us; but you see, dear reader, that we are limited

to a very small space. We had purposed to give you another peep into our literary Pandemonium, where your Editors, like Prometheus of old, are chained to their table, placed there in the attempt to supply fuel to the spark of fire which he stole from heaven. You doubtless think our path is strewn with flowers, but

"I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Soda-water, ice-cream, and woodcock suppers are words not found in our vocabulary. We deal entirely with types and shadows and devils. We spend our days in reading and our nights in reflection for your benefit. Ephraim is carefully laid away on the "tip end" of a pitchfork, to wait his turn in administering to your amusement. Judge B\*\*\*\*, an intimate acquaintance of his, at present represents him in the editorial corps. The Judge personates Cerberus when in his own peculiar sphere. Eph's boots have recently fallen into the consumption, by reason of which he is sore with tribulation. *Soleae requiescant in pace.* The remainder of the corps are enjoying good health and spirits. Our Treasurer, or, as Lean Jack would say, if he was here, our *Mama-y* man, will give you ocular demonstration, in a short time, that this is the case so far as he is concerned. There! as sure as a gun we have made a pun on our friend Munn; but then it was done merely in fun. Don't imagine, however, that we are a "funny feller;" if you do, we say, in the decided language of Mrs. Jones, "We're not the individual you took us for." Then, dear reader, for the present we must bid you

Farewell! a word that must be and hath been—  
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!

The Faculty have awarded the usual prizes, as follows:

IN THE SOPHOMORE CLASS, FOR ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

*First Division.*—First prize: Cyprian G. Webster, Mobile, Ala. Second: John Ferree Brinton, Lancaster Co., Pa. Third: G. Buckingham Willcox, Norwich.

*Second Division.*—First prize: William Aitchison, Norwich. Second: E. B. Hillard, Norwich. Third: Henry Taylor Blake, New Haven.

*Third Division.*—First prize: Homer N. Dunning, Peekskill, N. Y. Second: Henry Blodget, Bucksport, Me. Third: Henry M. Colton, Lockport, N. Y.

PRIZES AWARDED IN THE SOPHOMORE CLASS FOR THE SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS.

First prize: Samuel Emerson, Andover, Mass., and Isaac S. Newton, Sherburne, N. Y. Second: Caleb Lamson, Hamilton, Mass., and John P. Hubbard, Boston, Mass. Third: John Ferree Brinton, Lancaster Co., Pa., Homer N. Dunning, Peekskill, N. Y., and Henry Blodget, Bucksport, Me.

PRIZES AWARDED IN THE FRESHMAN CLASS FOR LATIN TRANSLATIONS.

*First Division.*—First prize: Israel N. Smith, Bradford, N. H. Second: Franklin A. Durkee, Binghamton, N. Y., and La Fayette Twitty, Rutherfordton, N. C. Third: H. M. Haakell, Dover, N. H., and George M. Ruffin, Marengo Co., Ala.

*Second Division.*—First prize: Elial F. Hall, Carroll, N. Y. Second: Charles G. Came, Buxton, Me. Third: Augustus Brandegee, New London.

*Third Division.*—First prize: Franklin W. Fisk, Hopkinton, N. H., and Albert Hobron, New London. Second: B. H. Colegrove, Pomfret, and Charles J. Hutchins, Waterford, Pa. Third: Curtiss T. Woodruff, New Haven.

PRIZES AWARDED IN THE FRESHMAN CLASS FOR THE SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS.

First prize: Osborn Keeler, Chautauque, N. Y., and Hugh A. Peters, Webster, Mass. Second: Joseph Hurlbut, New London, and Israel N. Smith, Bradford, N. H. Third: Edwin A. Buck, Bucksport, Me., and Timothy Dwight, Norwich.

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THE

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CONDUCTED

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XI.

AUGUST, 1846.

No. 9.

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TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAYS.

[For the history of the Townsend Premium, our readers are referred to No. 9, Vol. IX. of the Magazine.—ED.]

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SCEPTICISM.

BY CHARLES LORING BRACE, HARTFORD, CONN.

It seems strange that any man could have ever doubted the existence of a God. It seems strange that a man could go abroad into a world like ours, could enjoy its countless pleasures and gaze upon the objects of beauty and contrivance and power around him, and yet say, that all these had no Maker, no Contriver. Yet there have been many such in the world's history, and these not among the savage, the ignorant, or the unreflecting part of mankind.

No. Among the first feelings of the uneducated mind, are those of reverence and worship. With the savage, the first emotion, as he enjoys the pure air and bright sunlight of heaven, is gratitude to these, as to living beings; and the fresh breeze of the morning, the happy sunlight, the moon, as it casts its mild ray round his path by night, become his deities. Or, it may be, with a more spiritual worship, he ascribes every beauty and pleasure to some "Great Spirit," pervading all that he sees and feels. And let no man say such worship is the fruit of ignorance! It was a grand Inference, which the savage had drawn from the bright world around him, and that act of adoration was the first simple offering of gratitude from a *reasoning* mind to its unseen Maker.

How happens it that this, almost the first act of reason in minds darkened by ignorance, should be the last in some of the brightest, most gifted intellects, earth has ever seen? How happens it that men of tender feelings, of clear, acute judgments, of high powers of observation, have rejected the Christian belief—a belief at once so con-

solving and so reasonable ; which holds forth hopes of a glorious life beyond the grave, while it teaches the most simple, yet the most perfect philosophy of happiness in this life, and discloses truths so grand, yet so probable ?

But let no man think that these Sceptics have been dishonest! Many, of whom history tells, may have been so. But how many others, sincere in their scepticism, have passed a life of gloom and wretchedness, and gone forth into the dark Future, uncheered by a hope or consolation? Many of them have never told their doubts. But they have honestly and sadly believed that religion was all a delusion ; that they themselves were hurried along, as the sport of some blind Chance or stern Necessity, and that life was only a point of light, soon to be extinguished in the eternal Night of the Grave.

Why is this? Whence arises this unbelief? Why is it that honest, observing, clear-minded men, have denied the existence of a God, and the truths of the Christian Religion? We propose to answer these questions, as far as they can be answered, by tracing out some of the many forms which Unbelief has assumed in the human heart.

In examining the world's history, we find *the abuses of religion* prominent among the causes which have led mankind into Infidelity ; and especially has this happened at those periods when Thought has received some new impulse. Thus, a long Night of ignorance and oppression has been resting upon the earth, when suddenly the light of Truth breaks in. The wrongs and injustice under which men have suffered, stand out now, disclosed. All things feel the new Morning. Old prejudices and superstitions melt away like mists of the night. Thought springs up with new power, and men begin to examine for themselves. They see that Religious Belief has lost all its purity ; that under the garb of the minister of God, Vice has pursued its unhallowed enjoyments, and heartless Ambition toiled for its reward ; that, with the aid of religion, Ignorance and Despotism have fastened their heavy fetters on mankind, and that under that holy name, Cruelty has satiated its thirst for blood, and Persecution driven the innocent from home and native land. Is it strange that they doubt the truth of such religion? And, as they hasten to cast off the fetters which have fastened Mind, what wonder that they burst some of the bonds which should never be broken? What wonder that they confuse the truths of religion with the errors, the absurdities which attended it? It is at such periods, that bold, ardent minds have arisen, which have toiled, with honest purpose of heart, for the Truth, but have passed over the highest of all truths. They hated thoroughly whatever was false and wrong—and they hated Religion because it seemed a Delusion, the instrument of priests to crush and enslave the mind of man.

Does not even History, with its brief account of human actions, tell us of many such—of men who have never ceased in life their attacks on the Christian faith? Yet it is not from such Scepticism we have much to fear. The Christian Religion has ever risen purer and brighter after such attacks ; they have served to free it from its impurities, its blemishes, and the real, the heart-felt in that faith has

been known and confessed again. Still, it is sad, sad to think, that warm, honest hearts have searched through life for truth, and at last been laid in the cold grave without one glimmering of the highest, the holiest of all truths.

Among the numerous systems of Sceptical Philosophy, there is one which, we might suppose, would be condemned by the common sense of mankind. It is a system which would almost deify Matter and give it the qualities of Mind, while it makes the mind—the soul—only the effect of a certain arrangement of particles. And yet this has had supporters, zealous and sincere. From these men, the glorious worlds which move around us, grand tokens of a Creator's power, have called forth no feeling of adoration, no words of gratitude. As they have looked up into the heavens and felt with awe the grandeur of those starry systems, the eternal, unchanging nature of the laws which govern them, they have been impressed with the infinity of Matter; and they have asked themselves why all this may not have thus existed forever? Why need we an Imaginary Cause, which men call God? Why may not these orbs, countless ages back in the shadowy past, have rolled on in the same majestic beauty, the same unchanging order? They have turned to earth and attempted to read that strange, mysterious history, written on its rugged surface. Geology has revealed to them what it does not to other minds—a regular, upward development of the animal and vegetable races, as though Matter had wrought itself out into animal forms, till at last it had attained such an organization as to form what we call mind. In their zeal to substantiate their theory, the remotest analogies are made convincing arguments. Because the chemist, by a union of certain substances, can produce agents as mysterious, as rapid in their action, as the workings of thought, and by means of them, can perform many of the functions of life, nay, some have said, can produce even life itself, why should not, say they, the Vital Principle, the Mind, be the effect of a certain mingling of particles?

Plain as is the distinction between the Instinct of the brute and the Mind of man, they can overlook it and see only the gradual growth of mind, from the first faint spark of Reason in the brute, to the Intellect, bright and clear, in the mature man. Behold, say they, how the mind gradually arises in the infant, as its organization becomes complete; how it matures with the body, suffers injury when the body is harmed, and grows weak as that decays, until at last it seems to flicker and go out when the substance which supported it is exhausted—when the organization of which it was the result has been separated or destroyed! But have not these men seen in themselves, in the operations of their own minds, anything of the soul, anything of an existence separate from the body? The answer presents but too common a picture of the human mind. The desire of supporting a Theory has shut out the Truth from their sight. Let men only have some favorite system to advance, however candid or clear-sighted they may be on other subjects, and they can believe anything, no matter how strange or absurd; whether it be that Mind does not exist, or that there is no Material



World around us. Such a Belief, or any other which would do away with the distinction between Mind and Matter, can never hold a wide influence with mankind. It may have a few supporters among the learned, but the common sense of every man will tell him, that he has that within him which men call Mind, differing in every quality from the Material World without.

For such errors, we can feel little compassion, as they hardly seem like the errors of honest, truth-seeking minds ; but there is another kind of unbelief, so sad, so dark, that we may well pause over it with pity. It springs up in the hearts of those who have been bowed down heavily under the burden of misfortunes, who have passed a life of continued suffering, till at last, in bitterness of heart, they have doubted the being of a God who could permit such misery. And there is much in life, which, to a gloomy mind, would seem inconsistent with the government of a merciful Being. How much that is sad and painful ! There is no eye that has not been moistened by the tear of sorrow, no heart that has not felt some bitter pang. From how many sufferers, from how many in pain, and want, and sorrow, do groans of anguish arise towards Heaven ! How many are crushed down in bondage ! How many suffering from war, and pestilence, and disease ! How many are there, whose dark, gloomy lives seem hardly to have known one gleam of pleasure, one ray of hope ! Men have seen all this, but they have overlooked the good mingled in every cup of evil ; they have forgotten the bright light of heaven, still shining behind the dark clouds of sorrow and suffering ; they have neglected the object of all these troubles—to fit men by trials here for a happier state above—and in sadness and gloom they have settled into the belief that there was no God, no Being above, who could allow such misery among his creatures. Life has appeared to them like a hard, sorrowful Pilgrimage to the tomb, with no sympathizing eye above, no hope of happiness beyond ; and they themselves have looked forward with real longings to the hour, when they could rest their weary and aching hearts forever in the peaceful grave.

Gloomy and despairing as is this unbelief, it is not the worst. There is another species of Scepticism, the most deadly which can creep into the human soul. It starts not from excitement—is not fostered by pride ; but is the result of calm, deliberate reasoning and observation. Here, too, the Sceptic is honest. He has seen the weakness of human nature, how easy it is for men to delude themselves ; he knows how seldom entire faith can be put in any human Belief. The most opposite questions in politics and morals, he observes, are supported, each by its party, in full assurance of the truth and with almost unanswerable arguments. How easily are the most clear-sighted deceived ! How many false religions, with their array of miracles and arguments, have arisen, in which candid, clear-sighted men have put the most unwavering confidence ; for which they have suffered and died ! Can any one ever be sure of attaining the truth ? Is it not the wisest, the most philosophical course, in the few days we have on earth, to settle down into a state of doubt, to resolve to believe nothing ?

Such, perhaps, has been his reasoning. And so thorough is his doubt, so entire his distrust of whatever is beyond his own experience, that hardly any evidence could shake his unbelief. All external testimony to the truths of the Christian faith, he would mistrust; all internal evidence would seem to him as the natural effects of a Delusion. The many sweet assurances of the truth of Religion to a believer, the consolation in affliction, the Faith, the Hope, the Change of heart, working as they do, by known laws of mind, can be no arguments to the Sceptic of Divine influence. He may acknowledge that the Christian religion is the best superstition which has ever existed, that it contains the most perfect system of morality yet invented by man, but he believes it none the less a delusion.

As he looks around among his fellow-men and sees them pour out their hearts in worship to this Imaginary Cause, he pities them sincerely, while he would not, for worlds, shake their belief. He knows how closely the happiness and moral welfare of society are interwoven with this Christian system, and he is careful how he makes the least attempt to subvert it. He settles down into a state of quiet, though unshaken doubt. And indifferent to all human matters, but what affect his present comfort; placing no confidence in anything, except his own judgment, he floats down the tide of human life. Death has no terrors for him. With the most thorough indifference he looks forward to that solemn moment, when either the darkness of that unknown Future shall be all dispelled, or its shades close around him forever. And at last, with the same placid Unbelief he sinks away from life, as into a pleasant slumber, which shall be dreamless and unending.

Heaven defend the man, around whom such a Night of Scepticism is gathering! Not alone because its gloomy shades shut out all that is bright and cheering beyond the grave; not alone because they settle about his path here, hiding many a beauty and consolation; but because it is a darkness that covers his *soul*. His is a Doubt, an Unbelief, which has eaten to the heart's core. It has destroyed all Trust, all generous sympathy with his fellow-men, all admiration for what is truly lovely and noble in human character. Mankind seem like the poor victims of a delusion, and their purest virtues, their faith and hope in the hours of adversity, their struggles against temptation and sin, their love and gratitude towards their Maker, only as the foolish, mistaken feelings which a superstition has called forth. With no belief in man's relations to an Infinite Being and a Future Life, he cannot feel the fearful importance of our few actions here. Life seems to him only an idle game of a few days, where each man is seeking but one object—to gain his own selfish ends. Wo to that age in which such Unbelief begins to fill the mind of men; for it is the *sincerest* kind of Scepticism. It makes no parade, no bluster. Far better if it did; far better if it set forth some Theory, for then, as with the scepticism of the Materialist, men would see its fallacy, or doubt its sincerity. Far better if it made open, earnest attacks on religion, for from that we might hope Truth would spring. But this steals over a people with the silent, terrible

influence of a pestilence. It removes from mankind all fear of punishment after death, and the vicious give themselves up to their foulest passions. It blots out all hopes of a happier life beyond the grave, and the sorrowful, the despairing seek relief in suicide from every trouble. It teaches no fixed Belief, but inculcates a universal Doubt and Indifference ; and the result is a Heartlessness and Insincerity, worse than the worst Belief.

What a strange, dark picture of the human heart, do these systems of Unbelief present !

We see Prejudice obscuring the view of Truth to clear-sighted men ; we see reasonings and speculations on Religion, no matter how strange or absurd, followed out, till they are at last believed ; we see Despair urging the soul on into gloomy Infidelity, and universal Doubt penetrating the heart, till it has consumed all that is generous and earnest and sincere, and implanted a heartless, chilling Unbelief.

Yet it is a consolation to the Believer, that none of these forms of Scepticism have had any lasting influence. Many of them, the common sense of mankind has condemned, and all have been found by experience, unsuited to the wants of man. The human mind cannot rest on Unbelief—it must have some Religious Faith. There are longings of the soul, feelings of love, and gratitude, and reverence towards a Creator and Benefactor, which can never find an object in such a system.

Through all this open attack and secret infidelity the Christian Religion has still maintained its place. Experience has shown that every system or theory, which would seek the highest happiness, the highest moral welfare of society, by means apart from this faith, must fail. They have all yielded to that most simple, yet most perfect Philosophy of happiness contained in the instructions of the Teacher of Nazareth.

But it is a mournful reflection, that any of our fellow beings have thus lived in ignorance of the most solemn truths ; that they have rejected the brightest hopes, the most soothing consolations, ever offered in life ! And oh ! how much more sad to think, that they must all appear at that bar, where the piercing light of Truth shall be undimmed by the clouds of Error or Prejudice ; where the government of God, which they have denied on earth, shall be all explained, and Universal Doubt be replaced by fearful Certainty !

## AMERICA, POLITICAL AND LITERARY.

BY JOHN BALL BRISBIN, SCHUYLERSVILLE, N. Y.

"America ! half-brother of the world !  
With something good and bad of every land ;  
Greater than thee have lost their seat—  
Greater scarce none can stand."—FESTUS.

AMERICA is great in the extent of her territory and resources ; but it is doubtful whether hers be the loose and unwieldy limbs of the boy, or the firm proportions of the iron-sinewed man. Her course has so far been one of signal prosperity, without shock or collision to impede her march or try the firmness of her footing. It becomes, therefore, our duty in these times of peace, to cast an earnest glance about us, and see what are the elements of durability in this our common country. "Know thyself" is a charge equally pertinent to nations as to individuals ; and when, as Americans, we look into the complex machinery of our government, and scan the almost terrible momenta by which it acts, we detect sources of real and manifold apprehension. Our diversified soil and motley population give birth to opposite interests and opinions, which, although under the tutelage of an able Constitution, call for most vigilant care. There is, however, a current of opinion below the roiled and noisy surface, which is ever washing up from its deep bosom new elements of strength and safety.

Our limits forbid us to enter on a discussion of the great questions now in agitation, and confine us to the simple inquiry, What are the *elements* of empire in America ? The first division of our subject will embrace a consideration, first, of our characteristics as a people ; secondly, of some of the evils which attend our government ; and, thirdly, the remedy for these evils.

The representative of a nation's character is its public opinion. This public opinion is the aggregated sentiments of its popular mind, derived from its history and situation, and fashioned by its institutions. Thus, English character is made up of two almost antagonistic principles—a love of action curbed by a proud and selfish reserve. Her old Gothic mind, upon which is engrafted the spirit of her Roman nurse ; her insular position, with her wise and liberal Constitution, have rooted in the heart of the people of England these, the first elements of a firm and daring greatness. Americans are what their history, their residence, and their institutions have made them. Their first love is that of liberty and home, their only motive to confirm that liberty and secure a competence to that home. With no exploits of novel adventure, no strange inroads upon old establishments, no daring experiments, (except their first great experiment in government,) they have shown to the world the wonder of a nation great in itself, the personation of "Peace resting in the bosom of Strength." This

is the end which our origin ensured. Those men who landed on Plymouth rock were not a herd of fierce banditti, or of hot and venturesome enthusiasts, such as have generally laid the foundation of empires, but men "firm to inflict and stubborn to endure," the advocates of stanch, though persecuted opinions. The traces of such men and such opinions are left in strong lines upon our national character. On this legacy of *conservative power*, backed by that love of liberty which is almost the instinct of Americans, we must rely for defense against the evils incident to a nation embracing such great and various interests as ours.

We shall now advert to some of these evils. A prevalent ignorance of our condition and the spirit of our government, shewn by the fact that the best commentaries upon our institutions are the works of foreigners, is cause of earnest fear. Our idea of a Democratic government is vague. We are told that ours is a land of the free, but whether this freedom rests upon the rock of truth or on the sandy foundation of error, is a matter seldom thought of, and never submitted to an intelligent canvass. Instead of a political education, our citizens are schooled in the wiles of party, and in the place of broad views of Republican Government, get narrow glimpses of particular features. The Shibboleth of a political sect is a word at which interest and country often fall together in the dust. These parties are led, it is true, by men who stand above the strife, men who know the spells by which the rough elements may be calmed, but who too often, rather than speak peace to the waves, stand waiting to leap upon their topmost crest. Thus the people, instead of being the source of power, become its victims, surrendering their own high functions to aid the schemes of faithless Representatives and wily Demagogues. Another dangerous feature in the character of our countrymen, is the false estimate they place upon political reputation. This is an evil peculiar to a Democratic form of government. The rewards of office are more tempting than the slow but certain fruits of industry; so that many from the false hope that *reputation* may be gained before *respectability*, abandon the rich promises which labor yields, to feed upon husks, to grasp at best—a bubble. Without political education, without principles, without honesty, they prowl like hyænas upon the skirts of a victorious party, or sink to fester in the rottenness of kindred depravity.

A class of such men are represented by the Clubs in New York City. The issue of more than one election has been changed by these societies of ruffled braves and besotted assassins. And what more fearful than the fact, that this our Fabric of Freedom, "whose dome is high in Heaven," rests upon such sulphurous ground; that the land in which are buried that gallant three millions of men who gave us this heritage, should be in a manner ruled by such Lazar-house ruffians! Perhaps we speak too strongly, but the facts are too many and too glaring to go unheeded. So much volcanic material, so much *organized* iniquity as all of our large cities contain, unless checked by a stronger power, is full of awful portent.

There is a safeguard against this evil. It is in the heart of the American people, which no oppression can fetter and no corruption taint. It is the love of liberty—of country. "Reverence," says Carlyle, "the divinest in man, springs forth always from an envelopment of fear;" and however much the love of country may be forgotten in the heat of party contests, it springs into phrenzy at the approach of peril. There is, moreover, a conservative feature in our government, which resists all danger from *individual* discontent. The civil wars of England, and the French Revolution, would not have resulted as they did, but for the master-influence of individual actors. Here, the individual is not exalted above the mass. A man is only great by means of his constituency in the whole. The *vis inertie* of the mass is what all *single* minds must find fatal to them, when they attempt *extraordinary* things. No single mind, no association of minds adhering to singular opinions, can obtain permanent sway. A sort of popular egotism is startled, which resists innovation. Thus, our country stands in no hazard from those sudden convulsions which have torn other countries, when a crazed and riotous populace have seconded the ambition of some master-rebel. Resistance to the government is fatal to the governed. Slow and subtle must be the working of that power which hurls from its height the Guardian of American liberty.

We have now given a hasty but honest glance at the political condition of our country, and there remains another standard by which to measure it—that of mind. This is above all others the true gauge of national greatness. Broad lands and boundless treasures are elements of a nation's greatness, only so far as they favor the development of its mind; for the end of every human compact is to adapt mankind for the fruition of that perfect government whose author is God.

In the second division of our subject we shall aim, first, to decide upon the justness of different expectations which are entertained of our literature; secondly, to point out its special destiny; and, lastly, to give satisfactory grounds for our belief.

Great hopes have been entertained that America would be the seat of new and wonderful developments in mind. Its scenery of mingled grandeur and beauty; the ragged mountain and the sunny plain; the awful cataract and the placid lake, all scattered in such wild and various contrast over its surface, were expected to arouse strange energies in thought. Such expectations have not been realized to a full degree, and our own vanity suggests that we are in the youth of great things, while foreign rivalry proclaims that American genius has already reached its highest flight. A careful study of our history and character, we think will show that neither are correct. We have before remarked that our country was founded by men of established character and opinion. Such are indeed the men who lay broad and deep the foundations of empire, but they are not of those who endow a nation's history with that various and stormy action which prompts the highest efforts of mind. Our *history* is a record of privations and manful struggles against an inclement fortune, rather than of venturous

exploits. None but *sterling* characteristics were displayed, and the eye of Genius saw but few phases of the human heart. When trammelled by the stubborn systems of a *regular* life, Genius dares not to picture its strangest visions, and loses its "lust of power." Humanity only in its wild and riotous excesses stirs it to bold and eccentric effort. Thus the greatest Poets, Orators, Painters, and Sculptors have arisen in the infancy of their arts. Homer, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Dante—Raphael, Titian, Michael Angelo—the Greek Sculptors and Tragedians, all lived in the beginning of their arts, and carried them almost to their highest perfection. The age has passed away, therefore, when we might have expected those "Titans of the soul" who scale its highest heaven. There is yet a special excellence for which American mind may aim with certainty of success. It is that of becoming a co-worker with our Republican government, of informing public opinion, which is at once the motive and governing power of our institutions. "Invent writing, Democracy is inevitable. Writing brings Printing—universal, every-day, *extempore* printing, as we see at present. Whoever can speak, speaking now to the whole nation, becomes a power, a branch of government, with inalienable weight in law-making, in all acts of authority. It matters not what rank he has, what revenues or garnitures; the requisite thing is, that he have a tongue which others will listen to; this and nothing more is requisite. The nation is governed by all that has tongue in the nation. Democracy is virtually *there*."\* A literature which *will* have a tongue wherewith to reach the nation's heart and convert it from a worship of the *simulacra* to a true and lively reverence for the *reality* of Democracy, is what we have cause to expect. Our physical resources and our literature will then be the twin and inseparable pillars of a great and permanent Republic. We shall then have no need of song or story to commemorate our *name*; it will live with the life of nations, either as a distinct existence or as a mighty leaven to raise and purify the human race.

Let us consider, for a few moments, the tendencies to such a consummation. The peculiarities of its government must stamp themselves in a degree upon a nation's mind. Law embodies its rules of action, literature its rules of thought, and each is representative of a phase of its public opinion. Our political institutions must, therefore, have a connection with our literature, and a proportionate influence upon it. What is this influence? It nurses freedom of thought. But the mind cannot be enslaved; it will make itself wings "wherewith to *it* overfly the narrow circus of its dungeon walls." This is not true. Look at the slave, the timid, crouching slave; why does he not break his bonds? Is it because they are too strong for him; or has the long habit of bodily slavery made his mind servile? The same influence, although in a qualified degree, acts upon those who live under monarchical forms of government. Does the Russian serf (although he be, as is sometimes the case, a *millionaire*) think for himself? No. His *soul*

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\* Carlyle.

is dragged down to share the slavery of his body. We may still farther illustrate the blessings which our free institutions confer upon mind, by contrasting their influence with that of the less liberal government of England. This is best shown by the rarity of instances we find in England of men rising from very low estate to royalty in mind. England can boast, it is true, some such deathless names. Keats from his Gallipots, and still later, Prince from the very alms-house—both have found a tongue with which to utter the language of a strange and mysterious poesy. Other, and perhaps brighter exceptions, might be cited; but *here* it would seem as if Genius had gone mostly to the way places and hedges and forced the lowly to join its bridal company. Among the best in our Senate and the brightest in our letters are those who have toiled their way up to greatness, who have *learned*

“How sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.”

These men have become great, not so much from the facilities for a common knowledge which our systems of education afford them, as from the *self-reliance* which a *sense* of freedom confers. The moment you make a man politically equal to his fellow, you give him a consciousness that he is so in all respects. This is the source of confidence. And how many from a want of this royal egotism, have smothered thoughts of fire and fallen victims to their own unsatisfied yearnings! Confidence rolls the stone from the sepulchre and liberates the imprisoned Deity of mind. Upon this confidence, which every American feels, backed by freedom of opinion and community of knowledge, both of which are the gift of our institutions, we may rely for a literature—a *national* literature, not confined to a few vast minds, intellectual Pyramids, which enshrine the “Great Thought” of a nation, but a literature which shall be equally the offspring and property of our whole population.

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#### THE IDEAL ELEMENT IN ANCIENT CIVILIZATION.

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REVERENCE for the Past is a feeling so deeply seated in the heart of man, and so difficult to be eradicated, that we may almost regard it as one of the innate principles of our nature. It grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength. The old infuse it into the minds of the young, along with the teachings of inspiration, and leave it as a last legacy with their parting blessing. The young transfer the respect they feel for the aged, to the generation in which they lived, and mourn that “the good old times” will never return again. Such is its magic power, that while, as with microscopic glass, it magnifies the venial faults and follies of the Present to gigantic size, it throws its



mask over the features of the Past, however hideous, and clothes her decrepid form in the garments of an angel of light. Thus we may explain the strange anomaly, that while the "law of progress" has been written by the finger of God upon the course of time, so plainly that he who runs may read, yet with moralist, historian, and poet, "the degeneracy of the present age" has still become a threadbare theme. "The way the fathers trod" is deemed by their descendants the beaten path of knowledge and of virtue; and though, perchance, it may lead at right angles with truth and duty, it requires the giant powers of a Luther or a Bacon to convince mankind, once led astray, of their follies, their errors, and their ignorance.

But while Antiquity thus casts its shadow over the minds and hearts of all, upon the scholar it exerts a peculiar power. While with other men this reverence for the past is but a habit, with him it becomes a passion. Accustomed to view the civilization of the ancients through the deceptive medium of their intellectual life, he beholds in it nought but the beautiful and the good; and is apt to forget that their social life, like the colorless drops of the rainbow, presents these gorgeous hues only when seen in the sunlight of the Ideal. Educated in the schools of the Classics, he has been initiated into all that is splendid in their literature, grand and sublime in their philosophy, noble and heroic in their history; and all unconsciously he treads upon enchanted ground, where with every step that he advances, his senses are lulled to a less and still less keen perception of the glaring defects and deformities in the civil and social organizations of Antiquity. Having once partaken of the Lotus fruit of her literature, he loses all desire to return to the stern realities and unwelcome truths of her actual life. He therefore needs some kind Ulysses to force him away from this fairy land, to compel him to feel and to acknowledge the fundamental errors of the Ancients in Moral and Political science. As it is the duty of the faithful historian, however, not always to dwell upon noble deeds and heroic virtues, but to describe their opposite vices,—as he must tell us in the same breath of "the Father of his country" and the traitor Catiline,—as he must present, side by side, a Titus and a Domitian, a Vitellius and Vespasian: so he who would give a correct view of Antiquity, while he does all honor to the beauty and power of its intellectual life, to its unequalled excellence in art, and to the freedom of its popular governments; must not forget to notice the visionary character of its philosophy, its utter contempt for the Useful and the Practical, and that outrageous tyranny which made the State a despot, and every citizen a slave. We may apply to Ancient civilization those beautiful lines in which the noblest of Roman poets has described the fabled Scylla:

"Prima hominis facies, et pulchro pectore virgo  
Pube tenens: postrema immani corpore pristis,  
Delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum."

And while the superficial observer and the enthusiastic Scholar perceive in it all the beauty and grace of the feminine form; he who

looks deeper than the surface of the Ideal, is startled by the yells of barking monsters, and beholds the most hideous and heterogeneous deformities, united to form a political society, perhaps as unnatural and monstrous as ever existed. We propose to consider one only of its more prominent characteristics, and to notice a few of those radical defects, which mar the beauty of this otherwise faultless work of art.

Ancient and Modern civilization differ as widely in their essential features, as Heathenism and Christianity—as the religious systems under which they sprang into being, which have regulated their growth, given tone to their character, and decided their destiny. That which was born under the influence of the wild and beautiful fictions of Ancient Mythology, moved in an ideal world, breathed an ideal life; while the very genius of Christian civilization is devotion to the *practical*, the *useful*, the *real*. The Ancient, groping amid the darkness of reason, peopled the gloom with shapes and shadows from an ideal world; and then vainly imagined himself to have escaped the restraints of his inferior nature,—to live and act in a higher state of being. The Modern, although, directed by the light of inspiration, he may catch some glimpses of a higher existence, seeks not to attain that nobler life, by forgetting the sphere of realities in which his Maker has placed him; but to create around him on earth the atmosphere of Heaven, and to *realize* Eternity in the foreshadowings of Time. The Christian has sought to elevate the real *into* the ideal; the Heathen to raise *himself* from the level of actual life into an ideal existence. The latter has sought to forget the world without, in that within him; the former to spiritualize the outer world, and to subject the external to the cravings of the inner life. The one has striven to idealize; the other to spiritualize material existences. The Christian is taught by inspiration to behold the operations of Deity in his most microscopic works, and in the minutest events of his providence: while many a Heathen philosopher, alas! has seen in God himself only the Soul of the universe, the animating principle of matter, and has degraded the glories of the Divine Being to the level of the laws of nature. In one word, the guiding star of Ancient civilization was the Imaginative faculty; of Modern civilization, the Reason and Intellect. The aim of the former has been Symmetry; of the latter, Truth. The former has pursued the Beautiful; the latter, the Useful.

This broad distinction runs through every department of their literature, and extends itself through every ramification of their social life. Whithersoever we turn, we meet it on every hand. View them in what light we will, the autographs of Ancient and Modern civilization can never be mistaken for each other. But nowhere is this diversity more clearly seen, than in the distinctive features of their philosophy. The Ancient philosopher, looking with contempt on experiment and observation, as suited only to the vulgar mind, sought to solve the problems presented to his notice by the material world, and to penetrate the arcana of nature—not by subjecting her elements to the torture of the crucible and the furnace, but by contemplating their *essences*, or *species*, as he termed them, within the depths of his own

soul ; and by striving, in the laboratory of his own mind, to deduce those elements from their compounds, which might bring order out of Chaos, and reduce all the multiiform operations of nature to definite laws. If we may so speak, he first bound himself hand and foot, and then proceeded to grapple with giant truths. He disdained to investigate the phenomena of the *sensible* world through the medium of the *senses* ; but vainly conceived that he had discovered a mode of communication with the material universe, less circuitous than that which his Creator had given him through the organs of perception ; and in the pride of human intellect, he presumed to solve the great problems, of the existence of matter,—the manner and form of its existence,—its First Cause,—its duration,—its elements,—its coexistence with, or creation by, the Deity,—by means of the abstract conceptions of reason ; by excluding all individuals or objects of sense, and in the language of the Schoolmen, “by rising in his contemplations from beings particular to beings universal, and which, from their own nature, were eternal and definite.” The philosophers of Antiquity, to use the words of Dugald Stewart, “conceived universals to be the real existences, or (as they expressed it) to be the essences of individuals ; and flattered themselves with the belief, that by directing the attention to these *essences* in the first instance, they might be enabled to penetrate the secrets of the universe without submitting to the study of nature in detail.” The scientific inquirer, having lost sight of the individual in the species and the genera, though he may range uncontrolled throughout the empire of hypothesis, can never arrive at a single important practical truth. Instead of conforming theory to acknowledged fact, he must distort fact to fit the Procrustean bed of theory. And though the fabric of his conceptions may possess all the Ionic grandeur and beauty of the temple of the Ephesian Diana, like that famous structure it will still have no better foundation than a morass\* or a quicksand. Having thrown away the key of experiment which was able to unlock all the secrets of nature, he gave himself up to metaphysical abstractions, having reference, not to the sensible properties, but to the nature and origin of matter. Perhaps, however, in these strictures upon the Ancient Philosophy, we should make an exception in favor of Aristotle ; although if we may receive as correct the opinions, as some think erroneous, of Reid and Stewart, even he has not altogether escaped the infection of that miasma, which so thoroughly pervaded the atmosphere of Ancient thought.

But it is not merely in the philosophical systems of the Greeks and Romans, that we may observe the visionary character which has been alluded to. The same disposition to theorize is glaringly apparent throughout the whole domain of their literature. It is peculiarly manifest, we think, in Plutarch, and a kindred class of historians, who have formed ideal characters, to exhibit ideal virtues in an ideal world. But it is not confined to them alone. The most superficial observer cannot fail to perceive its presence throughout the entire range of An-

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\* The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, is said to have been built upon a marsh.

cient history. The author evidently never forgets that he is composing a work of art, as well as a chronicle of events. He never loses the Ideal in the actual. He always writes to make an impression ; and seldom so far forgets himself as to sacrifice effect to truth. A striking example of this is presented in the first Book of Livy, who has evidently exhibited quite as much invention as historic accuracy. Nay, if it may not seem too paradoxical, the workings of the same spirit may be detected, as we think, in a province where we should least expect it,—we mean the writings of the Greek geometers. Euclid had never discovered the great law of gravitation ; nor had Newton equalled the matchless simplicity and beauty of the “Elements of Geometry.” Kepler had never discussed the properties of “the three Conic sections” in the style of Apollonius ; nor had the latter attained the proud title of “the Legislator of the skies.” In theory, the Ancients distanced competition ; in practice, the Moderns have greatly exceeded them.

Would that this spirit of Idealism, when it had thus subjected to its sway every province of the world of literature among the Ancients, and had made itself the sun and centre around which revolved all their intellectual life, had gone no farther. But, alas ! it essayed a mightier, a deadlier work. It laid its presumptuous hand upon the sublime mysteries of religion. It dared to climb unto the throne of the Eternal and Infinite One, and to supplant Him by the fables of a fanciful and often puerile Mythology. It made religion itself a work of art, and caused the fables of one generation to become the faith of the next. It seized the keys of Death and of Hell, and with more than “Giant” daring it scaled Heaven itself. It tore from the grasp of Deity the unrevealed invisible and eternal, and filled their unknown depths with beings of its own imagining, with sights and sounds and shapes, produced in the laboratory of its own impure Alchemy. It dared to tamper with the most momentous interests of man, and with the things pertaining to his endless life. It made the sublime truths of religion, and man’s immortality, a plaything for the sport of artists and poets ; until it may be said to have constituted them the arbiters of his destiny, and to have placed in their hands the keys of the invisible world. It proceeded in its fatal work, until it had buried the primitive idea and worship of “the one only and true God,” a hundred fathom deep under the accumulated accretions of ages ; until it had degraded religion from its high mission to bless and save, to win the heart to virtue, holiness, and Heaven ; and made it fit only to pander to the basest passions of our nature, and to afford amusement to the gaping crowd. Such was its fearful progress among the Greeks, that at last it prostituted the name of religion to give sanction to bacchanalian orgies, and made the very Gods of their mythology useful only for the *machinery* of the theatre, and the “*dramatis personæ*” of the tragedy. These superstitions at last became so absurd and monstrous, that men discarded all practical faith in them. The Greeks and Romans, of the age immediately preceding the coming of our Saviour, reposed in religion a belief, somewhat like that which children have in ghosts and

spirits, but which the man throws aside when he puts away childish things. The philosopher regarded the popular religion with ill-concealed contempt. The private citizen looked upon it but as the plaything of his summer hours.

It was this passion for the Ideal, so inordinately cultivated, which gave to the Ancients their unequalled excellence in art. And it is for this reason, we think, that Modern Europe has not as yet attained to that perfection in the fine arts, which has won for Grecian genius the admiration of the world. Not that the Modern European has less of imagination or less of true genius ; but that in the states of Greece the whole force of the national mind was turned to the Ideal. It was made, not the recreation, but the business of life—not its diversion, but its highest duty. The real and the practical were thought to soil the hands, and to make sordid the mind of the freeborn citizen ; and if attended to at all, were usually left to the eye service, and to the unwilling hands of slaves. The painting, the statue, and the temple met the Greek at every turn. He felt that he trod on Classic ground : he breathed the atmosphere of art. But in the present age, the case is reversed. The tendency of Christianity is to divert the minds of the great mass of men to the practical arts of life. The whole current of its teachings and its influence, sets strongly towards the more serious and momentous interests of this brief existence. Of course it must have, though innocently, an indirect influence to discourage those arts which have their foundation solely in the Ideal. The influence of the command, “to do with thy might what thy hands find to do,” is to absorb the merely beautiful in the truly useful, or to say no more, at least to reduce the Ideal to its proper dimensions, and its appropriate sphere. What Christian civilization has added to the comforts of the masses in eighteen centuries, it has subtracted from the pleasures of the imagination. The English operative cannot now look upon a great work of art, with the same enthusiasm with which the Athenian beheld the Parthenon, or the Elian gazed upon the noblest work of Phidias. It speaks not to his soul. He feels that it is not for him,—that it is intended for a higher class of minds, and he looks upon it with no more interest than upon his tools or his workbench. But the proud citizen of one of the Ancient republics had regarded it with far different feelings. Was he poor ? So had been many of the most illustrious of his country’s dead,—Aristides, Phocion, Epaminondas. He felt himself a man and a freeman. He was eligible to office, and could sit in judgment. The difficulty of multiplying copies of his works, compelled the author to publish them at the great festivals ; and thus the literary privileges of the poorest, were nearly on a footing with those of the richest citizen. He attended in the theatre, and saw acted the sublime tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles. He listened to the Rhapsodist, as he recited the verses of Homer, or to the lyrics of Pindar, as they were chanted by the sacred choir. He heard the historian pronounce his works at the Olympic games. He might daily walk in the groves of the Lyceum or the Academy, and listen to the cogent reasoning of Aristotle, or to the Divine eloquence of Plato. He lived surrounded by the noblest works of art,

and took a patriotic pride in the fruits of his country's genius. He felt that he possessed an equal share in them with his more aristocratic neighbor. They were *his country's*, they were therefore *his*. It was the *universality*, the *nationality*, of this enthusiasm, pervading, as it did, all ranks and conditions of men, all classes and ages, extending itself, like the circulation of the blood, through every vein and artery of the social system, thrilling through every nerve of the body politic, which constituted, as it seems to us, the great secret of the success of the Greeks. The artist felt that he spoke not to a favored few, but to his countrymen: he labored, not to adorn the rich man's studio, but his country's temples. Of the wonderful effect this enthusiasm would have in calling forth great artists from obscurity,—artists who, at the present day, might, and indeed do, remain unknown to fame,—we need not speak. The Ancient mind was like a dry autumnal forest, where every spark of genius fell among combustibles, and kindled at once into a flame. Suffice it to say, that while Modern civilization has multiplied a hundred fold the comforts, and indeed the useful knowledge and practical acquirements of the vulgar; it seems in our view to have somewhat diminished, at least comparatively, their literary privileges and their appreciation of the artist's works. Having directed the attention of the multitude to the more practical concerns of life, it has, perhaps, more from their own choice than from any necessity of the case, deprived them of a share in the Ideal. It has caused that taste for the fine arts, which was once universal and national, to be confined within the exclusive circles of the wealthy; and has deposited the noblest specimens of art, once public property, in the galleries of the noble. It has made the artist, we think, to labor less for immortality, and more for the emoluments of his profession. Within the province of the Ideal, at least, it may be said to have overthrown the doctrine of "*the equality of rights*," and has given to the rich alone to command by their wealth what was once the property of all. Modern Europe has made king's courts, and royal palaces the depositories of the artist's works, and has made the patronage of the great his poor equivalent for the enthusiastic admiration of his countrymen.

The influence of Christian civilization upon art, however, cannot remain long unfavorable. Christianity, indeed, is so far from being inimical to the fine arts, that we may regard it as a necessary auxiliary to their highest perfection. It differs from the ancient religions, in that it sternly insists upon the maintenance of that harmonious proportion between the reason and the imagination, the actual and the Ideal, which we can so clearly perceive the Creator to have indicated, in the adaptation of the external world around us to these two united natures, and in the perfection of His own works: while among the Ancients the Ideal was suffered to usurp complete supremacy, and to rule, as with a rod of iron, the whole of their intellectual and social life. The excellence of the Ancients, though confessedly unequaled, was certainly unnatural. It was gained at quite too vast an expense to be desirable. For its attainment, it was necessary to trample on all the realities of actual life, to make labor the degrading employment of the slave, to ren-

der the imagination the only source of enjoyment, and to deprive man of almost all else which might conduce to his earthly happiness ; it was required to make a holocaust of all that is involved in that good old English word, *Comfort*, and to sacrifice utility on the altar of Ideal beauty. But Christianity has pursued a different path. Her first mission to promote the temporal good of man, has been to supply his physical necessities, to multiply a thousand fold the comforts and conveniences of life, to diffuse these blessings, hitherto confined to the rich, among the down trodden poor, to give freedom to the slave, to emancipate the masses from the curse of ignorance, to carry to their highest perfection the practical arts of life, and to give to mankind a more healthy and harmonious civilization. In seeking the temporal interests of our race, "the greatest good of the greatest number," has ever been her aim ; and though perchance she may have given to the populace a less keen perception of the beauties of art, and a less cultivated imagination, than existed among the Ancients ; she has imparted what is to them a far more valuable boon. By the unparalleled improvements in the useful arts, the wonderful discoveries in science, which owe their origin to her quickening power, and by the commercial facilities which have opened to the mariner every clime and every sea, she has bestowed upon the inferior orders a larger share in the comforts and blessings of every-day life, than was once enjoyed in royal courts, and has given even to the operative classes, luxuries such as were once denied by a Roman Emperor to his imperial consort. And when she shall have completed this, which she still insists upon regarding as her primary task, and her first duty ; when the operative shall be enabled to obtain with less labor the supply of his physical wants, and shall have more leisure for the cultivation of his intellectual powers ; when she shall have given him an education worthy of the capabilities of his immortal nature ; when she has raised him to the level of his manhood, and poured upon his darkened spirit "the light that cometh down from Heaven :—" she will then address herself to this, her subsequent, but still appropriate work ; she will then restore to him that rich inheritance, which she hath taken away for a season, that she might fill his soul with a higher good ; she will then rekindle in his mind the perception of Ideal excellence ; she will then rouse his dormant imagination, to feel the full power of all that is beautiful, in the works of art and of Deity ; she will then awaken all the finer feelings of his nature to appreciate the artist's labors, and to render him his due meed of praise. Then will be indeed the Augustan age of art. Already may we see its dawn approaching. Christianity, having supplanted the impure Divinities of the Heathen mythology, as the objects of its conceptions, by the spiritual beauty of angelic beings, and having thrown a heavenly radiance around art itself, has imparted an angelic purity and beauty to the forms about which it is conversant, and has clothed it in that spiritual glory, which has found its highest expression in the face of the Madonna and in the form of the Saviour,—which shines forth in the sublime conceptions of Milton, and in the immortal works of the Italian artists. She has glorified art by the in-

fusion of something of her own spirit ; and in that day when she shall again bring it home to the *universal* heart of man, it will come with a majestic power, before which his whole soul shall bow, with a power which shall enkindle there a higher and holier enthusiasm than he ever felt before.

This passion for the Ideal, which we have seen thus strikingly displayed in their intellectual life, is no less conspicuous throughout the whole texture of the social system, and in the organization of the State itself, among the nations of Antiquity. It lies at the foundation of that peculiar feature of Ancient civilization, which has been so often remarked, but so seldom referred to its ultimate cause ; we mean that radical defect in their political fabrics, which degraded the individual into the slave of the State, and ground the citizen into the dust beneath the Juggernaut of his country's glory. With them, the State was not the mere aggregation of its individual subjects into one corporate body, but, like the Platonic "essences"\* of general terms, an independent, Ideal existence, capable of exercising all the functions of a sentient being, and radiant with immortality. This was the true Divinity of the Ancient, which he worshiped with a far more intense devotion than his fabled Gods. He made all he held most dear on earth, "to pass through the fire" unto this, the Moloch of his idolatry ; and, with the fortitude of a Regulus, freely sacrificed upon its altar, liberty, happiness, and life. This fundamental error which we have been considering, the annihilation of the *Individual* in the general *Idea* or *Essence*, seems to have diffused its baleful presence throughout the whole empire of Ancient thought, and is equally apparent in their philosophical and political systems. It glares upon us in all its hideousness from out their defective social organizations ; and for twenty centuries it checked the progress of scientific philosophy, until Bacon gave to man the clue to that "knowledge" which has indeed been "power." Perceiving the entire structure of the State, and the whole of the political relations of the citizen, to be based upon this fundamental idea, it was but natural that the philosopher should carry its influence with him into his scientific researches, and his inquiries into the nature and origin of matter ; and thus be led into that radical mistake, which paralyzed the noblest efforts of the noblest minds, and made inquiry to pursue the same perpetual circle, without any perceptible progress toward the truth it vainly sought. To the Ideal element in their character, therefore, we may no less distinctly trace the defects in the social fabrics of the Ancients, and their grosser errors in moral and political science, than the beauties of their literature, or their preëminence in art.

In this brief review of the civilization of Antiquity, it has been our endeavor to illustrate the presence and power of the Ideal element, in the formation of its intellectual character and its political institutions. And surely nothing can be better fitted than such a survey of the

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\* Cicero first introduced the word "Essence" as synonymous with the Platonic "Idea."



past, to call forth our deepest gratitude to Him who hath made us to live under a better dispensation, who hath given to us a better inheritance, a clearer light, and a more glorious hope, than was vouchsafed to the Roman and the Greek. Christianity has swept away that Polytheistic system which once gave a tutelar divinity to every city, and thus in effect restricted the moral accountability of man within the boundaries of his native State,—while it permitted him to commit the most enormous crimes beyond its limits, secure of the favor of his patron Deity. It has established the Unity of God, and made the obligations of the one law of Love, wide as the world. It has been the high mission of Christianity to reconcile civilization and religion, which Heathenism had constituted antagonistical and hostile principles. The civilization of the Ancients, while it was infected with all the impurities and corruptions of their religious belief, was itself the slow, but sure destroyer, of the system in which it had its origin. With its progressive improvement, from the rudeness of the Homeric, to the refinement of the Augustan age, those monstrous and impure fables which the spirit of Idealism had incorporated into the fabric of their faith, gradually lost their power over the minds of men, until at last scepticism became a virtue, and while the philosopher was compelled to find a refuge in the sublime truths of natural religion, the multitude sunk into a state little better than a stupid Atheism. But Christianity has reconciled these once discordant elements, and while it has secured the perpetuity of the "*law of progress*," has made its own presence an indispensable requisite to its healthy action. The Civilization of Antiquity was necessarily limited in its extent and duration. It was designed to be the forerunner of a better dispensation, and when its mission on earth was accomplished, it faded away before the light of a brighter day. It wanted the life-giving principle of a pure religion, which alone could give it permanency. This want Christianity has supplied. It constitutes the soul of the social system,—the animating principle, which preserves the inanimate body of civil society from decay and dissolution. Ancient Civilization we may compare to the present life and to man's sensual being, designed but to prepare him for a more exalted sphere, and then thrown aside as useless; Modern Civilization to his spiritual and immortal existence, containing within itself the elements of its own eternity, and destined to an indefinite progression, that shall extend its limits and its power, until it shall open into the full bloom of the Millennial glory—a progression whose advancement nought can stay, until the fiat of Jehovah proclaim that time shall be no longer.

## POLITICAL SLANDER.

BY STEPHEN WRIGHT KELLOGG, SHELBURNE, MASS.

WHEN a man once abandons the tranquil pursuits of private life, and launches on the boisterous and troubled sea of politics, he must expect a hard and a toilsome career. For without such an expectation he will surely be disheartened and driven back, by the buffetings of its winds and waves. He must also possess an unusual degree of firmness, a readiness to meet difficulties and tact to surmount them, in order to stem successfully the currents of popular passion, and weather the storms of party excitement. But one thing he must meet, which falls to the lot of the public man, in far greater measure than to any other citizen. Calumny and reproach he *must* endure. He must be content to witness his name coupled with every vile and opprobrious epithet in the language; to see his character traduced, and his motives imputed; to have his fair fame stained and sullied with charges and accusations of the deepest dye; and in short, he must be willing to stand as a public mark, for a thousand rancorous opponents to hurl each his shaft of malice, tipped with the poison of detraction and falsehood. Such a position, however much it may be sought, is surely an unenviable one; and it is calculated to prevent many from engaging in public life, who might otherwise render distinguished service to their country. It is a position, too, as unjust as it is unenviable, to the upright and patriotic statesman; and we refer chiefly to such, in speaking against his practice of reviling public men. The dishonest politician, the man of knavish cunning and reckless character—who is ever ready to sacrifice the public weal to personal ambition—who “lives and moves and has his being” in an atmosphere of political juggling and chicanery—is seldom visited with more of public censure than he deserves. Indeed, we think such a man is often more honored and applauded, than the honest, candid, and deserving statesman. It is the great evil of political excitements, under such a system of government as ours, that the artful and unprincipled, by dint of loud and ostentatious professions of devotion to their country, are often able to win the honors, which belong to sterling worth and sincere patriotism. *Good men* are often loaded with unmerited abuse, while *bad men* enjoy public favor and rewards equally unmerited.

It is a favorite saying among us, that a constant and watchful jealousy towards public men and public measures, is essential to the preservation of a republican government. Nothing can be more true than this principle, when carried to a certain extent. Should we once cease to exercise a proper scrutiny over those to whom we have entrusted the care of our dearest institutions, and fall into a careless confidence in our rulers, we should soon have cause to repent bitterly our indifference. For such a state of things would present to men in power, a temptation too strong to be resisted. Private interest and

self-exaltation would be left without any check; and to give free license to principles, so strong and universal, would be fraught with imminent danger. No man is entirely free from their influence; and small would be the number, who could preserve a strict integrity in such circumstances. While public men are subjected to the closest observation of the whole people; while every eye is fixed upon them, and every voice ready to be raised at their slightest deviation from duty, at their smallest assumption of power, they are much less apt to take such a step. By doing thus, they would be sure to defeat their own purposes, and destroy all their political expectations.

But in this country we have little reason to apprehend a lack of public watchfulness. No man can be brought before the people as a candidate for any office, without undergoing the most searching scrutiny, both in regard to his public and his private character. No man can hold any office of trust, without having every action bruited about the country, and held up in every light in which political friendship on the one hand, and political enmity on the other, is able to place it. The public, with its hundred eyes all turned upon him, will observe every transaction; and no political Hermes can hope, with any charm, to lull its sleepless vigilance. The press, with its hundred tongues, will trumpet every deed through the whole land. Where a people is divided into parties, and arrayed under different political banners, there is not the slightest cause to fear a want of adequate caution and jealousy. The party which holds the supremacy will never be able to make any encroachment, or aggrandize itself in the least, through insufficient watchfulness and suspicion in the party which it has defeated. That party will hold it as its bounden duty to look with constant distrust on the movements of its more fortunate rival; and if the least violence should be offered to any of our political rights; if the least attempt be made to grasp any power; ay, if only a suspicion of such a thing be once raised; the alarm would be sounded, and echoed by one after another, till it had reached the farthest corner of the nation. We say, then, there will always be sufficient watchfulness. There is no danger of our falling into a stupid indifference. Rather have we cause to fear we shall be rent by the undue violence of party jealousy. Our whole existence as a nation shows this. A proper caution, a moderate distrust, a fearless censure when deserved, is necessary under such a government. For thus only can we preserve the body politic in a healthy state. But the violence of party, which shows itself in unmerited and indiscriminate censure and reproach; which assails the noblest character with its harpy talons, and befouls and lacerates all it touches; which breathes the breath of calumny on the purest motives, and sullies the brightest patriotism; which, not content with blackening the public character of a man, enters within the sacred precincts of private life, and pretends to discover vices and failings, which exist only in the dark imagination of some hireling pander to party passion—this state of things, we say, is of all the least desirable. Better, ay, thrice better suffer a little for too much confidence in men, than let our baser passions run riot in such a manner! They will surely gain a fearful

ascendency over all our generous and nobler principles, if left thus unrestrained.

A wide distinction is made by most persons, between slandering public and private men. It seems to be considered a matter of course, that a public man must be vilified and calumniated, whether he deserves it or not ; and such a state of feeling lessens the crime in the eyes of the community. Nay, we think it is hardly ever considered a crime to cast censure and reproach on the character of a public man. It is always expected from his political antagonists. Hundreds of sheets, daily and weekly issued, are teeming with their falsehood and scurrility. The press is very cautious, as a general thing, in regard to originating calumnies against a private citizen. It is quite careful, too, not to repeat charges and accusations when made by others, unless it has ample proof that they are true. The terrors of the law are sufficient to check any propensity to do this. Private slander walks in secret, and does its dark work with hints and whispers ; public slander stalks forth under the broad eye of day, and proclaims its falsehoods with the voice of a trumpet. This state of things is sanctioned by that maxim, too often made a rule of action, "All is fair in politics." The political press seems generally to have adopted it. Every organ of a party, and every petty journal, is ready to propagate anything to throw discredit on its rival. The grossest falsehoods and the foulest charges are freely used, and met on the other hand by equal abuse and recrimination. Let a man possess motives as pure as the sunlight ; let him be as upright and stanch a patriot as ever breathed the air of heaven ; and if he receives the nomination of one party for an exalted office, he is immediately assailed by every fuming speech-maker, and every venal scribbler, in the ranks of the other. Were one to judge of any man who has been supported by either party in several of our presidential elections, without any other means of information than the columns of opposing journals, he might well think him one, who would leave

" A villain's name to other times,  
Linked with no virtue, but a thousand crimes."

Nor is the press alone at fault in this matter. It is unjust to blame it, for all this virulence and abuse. The *people* are more willing to believe charges against a public man, than against any other individual. Every imputation on his character is "proof conclusive" of his guilt, with those of a different political creed. They turn a deaf ear to every thing which may be urged in his extenuation. They behold all his actions through a distorting medium. Political prejudices are stronger than any other. The passions are more easily roused, and when roused, are more ungovernable. Men who can preserve their coolness and candor on any other subject, are often hasty and blinded by prejudice in their politics.

It is one of the worst evils of this state of things, that *political service is brought into disrepute among upright and honorable men.* To be a politician in the eyes of many, is to be a demagogue—a crafty

and unprincipled aspirant to office and distinction. There are so many of the latter character, who are ever clamorous for some reward for merits which few but themselves can discern, that the reproach which deservedly falls on them, is extended to the whole class. If one enters the political arena—if he mingles in the strife with those of a base and despicable character—he is soon confused with the rest; and amidst the cloud of dust which the violence of the contest has raised, they all appear alike to the multitude. Again, so many dishonest and intriguing men are chosen to office, in the heat and frenzy of popular excitement, that there is too much reason for the odium which attaches to political life. But this very thing is, in great measure, the result of the licentious and unsparing calumny bestowed on public men. Those of a reckless and profligate nature, care little for what is said of them, provided they accomplish their purposes. They are destitute of all virtuous sensibility; and it is vain to think of making any impression on them, with the ordinary weapons of abuse. They are willing to abide the pelting of the pitiless storm; for it hurts not *their* feelings, it does *them* no injury. They are steeled to all the influences which affect the ingenuous and sensitive man. The latter will shrink from a life, which exposes him to such opprobrium. He will choose some more quiet calling. He will renounce political life, and devote himself to some one of the professions, or seek the still more calm and pleasing walks of science and literature. Hence, we often hear it said, that comparatively few of the best men are now elevated to the high places of our government. The profession of law is considered a stepping-stone to political honor and preferment. But so far as we are acquainted, the most honest and upright men in that profession are the least engaged in political life. In the great body of politicians, there are some noble and high-minded men, who scorn personal considerations, in comparison with the duty they owe their country; but the number is too small even to operate as the “little leaven,” which “leaveneth the whole lump.” We think that more than one body of the same number as our Congress, might be selected from those in professional life, and those engaged in literary and scientific pursuits, who would combine more honesty and patriotism, as well as talent, than half-a-dozen such Congresses as we often have. Such a state of things in public life is verily an unhappy one. Our institutions were founded, and our constitution framed, by the best men of the age. Would we preserve our government in its original purity; would we maintain our constitution unshaken and our rights unimpaired, we should give to our best men the direction of public affairs. Any state of things which deters the best men from undertaking such duties, is much to be deprecated.

Political life has little of the sincerity and friendship, which cheers and gratifies the private citizen. All the kindly feeling, all the unfeigned sympathy, all the generous esteem, and all the sincere charity, which was cherished and exercised towards the statesman in his private life, is banished from the walks he has now entered. The political friends of a distinguished statesman are generally but cringing flatterers, who surround him and fill his ear with their empty adula-

tions, in the hope of gaining some portion of the emolument and distinction, which he is able to bestow—

“Who crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,  
Where thrift may follow fawning.”

While he is borne on the calm waters of popular favor, while the breeze is prosperous and fortune sits smiling at the helm, they throng into his wake, and the constant cry of each is,

“Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,  
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?”

But when adversity comes, and he has ceased to be the favored one, they abandon him at once. It is a heartless and a hollow thing—this friendship in politics. Political enmity, on the other hand, is the most bitter and unrelenting. Whatever severity has been indulged in by an opponent, in a war of words, is not easily forgiven. Nowhere is sarcasm more powerful, and more injurious in its effects. It is seldom combined with that pleasantry and good nature, which makes it heal while it wounds. It continues to rankle and exasperate. Its essence is bitterness and malignity. We believe that more duels and affrays which have occurred in our land, have sprung from political differences, than from any other cause: ay, we might rather say, than from all other causes together.

Is it said that a truly great man ought to be above the reach of such an influence, and pay no regard to the low and paltry accusations of the party press? It is much easier to say this, than to endure the trial. Greatness of intellect does not divest a man of the ordinary feelings of his race. He is “of like passions” with the rest of his kind. Nay, he has often much more regard for his reputation, than those of a less noble stamp. His most valued jewel is his own good name. Whatever injures that, wounds him the most deeply. Fine feelings and a keen sensibility are often united with greatness of mind. An individual of this character could undergo no worse ordeal, than to be supported for office, through a single political canvass. By the aspersions of a party press, he is at once changed from the respected citizen and the genuine patriot, into the veriest villain and demagogue in the land. The transformation has been as sudden, as if he had been touched by the magic wand of Comus. Though he may be able to bear up under all this load of abuse; though he may despise the base and skulking wretches who pen the slanders, who are protected from notice by their own insignificance, or by withholding their real names, it is still a hard, a vexatious, a disagreeable situation. Though he may not be overpowered by their united attacks; though he may not suffer a political death from all their “paper bullets of the brain:” it is still enough to keep him in constant disquiet and irritation. Like the traveler of Swift, when attacked by the pigmy inhabitants of the island on which he had been cast, he is vexed and annoyed by the cloud of little Lilliputian arrows, which a host of puny scribblers are

showering upon him. We sometimes see a great and noble statesman, who is wholly regardless of all such attacks upon his character ; and though we can but think he has grown callous by long abuse, or is naturally destitute of that delicate sensibility, which shrinks from public censure, we honor and admire such a man. We admire him, who in the colossal dignity of his character, stands calm and unmoved amidst all the rage and violence of party struggles ; who quails not before the fiercest storms of popular abuse ; who is lifted above the petty contentions that embroil the mass of men ; who, strong in the rectitude of his own intentions, and firm in his own integrity, maintains his post and flings all slanderous charges to the winds.

" As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

There can be no greater injustice, than to vilify the character of an honest public man. He has broken away from the attachments of long acquaintance, the strong bonds of friendship, the still closer and more tender ties of kindred and family, and all the affections and delights, which cluster round the spot where one has spent his early years. He has relinquished the quiet and social enjoyments of the citizen, and given himself to the cares and toils of his country's service. Shall he then receive unmerited abuse as his "exceeding great reward?" Shall he suffer all the annoyances of a pitiless malevolence, in addition to the burdensome and harassing duties of his station? Shall he experience all the bitterness of ingratitude, where he should rather enjoy the pleasing and satisfactory approbation of a grateful people? There is something radically wrong in public opinion, when it tolerates such an evil. A nation ought to be as jealous of the good name of its public men, as of its own reputation. Whatever is calculated to tarnish their good name, should meet with a prompt and unqualified rebuke. It is often said, that the character of public men is public property ; and it is acting the part of a madman, for a people to tear in pieces and destroy its own possessions. A nation should cherish her public men, as her most precious treasures. She should hold them up before the world, and point to them with exultation, while with the Roman matron, she should say, "These are my jewels." It is a poor reward for all the abuse men receive when living, that when dead the voice of calumny will be silenced, and their name mentioned with unmingled honor and respect. It doubtless often affords them consolation ; but how much better would it be, to sweeten their toils and smooth the rough pathway of public life, with the honest and heartfelt expressions of gratitude and esteem! The last days of Washington were embittered by the slanderous attacks upon his character ; and though none now speak of him, save with reverence and admiration, it is enough to call forth tears to think the declining life of so good a man, should have been rendered unhappy by the malice and

ingratitude of many of his countrymen. If our nation has ever beheld a humiliating spectacle, it was that of him, whose strength had been wasted and whose brow had been furrowed in the most generous and devoted service to his country, retiring from office amidst the gross and shameless calumnies of a portion of the press, and sinking into his grave, when the storm of abuse had scarcely subsided!

By what means, then, can this evil be remedied, which exists so universally among us? Surely, *not by abridging the freedom of the press*. For the very instant you do this, you declare that this government, which has been so often called an experiment, is a failure. You pronounce it dangerous to grant men the free and full expression of their opinions; you cut off the last hope of the friends of freedom. A free press is a vital principle of a free government. We wish for no safeguards of public character, which can only be obtained by encroaching on the rights of our citizens. We wish for no law of political libels, to protect our public men. But one law of this nature has been made, since the formation of our government. We have had but one sedition law; and after the expiration of three years, for which time it was enacted, it sunk into the neglect and forgetfulness which it merited. It was passed at a time when men were alarmed by the terrible drama of the French revolution, which was attributed in great measure to the licentiousness of the press in that country, which had for several years been most virulent in its attacks upon the government. Probably no check on the freedom of the press would have averted that catastrophe, though it was then believed by many; but the voice of this nation has emphatically declared, that no restraint shall here be tolerated. It is not against the freedom of the press, but the *abuse* of that freedom, that we have been speaking. We wish for a press, independent and untrammelled. It would be vain to fetter it with legal restraints; for like the strong man of old, when bound with withs and cords, it would break them as a hempen thread touched by the fire. Our only hope is that PUBLIC OPINION itself will at length correct the evil. The press may first become more scandalous and malignant than it now is; it may go on in its course of slander and falsehood, till the foul sin, gathering head,

“Shall break into corruption;”

but let it a little longer increase in abuse and shamelessness, and the time *will* come, when the disgust and reprehension of an insulted public, will force it to change its character. Low and scurrilous prints must be less patronized. Men of more candor must be encouraged, to take the management of the political press. When public character shall be respected, and its traducers meet with deserved rebuke; when the patriot shall be honored, and the demagogue despised by all; when virtue and integrity shall be rewarded, and dishonesty and intrigue gain nothing but degradation and scorn; when the noble, generous, and high-minded statesmen shall cease to be calumniated, and a grateful people shall guard his name from the



aspersions of malice *at home*, as well as abroad; then, and not till then, may we expect the bright and glorious dawn of a political Millennium.

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### THINKING.

BY JOHN BUTLER TALCOTT, WEST HARTFORD, CONN.

THE ocean of truth is boundless. Even Newton, after all his discoveries, confessed that he resembled a mere child that had gathered a few only of the smoother pebbles on its shore. He longed to penetrate still farther into its recesses, and to bring to light more of its hidden treasures. But Newton was not indebted to the benign influences of his age, or to the favors of fortune, for his splendid discoveries. He was a man of thought, of deep and careful reflection. In his mind intellect predominated, and whenever he applied it to any subject, he became absorbed in contemplation, and seemed lost to all around him. He was not the first to observe the fall of an apple, and to inquire the cause, but he was the first to carry his thoughts forward, until he found that the same law which governed the apple extended to the whole universe. While ordinary men looked with mere admiration on the ever-changing hues of the soap-bubble, reflection showed him that here was a key to the origin of all colors. If then such have been the results of thinking, it is certainly a habit of no ordinary importance, and we propose to consider a few of its many advantages.

The advantages of cultivating habits of thinking, may be considered as two-fold. First, they strengthen and invigorate both the intellect and the judgment; and, secondly, they enable one to derive greater benefit and enjoyment from every subject which he contemplates.

Who has not observed a striking difference between the man of diligent thought, and one who neglected this habit? The mind of the latter is comparatively weak and puerile. It has none of that activity and energy, none of that keen perception and nice discrimination, and none of that depth and power which we see and admire in the other. However richly such an one may have stored his mind with principles and facts; however lively may be his imagination, and easy his conversation, a brief acquaintance is sufficient to show that he is superficial, and has not carefully and diligently investigated his subjects. Though his opinions may be expressed with readiness, and, owing to the natural strength of his abilities, be just, yet how entirely at a loss is he, when called upon for his reasons! He has no richness of expression, and no originality; but his ideas for the most part are commonplace and unimportant. He is not to himself a continual fountain of truth and knowledge. Memory is his dependence, and when that fails he has no other resource. His very knowledge, not being familiarized by reflection, is partially involved in mist and obscurity. In

short, vagueness, uncertainty, and feebleness, characterize all his ideas and expressions.

But it is in his judgment that we see the greatest weakness. What intelligent man thinks of placing implicit confidence in it? We cannot avoid the consciousness, that the sentiments which he advances have not been carefully pondered, but are either the mere momentary suggestions of his understanding, or a bare repetition of those expressed by others. Such men for the most part strictly have no opinions, but, relying on those of others, are unstable and liable to change sides on almost any question.

Strange as it may appear, the majority of men belong to this unthinking class. They go not to the pure fountains of thought, nor feast themselves on the creations of their own intellects. To them the spirit-world is locked, and to all its revelations both mind and heart are dead. What wonder then that mankind are so fickle in their opinions? Why should we look with surprise upon the slow progress of knowledge? Why be astonished at the long reign of error and superstition, and at the tardiness with which truth has been embraced, when presented? Why, we say, wonder at all this, when we know that the majority of mankind live without thought and reflection? Rather should we wonder, that among those who depend so much for their opinions on each other and the past, knowledge has reached its present state of advancement. The minds of this class of men may be compared to a sieve, which, while it retains the coarser and comparatively worthless parts, allows the finer and more spiritual to pass through and be lost. They are enriched with facts, but the conclusions to be deduced therefrom, and which constitute their essence, are unthought of forever.

With such an one let us now compare the man of close and diligent thought. His mind resembles a vast laboratory, in which every thing is resolved into its simplest element, and again employed in the production of new and more useful compounds. It is the very opposite of the other. Every faculty is kept in active, vigorous exercise, and every subject is analyzed and made familiar. The merits of each question are carefully examined, and every argument either for or against it, is discussed. The knowledge of such a man is accurate and certain. Ideas do float through his mind, like dim, undefined shadows, having no tangible form or appearance, but each is distinctly and fully developed. Nice discrimination and pure logic characterize all his reasonings. His mind is not burdened with a mass of mere isolated facts, but from these are deduced principles, which serve as foundations for all his opinions.

It is in the philosopher that we see the best example of the thinking man, and the most striking exhibition of the advantages of this habit. What ordinary men pass by as idle and insignificant, often gives rise in his mind to a multitude of inquiries, and leads the way to some important discovery. To him the world is a perennial fountain of thought and knowledge.

Such then are a few of the characteristic differences between the

thinking and unthinking man, and from these we are able to judge of the influence of this habit on the mind. Thinking is to the mind, what exercise is to the body, bringing all its faculties into vigorous operation, and giving to each its full development and proportion. The intellect becomes stronger and stronger, and capable of grappling with, and mastering the most intricate subjects, while the mind of him who neglects this habit, loses its tension and becomes only more weak and inefficient.

It rarely happens, that men of the greatest depth of thought are the most ready and interesting speakers. While others, of whose intellectual powers and habits of reflection we have no very exalted idea, pour forth their words with fluency, they, on the contrary, are often seen to labor and hesitate, and to excite little interest or favor. Nor is this to be ascribed wholly to education. The very habit of thinking naturally renders them slow and cautious; unwilling to utter at random whatever presents itself to their minds, they feel constrained as they go along to examine the truth or falsity of their ideas, and their appropriateness to the subject before them, and though these processes succeed each other with almost inconceivable rapidity, time enough is consumed to give them a dull and uninteresting appearance. But were we to examine their respective speeches, how striking would be the difference! The argument of the one is clear and conclusive, and his words fall like the slow, but irresistible blows of the battle-axe, while the language of the other, though abounding perhaps in beautiful figures, like the light archery of the savage, is comparatively powerless. What we have said applies of course only to extemporaneous speaking. The writings of the one would be as much distinguished for clearness of thought, strength, and penetration, as those of the other for want of power and shallowness.

A word too might be said of the influence of thinking on the imagination. A reflecting disposition, or a habit of closely confining the mind to particular subjects, might at the first thought seem directly opposed to a rich and glowing imagination. But a little consideration will show, that the two mental habits are not necessarily at variance, but that in the same individual both may exist in the highest perfection. Of the truth of this position, Bacon was a remarkable example. With strong intellectual and meditative powers, he possessed a bold and fertile imagination; and his writings, even on the most abstruse subjects, abound with the beautiful images and apt comparisons, which seemed to be always floating before him. The imagination of such a man never becomes wild and extravagant, carrying its possessor beyond the limits of common sense and reason, but being under strict control, and guided by a correct judgment, serves to enrich and adorn every object of contemplation. The highest flights of the imagination are not when the mind is abandoned to itself, but when its whole energies are brought to bear in deep and fervent thought upon some interesting subject. It is from a want of reflection, that some poets become so visionary. They depend on the imagination to create, rather than to illustrate and beautify their ideas. In Milton we behold reflection and imagination united in perfect harmony and proportion. The

one presented him with materials upon which to build his poem, while the other gave it a beauty and grandeur, unrivaled in any other human production. The habit of thinking, therefore, instead of cramping the imagination, and thereby rendering men dull and prosy, serves but to augment its power, and to confine it within the limits of sober reason.

We might speak of the increased dignity, which habits of independent thinking give to an individual, but we hasten to the second part of our subject, namely, the greater benefit and enjoyment which they enable one to derive from every subject of contemplation, and we propose to illustrate this by reference to the student, the reader, and the observer of Nature.

But first, we wish to examine briefly a maxim of the ancient sceptics, "that to doubt is the beginning of wisdom." By so doing, we shall be better able to judge how far the habit of thinking for oneself should be carried. The apparent absurdity of this maxim disappears, in a great degree, as we contemplate it. The thinking man will receive every thing with a degree of distrust, nor will his mind be satisfied with any thing that falls far short of direct evidence. The authority of great names will be insufficient to secure his belief, in matters at variance with the dictates of his reason. The opinions of others will not be taken upon trust, through fear of rejecting truth or embracing error. But when proper evidence has been presented, and the truth becomes apparent to his mind, he will no longer withhold his assent, but freely and fully embrace it. Nor in order that he may obtain this evidence, is it necessary to go through with all those processes of analysis and reasoning, by which the truth was originally discovered. A few facts clearly presented will completely satisfy the unprejudiced inquirer; and thus, truths, which it required years of reflection and labor to develop, may be grasped in a moment. But in the sense in which the authors of the maxim appear to have understood it, nothing could be more foolish. To believe nothing which does not admit of entire demonstration, would require the rejection of many a most momentous doctrine, and he, who on all subjects demands such a degree of evidence to convince his understanding, errs equally with him who believes on trust, regardless of all reason. Here, as in all other things, there is a golden mean, and he who disregards it, must be deemed either a thoughtless, unreflecting man, or a sceptic. But men of this latter class are extremely rare. The great body of mankind are too much absorbed in business, or too indolent and careless, to think for themselves, and are consequently dependent on others for the greater part of their ideas. But give us thinking, reflecting men, and for one who would disbelieve truth, a thousand would embrace it, and search out arguments to support it.

Of all men the student preëminently ought to cultivate habits of close and diligent thinking. The object of study is two-fold; to discipline the mind, and to store it with useful information. But he who neglects to think and reflect, fails in a great measure of the former of these objects. The mere act of committing things to memory, and of crowding the mind with facts, has little tendency to expand and invig-

orate it.' The mind may be in a great degree passive, and not in that active, lively state, which is essential to the enlargement of its capacities. Every subject to be studied should be viewed in all its different relations and bearings, and not passed by until it is completely mastered. The mind should not be satisfied with merely acquiring facts, but should search diligently for their reasons, and not rest till every obscurity is removed, and every intricate and doubtful point, within the reach of investigation, is settled. The process of acquiring knowledge in this way would indeed be slow, but the mind being kept in constant activity, and being as it were engaged in continual reasoning, would have its capacities daily increased, and be constantly attaining to a higher and higher state of discipline and culture. But not only would the mental faculties be more fully developed, but facts themselves would be more indelibly imprinted on the mind, and thus the remaining object of study indirectly would be accomplished. Moreover, habits of thinking will make study itself more pleasant. They will invest subjects with new interest, and render attractive what before seemed dry and unimportant. The difficulty of the pursuit will cease to be regarded, and the mind, delighting in the acquisition of knowledge, will experience a high degree of satisfaction, in beholding the continual development of its powers, and the multitude of its own creations.

But especially must those who would add something to the sum of knowledge, cultivate habits of diligent thinking. Many of the greatest achievements in science have been the results of mere reflection. For ages had astronomers observed and admired the heavenly bodies; but Copernicus was the first, with no advantages over many of his predecessors, by thinking merely, to divine the true system of the universe, and to lay the imperishable foundations of modern astronomy. Reflection, too, aided Luther in the discovery of that truth, infinitely important to a deluded, perishing race, justification by faith alone. Such triumphs of thought are indeed rare, and shine like stars in the world's dark firmament. But though all may not hope to make such brilliant discoveries, yet there is scarcely a subject, upon which reflection will not pour new light, and reveal some hitherto unknown truth.

Many are the panegyrics which we are accustomed to hear upon the Baconian system of philosophizing, while the ancient method, which in no small degree consisted in reflection, is regarded as nearly destitute of merit. But Bacon's system derives none of its superiority from its superseding thought, but from its giving to thought a proper end and direction. It would be of little worth, did it not require that facts should not only be collected, but subjected to deep and continued reflection. The mere comparison of isolated truths, however numerous, often goes far less towards establishing general principles, than thought diligently bestowed upon a single one. The man, therefore, who merely collects facts, deserves not to be called a philosopher. He should go a step further, and show that they contain truths which have hitherto remained undeveloped.

Much that we have said of the importance of thinking to study, is

equally applicable to reading. To catch the full meaning and spirit of the author, to judge of his merits, to weigh his sentiments, and to impress upon the memory the truths which he utters, requires that the mind be awake and active. The most valuable truths, the most exquisite beauties, are not always the most apparent. The gold is not often scattered in masses, but to be found requires patient labor and search. Reading without thought is like traveling with one's eyes shut, through a new and interesting country. The most beautiful and picturesque scenery, and the sublimest objects, are passed by unnoticed. Unless the thoughts are continually employed, the mind gradually acquires sluggish and inattentive habits, and a distaste for all abstruse and profound subjects.

Nothing probably has a stronger tendency to encourage habits of negligent thinking, than the multitude of light and fictitious works which are found in almost every community. The reader, feeling them to be of too little importance to merit careful attention, instead of dwelling on the beauties of the style, the skillful management of the plots, or the truth-like character of the incidents, either abandons his mind to repose, or suffers it to be borne quietly along, as down some gently gliding current. In this way, it soon becomes averse to all vigorous effort, and acquires a dislike for whatever is substantial and improving. More thinking and less reading would, we believe, make wiser and better men.

The imperfect views which most men have of history, can for the most part be traced to the neglect of this same habit. No kind of reading is more important, and yet from it the majority of readers derive but little permanent advantage. It matters little to know, that once powerful nations and states existed, or that literature, science, and the arts, reached a high state of perfection. The great object of history is to teach men by examples, and to enable them, from the lessons of the past, to derive instruction for the future. But while the facts of history are made familiar, its spirit is neglected; and the majority of readers not only make no attempt to draw their own conclusions, but scarcely bestow a thought on the justness of those of their author. History, to be useful, must not be merely read, but studied. Its truths must be dwelt upon, and made the subjects of long-continued reflection; and then it will be found to contain a soul, which, when transfused into the reader, by its instructions and warnings, will enable him to pass more securely and prosperously through this changing and uncertain world.

We might speak of the prejudice which sometimes exists in the church against independent thinking, and the severe reproofs and reproaches with which those are not unfrequently assailed, who dare to call in question certain of its ceremonies. Whether or not such a course is most likely to elicit truth, we leave others to judge. A word, also, might be said of the importance, in a government like ours, of every man's forming for himself some opinions in politics, and not suffering himself to be blown about by every wind of party. But passing by these matters, we come to a more interesting subject—the importance

of cultivating reflecting habits, in order to a full appreciation of the wonders and beauties of Nature.

Nature, indeed, presents many objects of interest and admiration to the thinking man., From the minutest insect that floats in the sun-beam, to the shining spheres that adorn the firmament—every thing fills his mind with sweet and holy emotion. The unthinking man, in his hurried passage through the world, feels little of that inspiration, which the contemplation of Nature's works cannot fail to awaken. Creation to him is interesting only as it presents a field for the acquisition of wealth, honor, or pleasure. His ideas never rise from the dull round of earthly cares, to those sublime and beautiful objects, which on all sides surround him. But the thinking man beholds in every thing sources of improvement or pleasure. "To him," in the words of another, "the world becomes a temple, and life one continued act of adoration." As he beholds the flowers arrayed in a thousand beautiful colors, and the evening sky tinged with brilliant and ever-changing hues; as he sees the silvery moon shining upon the world, and the Aurora illuminating the desolate regions of the north with its tinted light; in a word, as he looks abroad upon Nature, and contemplates her innumerable works, he is filled with admiration and reverence, and is taught to look from "Nature up to Nature's God," and to behold in Him a being of perfect wisdom and benevolence.

We have thus briefly set forth some of the advantages of thinking, and have endeavored to show, that mankind would be benefited by cultivating it. Their minds would be invigorated, literature, science, and the arts, would assume a new and more interesting aspect, and the world, instead of being a mere theatre on which to obtain wealth, honor, or pleasure, would teem with sources of pure and exalted enjoyment, and awaken in the heart sentiments of love and admiration for the Deity.

## THE LOST PLEIAD.

BENEATH the star-sprent dome of heaven,  
A splendid palace hung:  
The mansion of the beauteous seven,  
The Pleiad sisters, young.

Its lofty doors were open thrown,  
And bright lights shone within,  
And tiny feet were tripping fast  
Around the circling ring.

Within an open court near by,  
Where cooling fountains played,  
Were golden bowls of nectar placed,  
By blooming Hebe made.

Here on luxurious couches  
The noble guests reclined,  
And listened to the sweet-toned harps,  
Played by the mourning wind.

But soon, a swell of music sweet  
Came rolling through the air,  
And quick, from every troubled heart,  
It banished ev'ry care.

Then louder strains of melody  
Swept echoing through the halls,  
Pealed from the vaulted roof of gold,  
And shook the frescoed walls.

The dancers ceased their mazy course,  
The wondering guests up-sprung,  
And through the long-drawn archway  
Their rapid footsteps rung.

The throng had reached the central dome,  
And filled its vast extent;  
And to the young and beauteous queen  
In lowly homage bent.

Against the richly paneled wall,  
Seven glittering thrones were placed,  
And these, in gorgeous vestments rare,  
The peerless sisters graced.

Anon a silver voice is heard  
In accents low and sweet:  
"We queen of this the azure world,  
Our loyal subjects greet.



"For many years, o'er your kind hearts,  
We've held a peaceful sway,  
And warmer yet our love has grown  
With each succeeding day.

"But soon I leave these festive halls,  
By many a scene endeared ;  
And now has come the parting hour,  
The hour I long have feared.

"Ye start and with half opened lips,  
Seem asking me to tell  
Why I should leave this pleasant home,  
The home I've loved so well.

"Then audience lend, and while I speak  
Each heart, let pity melt,  
Think of your own elysian state ;  
Of pains by mortals felt.

"Last morn, as from a throne of clouds  
I viewed the brightning earth,  
Up from a thousand mansions rose  
The gladsome sounds of mirth.

"But other tones than those of joy,  
Were wafted to my ear ;  
They filled my very soul with dread  
So mournful and so drear.

"Then peering through a rifted cloud,  
Fringed with an edge of blue,  
A scene appeared, so fraught with woe,  
I shuddered at the view.

"I gazed till horror chilled my heart,  
And tear drops dimmed mine eye,  
And thought, of stone must be the heart,  
Could aid to such deny.

"Then from my inmost soul I wished  
These mis'ries to allay,  
And though my heart with anguish burst,  
I must not stay away.

"And now before yon dim lit orb  
Has tracked its circle's round,  
Far from my much-loved heavenly home,  
I tread its mournful ground."

She ceased, and smiling tearfully,  
Bade each a kind adieu,  
Then ere the trance of grief was o'er,  
Had vanished from their view.

That night within the palace halls  
Bright glancing lights were seen,  
And flitting figures, jewel-crowned  
In robes of golden sheen.

While slow upon the midnight air  
Arose the solemn chime  
Of the deep-toned, awful heaven-bell  
Tolling the march of time.

Once only in a thousand years  
Is heard its startling boom,  
As trains of dying ages hoar,  
Sweep past it to their tomb.

Wide open then the portals broad,  
A mighty warder flung,  
And through the gateway echoing loud,  
The fiery coursers sprung.

Behind they drew a heaven-wrought car,  
Inlaid with sculptured gold,  
And down the Alabaster road,  
The sounding chariot rolled.

The heavenly vault high arching,  
Resplendent shone with light;  
And Saturn's sun-illumin'd orbs,  
Revolved in circles bright.

Down to the foam-encrusted sea,  
Those matchless coursers flew,  
Nor paused or stayed a moment's space,  
Till passed its verge of blue.

Light bounding on the shell-paved strand,  
Their beauteous queen they left,  
Then wheeling with high lifted hoof,  
The viewless air up-cleft.

But ere the bended sky was gained,  
Forth from its depths of blue  
A thousand harps melodious,  
Rung forth a last adieu.

## LITERARY NOTICE.

A POEM, by Edwin Johnson, and the VALEDICTORY ORATION, by Frederick John Kingsbury, pronounced before the Senior Class of Yale College, July 1, 1846. B. L. Hamlen.

Circumstances would not permit us, were we disposed, to speak at length of these productions. We had the good fortune to hear them delivered, and the high opinion we formed of their merit as they were communicated by the living voice, was not diminished by their perusal upon the printed page. The opening of the Poem we thought particularly fine, and the address commencing with

"Father, in whose undimmed eye,"

will not seem overwrought to those who know with what feelings our venerable President is regarded by those before whom it was pronounced.

The Oration was characterized by strong common sense and the best of feeling, rather than by any striking merit as a rhetorical effort.

The Parting Ode, by C. J. Pennington, music by J. M. Hubbard, was performed by the Beethoven Society with deep effect.

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 EDITORS' TABLE.

WITH this number, kind reader, we complete the eleventh volume of our Magazine. Of its past history it is unnecessary to speak. Its future success, *Classmates* and *Friends*, rests heavily upon you, as upon us. We have demands on your *purses* and your *pens*. Let these demands be generously met, and you make us responsible for the common interest which has been committed to our charge. We have engaged the use of new type for the coming year, which will add to the neat appearance of our pages. A liberal patronage will enable us to embellish the next volume with the "one or more portraits" which you have been encouraged to expect. For ourselves, we can promise more time and attention than the pressing duties of the college during the past term have permitted us to give. With the coöperation and encouragement which our predecessors received, we hope to make the Magazine acceptable to an equally large number of subscribers.

We were intending, reader, to present you with some of our own lucubrations in the present number, and had actually begun to arrange some ideas for your special edification, when the printers informed us that we "couldn't come in." So we must be content with the brief space that is left us, which we shall proceed to fill in the commendable spirit of the author who wrote one sentence and trusted to Providence for the next.

We should like to speak to you more fully than we are able of our last conclave—to tell you of Ephraim, as he presides over the solemn sitting, conspicuous with those "Hyperion curls," and an air too of Apollo—of his compeers about him; but time would fail us to speak of Habakuk and Theophrastus, of Tobias and Jonathan. Suffice

it to say, that of a hot (it was more than very warm) summer night these personages did assemble themselves together and proceed forthwith to the discharge of their important duties. After the necessary preliminaries of coming to order and reading of records had been attended to, an attempt was made to select from "the large assortment daily received and kept constantly on hand," a piece of poetry for the present No. Jonathan dislodged from the coffin a huge bundle labeled "Poetry," and cutting the hempen cord which bound its parts together, the table was instantly deluged with "Lines," "Stanzas," "Songs," "Sonnets," &c. &c. The first piece read was entitled "Lines on a case of wounded affection." A portion of it only had been listened to, when Tobias remarked, taking a cigar from the box, that "he had a particular use for that manuscript," and presently it was passing away like Virgil's Troy,

—"Omnis humo fumat Neptunia Troja."

Much as we could wish "to rescue from oblivion" this production, we can only give from memory a few detached portions. After calling the attention of "the charming ladies fair" "unto his tragedy," and describing the "beautiful lady" and the "gay young gentleman," the poet proceeds as follows:

"Roxana was this lady's name,  
The flower of fair Oxfordshire,  
This gentleman a courting came,  
Begging of her to be his dear.

"Her noble heart to love inclined,  
And little Cupid bent his bow,  
And left his fatal dart behind,  
Which proved Roxana's overthrow."

Then follows a vivid description of the passion during its incipient stages—the heroine appears sighing away her life among "turtle doves," and harmless lambs; and finally she resolves to pour out her soul in a "*leter*" to her inconstant affianced:

"I will to him a *leter* send,  
And let him know the vows he made  
Within that lonely bower where  
My tender heart was first waylaid.

"Her trembling hand a *leter* wrote,  
Saying o my dear what shall I do,  
What is the reason I am thus  
Forsaken and cast off by you."

Do not imagine, reader, that the above is a rare specimen with us, for we have any quantity "of the same sort," which our limits will not permit us to notice.

At a late hour a motion was made and carried, that the further reading of articles be indefinitely postponed, and that the Editors proceed to the discussion of ways and means to promote the interests of the Magazine for the coming year. Plans were proposed and discussed, and, among others, the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That hereafter all articles published in the Magazine must be received through the Post-Office at least two weeks before the time for publication."

Speeches were made in glorification over the past, and high anticipations for the future. The clock had just tolled the hour of twelve, when the Club closed their editorial labors for the term with a "hearty three," which shook the sanctum "from centre to circumference." And now certain anxious and *inquiring* looks were cast from one to another, and at last the eyes, not "of all Europe," but of the Editors, were fixed upon Tobias. One remarked, with a yawn, that "it was exceedingly hot;" another, wiping his forehead, "did feel very faint." "*It'll take the last quarter*," muttered Tobias, spreading out some of the "*shining dust*" in his hand, whereat the features of all did glow with satisfaction. \* \* \* \* \*

That night "I dreamed a dream," and it was all a dream. But it was none of those horrid fancies in which fiendish hags flesh their harpy fingers in your person, and drag you through dungeons and charnel houses, and make your very blood freeze with

"shrieks and sights unholy;" but one of those happy vagaries of the unchecked imagination, which make one wish the delusion might last forever. Space and time were disposed of with the facility which dreams always command. There was no enchanting scene in Poetry or Romance which I did not visit. I sat upon the bank where 'the moonlight slept, and the soft sounds of music did creep into the ears of Lorenzo and Jessica.' Away on the wings of fancy I lost all sense amid scenes of beauty and forms divine. As some glimmerings of consciousness returned, I thought myself lying upon a river's bank, and gazing through the distance upon the gray windows and moss-grown walls of a convent. The vesper-bell was sending off its solemn tones upon the evening air. I was thinking of the pretty nuns passing to their devotions through the "long drawn aisles," when a horrible clangor brought me to my feet. *The College bell* was whirling above me. Snap went the boot-strap, rip went the sleeve-lining. Verily, thought I, as I lugged into my seat, and the malicious smile of the monitor met my imploring look,

—"would that dreams were not the things they are."

We are reminded of a good thing, which fell into our hands some time since, which we will venture to insert. It may seem out of season, but there are some, we think, who can sympathize with the spirit in which it is written :

#### THE CHAPEL BELL.

(From the MSS. of a late poor Scholar.)

"The chapel bell with grief they bear, the dinner bell with glee."—OLD SONG.

Dan Chauncy, in my dreaming ear,  
Methinks thou reasonest well,—  
"What jinglieth in the wind so clear  
As doth a chapel bell?"  
The tongue, that once roused holy clerk  
To lauds and primes, is still  
In college towers, as hard at work,  
As lively and as shrill.

That chapel bell no ear forgets,  
That once its voice has known,  
And way of turning somersets  
Peculiarly his own.  
Hark! how they follow round and round,  
And oft in silent dance,  
As if, for very joy, the sound  
Had lost its utterance.

Alas, old chapel bell, to me  
Whose precious dreams are broke  
By these remains of popery,  
Thy jargon is no joke!  
I've mixed too much with Protestants,  
And trust I ever shall,  
To relish these monastic haunts,  
And hours canonical.

No hooded monks, 'tis true, meet there  
O'er shrine of martyred saint,  
But martyrs we to drowsy prayer,  
As lamps burn dim and faint;  
As prayers grow dull and lights grow dim,  
More dull and faint grow we,  
Till we might well recite the hymn,  
"Usque quo, DOMINE!"

And duller yet that scene of gloom,  
Where students stretch and yawn,  
Pent up in recitation room,  
An hour before the dawn.  
Well may the cheek with blushes glow,  
To think of wrongs then done  
Thine injured shade, O Cicero,  
And thine too, Xenophon!

A fig for all the silly talk  
Of early matin prayers,  
Of long and lone suburban walk  
And bracing morning airs;  
If stomachs are unbreakfasted,  
The case can scarce be worse;  
And if as empty is the head,  
'Tis sure a double curse.

I'll bless my stars which shine so bright,  
 When I shall be no more  
 Compelled to rise by candle light,  
 But vote it all a bore.

I'll laugh, as I have never laughed,  
 Nor dread the coming ill  
 Of meeting some protested draft  
 Of monitorial *bill*.

Oh, how I grudge that graduate's luck  
 Who has of sleep his fill,  
 And snores like Captain Clutterbuck,  
 Released from morning drill.

New Haven, February, 1825.

He rises not at tap of drum,  
 Nor with the day-break gun,  
 Nor always, it is said by some,  
 With winter's tardy sun.

Like him, these summons I'll deride,  
 Draw closer down my cap,  
 And turning on my other side  
 Resume my morning nap.

I'll linger for a richer tone,  
 Till in the breakfast bell  
 I feel, and with the poet own  
 Thy touch, Ithuriel !\*

The "perilous days" of examination in the different classes are now past, and the exciting scenes of Commencement week are close upon us. The members of the graduating class have been reappearing among us during the past week, and although they laugh heartily and seem disposed to make the most of these joyous days, yet there is an air of seriousness about them which suggests that they have been "taking a look" beyond this college-world.

The City is rapidly filling with visitors from abroad—the old and the young, the grave and the gay. Many will feel an increased interest in the exercises of the coming Commencement, from the fact that the degrees will be conferred for the last time by President DAY. Rarely, if ever, has a man left so high an office so universally esteemed and beloved. There is no one, not even the rudest amongst us, who does not regard him with almost filial affection. In passing along these walks, his eye rests not upon one whose heart does not

———"leap forth to meet him  
 With a blessing and a prayer."

The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by Prof. FITCH in the College Chapel, on Sunday afternoon, at the usual hour of service. The closing address was made with deep feeling, and a corresponding effect upon the audience.

At quarter past 5 o'clock, the funeral of DENISON OLMSTED, son of Prof. OLMSTED, was attended in the Chapel. The remarks of Prof. GOODRICH upon the character and virtues of the deceased, and upon the affliction of his parents and friends, were deeply affecting. This was the *third* time within two years that the Professor and his family had been called to mourn a similar bereavement. A long procession of the Faculty and students followed the remains to the grave—classmates of the deceased assisting as bearers.

Mr. Olmsted belonged to the Class of '44. His brother, JOHN HOWARD OLMSTED, a member of the Class of '45, together with *four* of his classmates, has fallen during the past year. BIGELOW, BOWMAN, CROWELL, OLMSTED, WATKINSON, are "gone, forever gone."

\* "Ithurie's whisper in the breakfast bell."—Willis.

## EXERCISES OF COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

The examination of candidates for admission to College will be held in the Chapel on Monday and Tuesday. On Tuesday eve the "Caucio ad Clerum" will be delivered in the North Church by the Rev. JAMES W. WOODWARD, of Columbia. Subject, "What constitutes Ordination."

On Wednesday, at 8 o'clock A. M., there will be a business meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society in the Theological Chamber.

On Wednesday, at 10 o'clock A. M., there will be a meeting of the Alumni in the College Library.

On Wednesday afternoon will be the exercises of the Theological Anniversary in the Centre Church.

## ORDER OF EXERCISES, &amp;c.

## SACRED MUSIC.

## 1. PRAYER.

2. The Mystery of the Curse, by C. M. CORDLEY, *Ann Arbor, Mich.*

3. Lessons from the Life of John Knox, by JONATHAN EDWARDS, *Andover, Mass.*

4. "We believe, and therefore Speak," by GORDON HALL, *New Haven, Ct.*

5. The Religious Element in Education, and its connection with the State, by WM. DELOSS LOVE, *Barre, N. Y.*

## SACRED MUSIC.

6. The Character of Henry Martyn, by CHARLES K. MCHARG, *Albany, N. Y.*

7. Truth the Foundation of Eloquence, by FREDERICK MUNSON, *Bethlehem, Ct.*

8. The Hidden Life, by HENRY M. GOODWIN, *Hartford, Ct.*

9. What American Preaching ought to be, by J. AUGUSTINE BENTON, *Pultney, N. Y.*

## SACRED MUSIC.

10. The Duties of the Minister, in respect to Politics, by WILLIAM H. MOORE, *Westbrook, Ct.*

11. Indications of the rapid Advancement of Spiritual Christianity, by JARED O. KNAFF, *Greenwich, Ct.*

12. The Educational Influences of the Pulpit, by BURDETT HART, *New Britain, Ct.*

## SACRED MUSIC.

## GRADUATING CLASS.

WILLIAM W. BELDEN,  
J. AUGUSTINE BENTON, M. A.  
RICHARD C. RISTOL,  
GEORGE BUSHNELL, B. A.  
SAMUEL R. DAVIS, M. A.  
JAMES H. DILL, M. A.  
ISAAC M. ELY, B. A.  
MILLS B. GELSTON, M. A.

CHARLES GIBBS, M. A.  
JAMES B. GIBBS, B. A.  
HENRY M. GOODWIN, B. A.  
JOHN E. GRAEFF, M. A.  
BURDETT HART, M. A.  
GEORGE B. HUBBARD, M. A.  
JOSIAH T. KING, M. A.  
JARED O. KNAFF, M. A.

MAHLON LONG, M. A.  
WILLIAM H. LONG, M. A.  
GEORGE C. LUCAS, M. A.  
CHARLES K. M'CHARG, M. A.  
WILLIAM H. MOORE, M. A.  
FREDERICK MUNSON, B. A.  
S. DWIGHT PITKIN, M. A.  
JOHN WICKES, M. A.

On Wednesday, at 4 o'clock P. M., will be the Annual Meeting of the "Brothers in Unity," in the Society Hall.

On Wednesday evening the Phi Beta Kappa Oration will be delivered in the North Church, by the Hon. D. D. BARNARD, of Albany, N. Y.; and also a Poem, by the Rev. DANIEL MARCH, of Cheshire.

The "Skull and Bones" and "Scroll and Key" Societies hold each their General Meeting on Wednesday evening.

We understand that the Class of 1796 are to have a meeting, and that all who are still living of the *thirty-three* who graduated here half a century ago, are expected to be present. We learn that there is also to be a meeting of the Class of 1826.

Thursday will be taken up by the exercises of the Graduating Class. Music by Kendall's Brass Band, from New York.

#### ORDER OF EXERCISES, &c.

##### FORENOON.

1. MUSIC.
2. PRAYER by the President.
3. Salutatory Oration in Latin, by JOHN BUTLER TALCOTT, *West Hartford, Ct.*
4. Dissertation, "On Excessive Application to Physical Science," by JOHN WOODBRIDGE BIRCHMORE, *Charlestown, Mass.*
5. Dissertation, "Our Country's Destiny," by SAMUEL GEORGE WILLARD, *Wilton, Ct.*
6. Oration, "On the importance of a National Military Institution," by EDWARD VAN SCHOONHOVEN KINBLEY, *West Point, N. Y.*
7. MUSIC.
8. Oration, "Fashion," by SAMUEL THOMAS RICHARDS, *Philadelphia, Pa.*
9. Oration, "The Project of a Congress of Nations,—Visionary," by HENRY CASE, *Norwich, Ct.*
10. Dissertation, "The Destiny of the American Indians," by RUFUS SMITH, *Colchester, Ct.*
11. Dissertation, "The Study of Nature," by JOHN HENRY GLOVER, *Fairfield, Ct.*
12. MUSIC.
13. Dissertation, "On the Pleasures of the Imagination," by CHARLES PEASLEE TURNER, *Hartford, Ct.*
14. Dissertation, "The Friendship of Luther and Melancthon," by GEORGE MCCHAIN, *New York City.*
15. Poem, "The Surrender of Granada," by JAMES JONATHAN COIT, *Baton Rouge, La.*
16. MUSIC.
17. Oration, "The Remote Connection of Events," by JOSEPH WILLES BACKUS, *Franklin, Ct.*
18. Oration, "Accuracy of Knowledge," by LEVI WELLES HART, *New Britain, Ct.*
19. Oration, "Social Equality," by HENRY THORNTON STEELE, *Constantine, Mich.*
20. Oration, "A Refutation of the Doctrine that the Subjects of Geometry are Hypothetical," by JONATHAN HOMER LANE,\* *Allegany Co., N. Y.*
21. MUSIC.
22. Oration, "Dante," by SAMUEL SOUTHWORTH MURFEY, *Auburn, N. Y.*
23. Oration, "The Connection between the Past and the Present," by CHESTER NEWELL RIGHTER, *Parsippany, N. J.*
24. Oration, "The Energy of Republics in War," by MORRIS WAKEMAN LYON, *Fairfield, Ct.*
25. MUSIC.

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\* Excused from speaking.



## AFTERNOON.

1. MUSIC.
2. Philosophical Oration, "National Greatness," by STEPHEN WRIGHT KELLOGG, *Shelburne, Mass.*
3. Oration, "The Profession of the Advocate consistent with perfect Integrity," by JEFFERSON FRANKLIN JACKSON, *Sumpter Co., Ala.*
4. Dissertation, "The Inconsistencies of War," by CHARLES GOLDTHWAITE ADAMS, *Keene, N. H.*
5. Oration, "Shelley," by RENSSELAER RUSSEL NELSON, *Cooperstown, N. Y.*
6. MUSIC.
7. Dissertation, "Political Ruin," by FREDERICK JOHN KINGSBURY, *Waterbury, Ct.*
8. Dissertation, "Our Country's Greatness," by WILSON CARY NICHOLAS CARR, *Baltimore, Md.*
9. Oration, "Ireland," by ROBERT COCHRAN, *New York City.*
10. Dissertation, "The Corn-Law Rhymers," by CHARLES HOOPER TRASK,\* *Merrchester, Mass.*
11. MUSIC.
12. Poem, "The Realm of Ruin," by EDWIN JOHNSON, *Plymouth, Ct.*
13. Oration, "The Overthrow of the Mussulman Power in Spain," by THOMAS ISAAC FRANKLIN, *Berlin, Md.*
14. Oration, "Thoughts on viewing the Grave of Gen. Braddock," by WILLIAM WALTER HORTON, *Huntsville, Ala.*
15. MUSIC.
16. Oration, "Remorse, as illustrated in the Character of Macbeth," by CHARLES LORING BRACE, *Hartford, Ct.*
17. Philosophical Oration, "The Puritan Element in our National Character," by JAMES McLAREN BREED DWIGHT, *Norwich, Ct.*
18. MUSIC.
19. Oration, "The Supremacy of Reason," with the Valedictory Address, by HENRY BALDWIN HARRISON, *New Haven, Ct.*
20. DEGREES CONFERRED.
21. PRAYER by the President.
22. MUSIC.

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On Thursday evening the Beethoven Society, assisted by Kendall's Brass Band, will give a Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music in the Temple. The reputation of either would alone be sufficient to draw a full house.

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\* Necessarily prevented from speaking.



# PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## ELEVENTH VOLUME

OF THE

## YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

As to be circulated by the Students of Yale College.

We confess that we feel an honest pride in offering to the public a prospectus of another volume of the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE. We feel this, because we believe that the age in which our periodical is established, is *prima facie* evidence of its worth; because the financial embarrassments which may have attended any period of its existence are now, for the most part, removed; and because we expect that the arrangements which we have made for the future will much enhance its value.

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